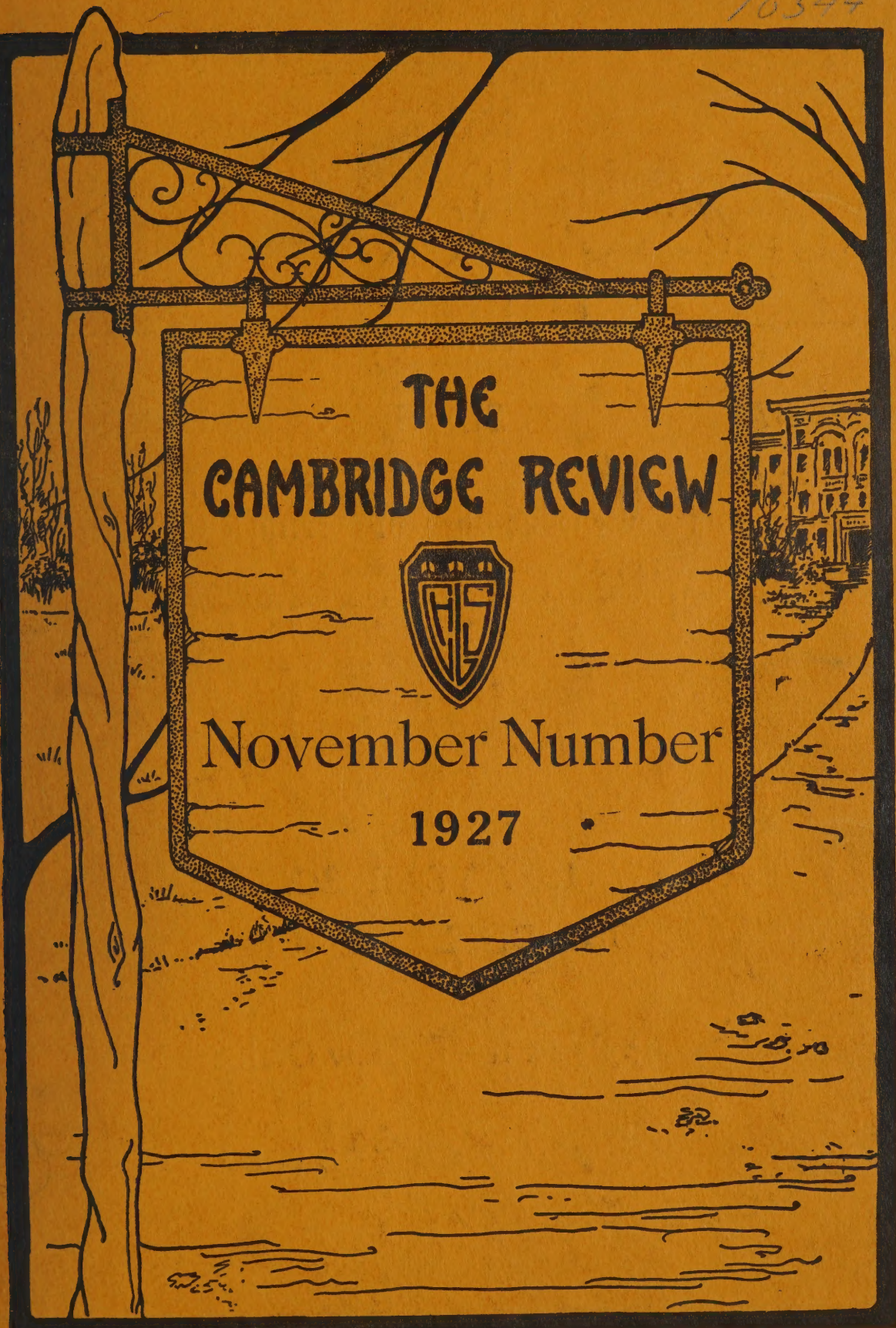
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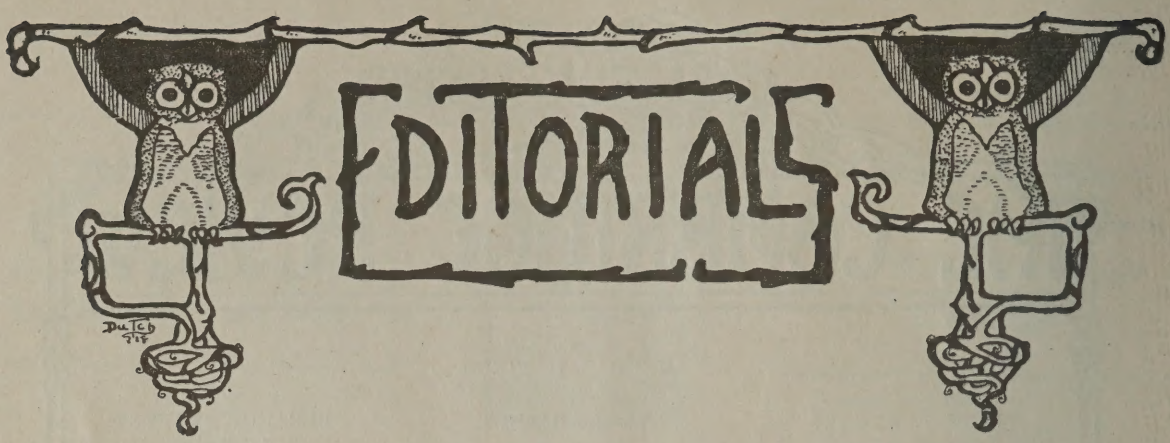
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THE CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL :: CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Alexander Pope stated a truth recognized by many teachers of our English language, when he said:

"Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found."

What modest plainness with which to dampen the surging enthusiasm of aspiring genius! What fawning flattery to the young and ignorant, toiling Latin student who entirely agrees: "Multum in parvo!"

This statement from English Literature should serve as a timely warning to this much appreciated and widely read department.

Most assuredly the class of 1931 is received by us with open arms,—with the affection that accompanies the gloomy consolation that hushed and anxious recruits have joined our old and decrepit ranks. Our analytic, highly appreciative attitude toward our Freshman has been better expressed elsewhere in this issue. Don't miss this bit of expert reasoning by one of our seniors.

The staff has already suffered a grave disappointment. Margaret Lewis, one of our most talented and promising workers, who was to be Literary Editor, has left the Latin School and is continuing her fine scholastic work at the Lexington High School.

H. H. F.

BE YOURSELF

Little thought is given by us to the importance of our high school years in relation to the future course of our lives. We have our ups and downs every day. Sometimes we sigh with dejected discouragement; at other times we feel that the world is ours. Yet very often we don't think at all. Continually, however, a change is taking place within us, — a little difference that distinguishes us from our neighbor.

This change is due to our contact with others, to the things we hear and see, and to the reaction of these on our spiritual self. In our relations with our friends we are, unconsciously very often, observing and picking up new traits and mannerisms. This is very natural but we are tempted to lose track of ourselves and become the expression of others. It is very hard to fulfill one's own life, to live up to one's own ideals. Yet we should be satisfied with it and should not imitate, and pretend to be that which we are not. We cannot deceive ourselves by hiding our personality in a false cloak from the outer world. Now, when we have so many opportunities to make lifelong friendships, wouldn't it be wise to have our neighbor see us, not under an actor's guise, but as we really are?

Therefore, let us unmask while we are able to and be only ourselves.

H. H. F.

SENIOR ELECTION RESULTS

The recent Senior Election brought very satisfactory results. George Foley gained the presidency by a small margin over his rival candidate, Fred Hamilton. Alice Adams succeeded in winning the office of vice-president of the class of 1928. Virginia Britt was chosen as secretary. William Tierney won the position of treasurer. Aileen Barrett, Catherine Boucher, Bicknell Colesworthy, Dorothy Harris, and William Morris were chosen to represent the class on the Drama Committee. The Reception Committee consists of Ruth Brown, Charles Dale, Helen Good, John Hughes, and Madeline Navien.

G. E. M.

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HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

In every city, town, or village can be seen elaborate electric displays advertising the average sort of film. These pictures are saturated with the usual movie untruths and are far from expressing art and culture. But in a few cities such as Washington, New York, and now Cambridge, thinking people have realized the demand for something better, — for something truly representing the beauty and power of the Cine art. Such pictures are here, but are hidden under the overproduced stack of usual "Movies"!

We will, this winter and spring, have an opportunity to see some rare finds which very seldom reach the public.

Under the auspices of the Shady Hill School a set of six such films performances is to be given at Brattle Hall. The program is as follows:

November 21 — The Last Laugh
December 12 — Secrets of the Soul
October 31 — Stark Love
January 9 — Crainquebille
January 30 — Taras Bulba
February 20 — Back Stairs
— Beggar on Horseback

The Divertissement accompanying these works will include films of futurism, fantasy, adventure, beauty, history, nonsense, animals.

H. H. F.

REVIEW PRIZE CONTEST

An unusually large number of contributions was made in competition for the prizes offered by the literary department this fall. This competition admitted both prose and poetry, the best offering in each class winning a book of standard literature.

In this number of the Review have been printed the prize winning articles and, in addition, the second in choice. Each one of these has shown so much merit that we sincerely hope to receive more material by the authors. Many of the remaining contributions are decidedly good, however. Among these are two poems, "Minuet" by Dorothy Kimball, and "The Finding of Peace" by Janice Mapp. Very well told stories "A Museum Mystery," by Truman Hayes, and "What Price Tricks" by Carl Alpert must be mentioned.

For our first issue, due entirely to the contest, we obtained sufficient good material. Such is not always the case, however. Yet the literary department of a school paper is always the most criticized part. Whose fault is it when the content is mediocre? It's your paper. Support it not only by subscriptions but by contributions. Send in your stories and poetry. It is said that every man in the world can write one interesting tale. Write yours now!

B. B., '28.

ANNUAL PRIZES AWARDED IN THE SCHOOL

The *Hopkins prizes* are well known. They are given for excellence in Latin, Greek, and Ancient History. All those having an average of eighty-five or over in the junior and senior year, and ninety in the freshman may compete. Edward Hopkins who made the prizes possible, was born in 1600. He established this fund, he said, to give "some encouragement in those foreign plantations for the breed-up of hopeful youths for the public service of the country in future time."

Another failiar award is the *Caroline Close prize* offered each year for the best themes written on given subjects. Those who have done honor work for the year in English are eligible. The fund for these prizes was founded in the memory of Caroline Close, a former head of the English department.

The *Washington and Franklin medal* for American History is awarded by competitive examination. Honor pupils in history are eligible. The prize is offered by a post of the "Sons of the American Revolution."

Through a fund established in memory of *Webster Thierry,* a member of the school who died before graduating, a prize is offered for the boy who has excelled in history and debating. These were the two subjects in which Webster Thierry took especial interest.

For those interested in debating there are several prizes: medals for excellence in inter-class debates, and *Cicero medals* for inter-scholastic debates. At the *Durrell Cup* debate loving cups are given to the outstanding members of the teams, which are chosen by trial.

The *Liberty Prize-speaking Contest* takes place in April. Anyone may compete in the first trials. An equal number of boys and girls who have excelled in rendering their selections are chosen, and medals given to the boy and girl who have excelled among these. The fund for these medals was formed from the Liberty Bonds bought during the World War by members of the school.

Two prizes are offered in memory of *Martha R. Smith,* a former mathematics teacher: one for excellence in freshman mathematics, and one for excellence in the entire course.

The *Jennie S. Spring* scholarship of $100 is awarded to a senior who will enter college next year. "Scholastic achievement, character, future usefulness, and financial need" are considered. Jennie S. Spring was a former head of the Latin department.

HOPKINS

LATIN

Latin I 1st—Margot Clark
2nd—Morey Wantman
Latin II 1st—Elizabeth Tracy
2nd—Jean Clark
Latin III 1st—Benjamin Millstein
2nd—Carol Hanson
Latin IV 1st—Lorraine Langley
2nd—H. G. Buller

LATIN PRIZE FOR ENTIRE COURSE

Lorraine Langley

GREEK

Greek II Prize, Frieda Nathans

ANCIENT HISTORY

1st—James Clapp 2nd—Dorothy Wexler

CAROLINE CLOSE PRIZES

ENGLISH

English I Eleanor Rowe
English II Elizabeth Tracy
English III Helen Buchanan
English IV Mary Stubbs

WASHINGTON AND FRANKLIN MEDALS

AMERICAN HISTORY

Margaret Lewis

WEBSTER THIERRY PRIZE

HISTORY, DEBATING

H. G. Buller

CICERO MEDALS

INTERSCHOLASTIC DEBATES

H. G. Buller George Foley Samuel Fishman

DURRELL CUP

WINNING TEAM

Samuel Fishman John Hughes

CUPS FOR BEST SPEAKERS

Samuel Fishman George Foley

LIBERTY PRIZE SPEAKING CONTEST

John Tierney Harriet Johnson

HONORABLE MENTION

Ruth Campbell George Foley

MARTHA SMITH PRIZE

MATHEMATICS

Algebra I Grace McGlinchey

ENTIRE COURSE IN ALGEBRA

Jean Cresser

THE SIGN IS STILL ON

First Prize

Ruth Green, '28

Spring and Stipaanoff had arrived at Odoll, Russia. Spring came as a matter of course, because it was a regular, periodical visitor; Stipaanoff, because he had nowhere else to go after the government was finished with him. His old home, empty for so long, seemed visibly endowed with life when Stipaanoff graced the doorway with negligent good-natured indolence. He had never spent two consecutive hours in honest labor and did not intend to begin now. Besides, he had a Plan. Ten years in Siberia in communication with no one but fellow prisoners, had been the cause of the formulation of brilliant plans in minds which had always been considered dull; and Ivan Stipaanoff's mind was far from dull.

With the approach of summer, Ivan's lassitude grew. When he needed to eat, he would enter an outhouse, borrow (without, of course, the owner's knowledge) some supplies and settle into the lazy state which was so pleasing to him. The long years of grueling, spirit- and heart-breaking solitude were like a disagreeable half-forgotten dream. When vague remembrances of occurrences which had taken place in Siberia threatened him, he resolutely discontinued that train of thought and dwelt upon pleasanter things.

For the first three weeks the village saw little of him; few knew of his return, and those who did, preferred not to trouble him. Ivan had a reputation.

Then, one day, with unaccustomed energy, Ivan decided to begin the details of his plan. He found it necessary to purchase paint for the first operation; — there was no way in which he could steal it. His appearance in the village created no stir; most of the villagers were working in the fields, and those who remained were too intent upon their own affairs to trouble themselves about Ivan.

Sam, the storekeeper who kept in stock everything from a rattle to a shroud, viewed Ivan complacently. He recognized him, of course, but probably felt that the lengthy sojourn in prison had wrought a complete change in the ex-prisoner.

"Hello," Ivan greeted him. "I want some paint."

"Glad to see you back, Ivan," Sam said, cheerily, as he drew off a pint of paint.

"Well, I'm glad your glad," Ivan answered. Something in his voice caused Sam to look up, startled. What he saw in Ivan's face did not tend to reassure the storekeeper. The dark scowl which adorned Ivan's countenance made him too much like the Ivan of old for Sam to view him without some apprehension.

"The paint's running over," Ivan offered. The mildness of his speech restored to some degree the previous valor of Sam's bearing, and he put the container into Ivan's hands with confidence.

"I'm not going to pay you for this," Ivan remarked. "I'll owe it to you."

Sam set his teeth and shook his head resignedly. Obviously, Ivan had not changed.

"Do you know what this paint is for?" Ivan asked conversationally.

"No," Sam said shortly.

"Well," he leaned over the counter confidentially, "I'll tell you a secret — I'm a doctor now."

"What?" Sam's question was almost a shriek.

"Yes. I'm a doctor." Ivan spoke reminiscently. "I learned medicine in Siberia."

Sam remained silent.

"You and I are going in business." Ivan was still smiling reflectively, but there was a suggestive gleam in his eyes which looked ominous to Sam.

"You — I — in business?" Sam spoke in a miserable little whisper.

"Sure. You'll be the druggist."

"But I don't know a thing about drugs. The only drug we ever have in Russia is castor oil," he protested feebly.

"Oh, don't bother me about that. I'll send my patients to you for medicine and you give it to them, or — " he smiled threateningly, "I'll be the first pall-bearer."

Sam was wise in his ways. With shaking hands, he filled a mug to the top with Vodka and presented it to Ivan. Ivan was so much easier to talk with while he was drinking. Sam watched Ivan's head tip backward as he emptied the jug, and then, when his face was visible once more, said deliberately, I'm not going to do it. The police will find out."

"You'll do it," Ivan said with finality, bringing the mug down on the counter with a resounding bang. "Of course," with one of those changes of spirit which made him almost likable, "you keep all the money you get for filling prescriptions. That's your affair." He started to leave. At the door he turned, and smiling engagingly said, "You're awfully stupid, you know, Sam, so I'll give you a hint. Don't charge too high prices. The peasants can't afford it."

"Peasants!" Sam decided to appeal to what was of Ivan's better nature. "You're a peasant, yourself, Ivan. You'll be cheating your own kind."



Ivan leaned lazily against the door. "That's right. I *am* a peasant. But I'm so much cleverer than they are, that I really am of a superior class."

The storekeeper swallowed timorously. "You're no more doctor than I am, Ivan Stipaanoff. You — — you!"

Ivan winked impudently, and without a word, made his slow, graceful exit from the store. Sam sank into a chair. "A murderer! Sent to Siberia for murder, and I'm going into business with him!"

* * * * *

Ivan used the paint in printing "Ivan Stipaanoff, Doctor" in large letters on an enormous board. He wanted to make it impressive. Before it was dry, he hung it jauntily in a conspicuous place, and became his own publicity agent. He captured every man for miles around, and brought everyone who would be led to examine the sign. Of course, he had to read the sign for them — no Russian peasant can read; that was an art Ivan had somehow managed to pick up in his wanderings.

Patients came. To them, the sign was synonomous with a diploma. Ivan took the pulse, examined the tongue, and accepted the fee. Then he sent them to Sam, who concocted strange mixtures of water, wine, Vodka and sugar. The more feverish the patient, the more water did Sam add to the odd compound. The two conspirators thrived and prospered. As each day went by, Sam's conscience troubled him less. After all, he was making money — and none of the patients died. A Russian peasant is especially hardy. As for Ivan, he didn't have a conscience. If he did, it was either dead from neglect, or in a bad state of stagnation.

No one ever knew who told the police, but tell, someone did. To Sam, watching from the distance, the fine-looking line of police was like the file of death angels. Ivan, who was receiving them, didn't seem to think much of anything. He seldom did.

There was much talk, and much threatening, as is the informal way of the Russian police. Then Ivan spirited up some Vodka, and drank everyone's health. The captain, after looking longingly and suggestively at the empty bottle, said, "Well, Stipaanoff, what has to be done, has to be done. That sign comes down."

Ivan laughed audaciously in the captain's face, and shrugged his shoulders elegantly. "You're perfectly right. I'm no doctor, as you said."

The captain was satisfied at the easy accomplishments of his orders.

The few villagers who were the witnesses of Ivan's sudden downfall, watched with respectful awe until the officers had taken their leave. Then they crowded about Ivan and demanded explanations. "The sign was down. Was he no more doctor?"

Picture Ivan, six feet of him, as he towered above his questioners. He laughed ingratiatingly. "I'm still a genuine doctor. They made me take the other sign down because it was not written correctly."

Sam gasped. "His nerve!"

"And I'll have another sign in a half hour."

He did. In exactly thirty minutes, the second sign was up. With a flourish of his arm, he said, "There!" and invited the villagers to leave for home. With a careful glance at the sign which they could not read, they departed, convinced that all was well. It was. When Sam hurried over, Ivan collapsed with silent laughter and pointed at the sign. Sam stared incomprehensively at the bold assertion, "House for Sale."

"What of it?"

"It — it." Ivan calmed down. "I can sell my house, can't I? The police can't stop that. And you know yourself that the villagers can't read."

A slow smile spread over Sam's face.

"Then, it's all right?"

But, why go on? Of course it was all right! That was twenty years ago and THE SIGN IS STILL ON.

VICTORY

Honorable Mention

WILHELMINA CROWLEY, '29

The sun was sinking low over the Kentucky Hills, bathing the valley with a soft golden-rose glow, when the long dusty train pulled out of the tiny station at L....., leaving me alone on the quiet, shadowy platform. For an instant I entertained the idea of running after the train and getting on again, for I had no idea of where I was bound, except for the rather uncomforting fact that I was to go to a cabin near the summit of one of the strange, still mountains before me. I dismissed the thought, however, and gazed about me in dismay. Before me rose a vast forest, pitch-black and ominous; to either side, the railroad tracks stretched away to a mere point in the distance; behind me was the depot, a tiny weather-beaten shack, its broken windows strangely alight by the dying rays of the sun, its oaken door locked and bolted and its whole appearance lonely and almost sinister.

Suddenly, the soft clip-clap of a horse's hoofs broke the silence. I stood stock still, too terrified to move. As the sound grew nearer, I could hear

the creaking and grinding of carriage wheels, together with a deep rumbling bass voice, raised in song. Still I did not move, but stared unseeingly at the black forest. Terrible thoughts danced evilly through my mind. The owner of the voice was a bandit, a gunman, a desperado, or, almost as bad, a hill-billy, half-civilized, hating strangers, willing to shoot anyone at sight.

The sounds stopped, and all was silent. I could feel the man was descending, — approaching me —. I whirled about. Before me stood a tall, awkward boy, dressed in jeans. His pale blue eyes were fixed upon me in a questioning, bewildered manner. My relief was so great that I broke into a laugh, frozen immediately by a gruff command from the boy.

"Ef you air Miss D....., the new teacher, climb in that wagon," he ordered.

As I obeyed stiffly I heard him murmur, "Us folks don't keer none for strangers anyhow, and we hates 'em when they laff at us."

He climbed in beside me, clucked to the Medieval horse, and without more ado we set off up the dusty road.

A somber dusk had set in when we reached my cabin, a new log affair, smelling strongly of cedar, and very neat compared to the few we had passed on the way up. The east wind howled angrily, and a cold drizzle made the world more dismal in contrast with the bright sunshine of a few hours earlier.

My companionable friend literally dumped me, along with my baggage, at my door, and speaking to his horse went off again down the mountain road, leaving me alone to my misery.

Misery? Misery was no word to describe that first night. The howling of the wind, the rustling of the trees, mingled with the uncanny noises of the woods filled me with unspeakable terror. I saw faces at the windows, heard knocks on the door, saw weird shadows crawling toward me, felt icy hands clutching me, until I could have screamed. I dared not move from before the open fireplace, for fear that, in the other room would be some terrible creature, or that if I went, something would take my place before the fire to prevent my returning. The dim flickering lamp light gave some light, the fire some warmth, and with the aid of these two friends I kept my all-night vigil.

When I awoke the next morning, stiff and tired, the smiling rays of the sun shone through the tiny windows. The dying embers of my hearth fire were glowing faintly and the oil lamp was sputtering and flickering in an effort to keep from being extinguished. I arose, blew out the light, raked over the coals, and flung open the heavy door.

Such a different world! The wet grass sparkled merrily as the sunlight fell upon it. The birds chirped and cooed in the tree tops, and the scarlet leaves nodded and beckoned as the faint breeze caught them. I stepped out into the yard, feeling at peace, to look over my possessions. An unpainted cabin, a tiny yard — that was all, but it gave me the feeling of a millionaire!

Two weeks gone, and also my happiness! Although the sun still shone, the birds still sang, the brooks still babbled, I was disheartened. My greatest barrier had not been overcome. My mountaineers still regarded me as a stranger, and not as a friend. I was still "the new teacher," or "that city gal." My efforts to become a friend had been futile; my several entertainments had brought no audience. Was it then useless, to attempt to make these queer people see things in the right way?

Christmas! I stood outside my little home, gay with holly, after the Christmas party was over. Every gift had been distributed, every place at the table had been occupied — not one person for miles around had been missing from the feast! The snow fell in white, lacy flakes, the cold wind whistled through the trees, and though even they shuddered from its icy blast, I cared not. The warmth in my heart could not be touched. My mountaineers had called me "our friend" at last. The barrier was broken and I was victor at last. My happiness was complete. Victory!

GROUP OF POEMS

First Prize

MAY SARTON, '29

TWO NIGHT MOODS

1 (The Moon)

The little loveless light
Has made the leaves
More silver and more cold
Than if the night had come alone,
Had left her frozen soul behind
Among the crystal sins.
The leaves
Listen to the nothingness of space.
Because they are leaves
They are not afraid of the moon.

2 (At the Sea)

It is night
Silence is spread like a wide horizon.
The edge of distances
Seems steeled by the white, shafting moon;
Stars are keen and far.
The dusky water slips about the rock like oil.
This is not peace
But an intense kind of intimacy —
The world is very old!

MIST

Over the dreary marshes a lonely plover hurries.
He shrieks at the wind-sown grass that ripples
and leans to the water;
He shouts to the hard grey sky that answers him
not, nay is silent —
Until with a sudden remembrance of smells akin
only to Northlands
He wheels, and his senses all straining he eagerly
thrusts himself homewards
And leaves to their bare reeds and ditches the
silent so watery marshes.
Then comes from the huge rolling ocean, a weary
cold mist-shroud
Longing to cover the swamplands shivering it
slowly advances,
Until with a long awful shiver, the great ghost
envelopes the quagmire.

VIGIL

Honorable Mention

JEAN CLARK, '29

O ruddy, glowing, Autumn moon!
Witched by your light I chant a rune,
While the curving waves of the ocean move,
Unruffled and calm as the breast of a dove.
Now silently on the sand I stand,
Entranced by dreams of fairyland,
Watching the moon of copper fire
Grow smaller as higher she climbs, and higher.
The color has fled her tranquil face —
Wan and white, with a distant grace
She watches the ocean, and silvers a way,
Straight and rippling, and light as day —
Yet with a stranger, lovelier light
Shines the luminous moon tonight.
— And somewhere off in a silver shimmer
White dancing fairies faintly glimmer.
I lay me down on the cold, damp strand,
Where a white shining lies over the sand.
The moon climbs up, the moon sinks down
Behind the quiet, lightless town.
My vigil I keep the whole long night,
Till the moon has passed beyond my sight.

As the school runs on year in, year out, as we make new friends each year among our fellow students, so also old friends only too often silently drop out never to enter the school again.

It was with deep regret that we learned of the untimely death of Antoinette Ranieri, a member of the class of 1928, who passed away during the summer months.

Friends of the Agassiz School days and fellow C. H. L. S. students will greatly miss her from their midst. H. H. F.

ICONOCLASM AND DESTRUCTIVE CRITICISM, THE MASTER BUILDERS

CHARLES D. RICE, '27

There seems to be a dark and sinister lurking in the terms, 'iconoclasm' and 'destructive criticism.' Many take it for granted that the direct meaning of the words are sufficient to condemn them. Destruction, to most people, means disrespectful tearing down, iconoclasm, the willful uprooting of respected acceptances. It is not brought into consideration that without destruction of time-worn customs and inefficient systems, more practical ideas could never be accomplished; it is not realized that without iconoclasm's revolutions the world could never progress economically or socially.

Great buildings cannot be constructed on old and mouldy foundations. The old institution must be completely razed before progress may be realized. The fact that deep thinkers see these truths is the reason that every person who has achieved true greatness has belonged to the ranks of the destructive or "preparers." Many brilliant examples may be given. Columbus, the man who shattered the common belief of the earth's flatness, was an iconoclast of high order. The fathers of our country were iconoclasts. They disproved the thought that a nation could not survive under a democratic government. If they had not persisted in their destructive measures, it is questionable whether democracy would hold the sway that it does at present.

In the destructive critic column appear most of the famous writers. Shakespeare picked out and emphasized the weaker points in his subject's character. Dickens made genial fun of his people. Through destructive criticism we must see ourselves in a strong light.

Progression embraces destruction. The human mind must divest itself of illusions to become profound. The human physique must cast off its adolescent stage to see adult form. A small business must abolish its petty systems before it may become large. These are natural and economic laws which cannot be repudiated.

The two branches of destruction, iconoclasm and destructive criticism are often thought to be parallel. On the contrary, there is a clear difference. Successful iconoclasm is more direct than the other. It must, to be readily accepted, advance a reform while destructive criticism may only faintly suggest one. Of the two the latter is indirectly more beneficial. As it leaves a situation in the argumentive, it encourages contemplation of the subject. In this way it affords various solutions.

However much is said about the wantoness of destruction, the fact remains that it is the only path for progression, the preparer of better things.

A SENIOR'S IDEA OF A FRESHMAN

CHRISTOPHER SYKES, '28

What is a freshman? He is a timid little soul rising to the great heights from lowly grammar school. He considers himself an important cog in the machinery of the school; he dares to consider himself on the same basis as a senior. His first day in high school is one of terror. He is confronted by new horrors every step of the way. He struggles with algebra, wrestles with Latin, goes into convulsions over French, and after a nerve-wracking day he returns, utterly spent, to his home.

The next school session he sees and realizes the immeasurable difference between a freshman and a lordly senior. He marvels at the seniors; and towards school, their utter indifference towards the world in general, the tantalizing ease with which they translate awe-inspiring passages in French and Latin. When talking to his friends, a freshman will carefully and proudly enumerate the seniors of his acquaintance. Many times he envies the place of the juniors, who with great joy see before them the year in which they will occupy the place of seniors. After a few weeks the freshman realizes that he is but a drop of lubricating oil in the dynamo of the school and looks forward to the year in which he will climb the heights of Olympus and sit in the seats of the their sagacity, their poise, their carefree attitude gods.

CULTURE WHICH I DID NOT LEARN IN SCHOOL

HERMAN H. FIELD, '28

The cool evening air, which poured in through the open window from the beautiful summer night without, stirred the rapidly filling lecture hall with an atmosphere of anticipation. With a feeling of satisfaction, I seated myself comfortably in one of the back rows, and waited for the happenings of the evening. For tonight a well-known moralist was to speak on a new lamentable discovery of his. This subject seemed to be of interest to three distinct groups. White-haired grandfathers and grandmothers, many of them by the aid of crutches and wheelchairs, had once more dared forth to hear the worst. Worried fathers and mothers, holding their hands with great self-control, seated themselves and awaited the verdict of the wise man. Babies, with no self-control, were brought in mothers' arms so that they might never forget hearing the alarming discovery. It never was too early to learn.

Finally the great lecturer, with forced graveness, with resounding, heavy steps, ascended to the platform. Behind him followed three porters loaded with enormous chests filled with evidence. While the wise old molarist barricaded himself with these treasure chests, the audience listened with restless anticipation for the first word from the speaker.

When he had shaken his bearded head, swallowed a cough drop, and fitted his nickel-plated monocle, he raised his arms, and with a crash that boomed with a low, terrific echo, let his fist fall on the hollow chest before him. The audience shrieked; the speaker nodded his approval, and took another cough drop.

He began: "Ladies and gentlemen, fellow sufferers of this earth —"

He took out his handkerchief;—the audience cried. "I have made a startling discovery which will vitally effect you, your children, and the future generations, — a calamity which will bring darkness to the world of tomorow."

He stopped; — with one surging movement the audience of three generations rose to its feet, and, with outstretched hands ands crutches, clamored that he need not fear to tell the truth.

The moralist consolingly waved his red handkerchief and dropped his fist with a sharp crack on the box to the left; — the audience gave a deep moan and the speaker tied his shoe laces. Then in a hoarse voice he said: "Culture is not taught in the schools." His white hair turned whiter, and he feverishly swallowed the last cough drop. The audience mumbled incoherently. Mothers blew air into the babies' ears so as to disperse the horrible words; fathers cleaned their finger nails in distraction. Disorder reigned.

In that crisis I took it upon myself to save the audience from a dead faint. As the only antidote to bring them back to life, I resorted to a culture which I didn't learn in school. In a soothing, caressing tone I said to the speaker:

"You are a liar."

The audience, reviving immediately, echoed:

"You are a liar."

Some way had to be found to take the people out of the now fatal atmosphere of the hall. Therefore, applying the culture which I learned in school, I said:

"Culture is the practice of preparing the earth for seed, and raising crops by tillage."

With great delight the audience wandered home and followed my suggestion. Since then the real estate business has been uppermost in the people's minds.



On September twenty-third, a meeting of all the Freshman girls was held in the hall to inform them of the various activities of the Association. A hike was planned for Saturday, October first, on which day about fifty girls started from the school for Prospect Hill in Waltham. Everyone, apparently, had an extremely enjoyable time. We have often wondered since then how Miss Brown felt at a certain moment when paying her forfeit.

The tennis tournament is being carried on under the management of Marion Cannon and is very successful.

Basketball practice for all classes is getting under headway and there seems to be a lot of excellent material among the freshman. The seniors are especially glad to have Margaret Sheridan back in their midst, and there is expected to be a lively contest for the championship this year.

Freshman Initiation was held on the seventeenth of October and, from all appearances, the Freshman enjoyed themselves more than they expected to.

A Hallowe'en Party is being planned for Monday, the thirty-first of this month and soon ideas for the Freshman Party will be welcomed by the officers.

We hope to have a great many more Sophomores join us than have joined as yet. It is their turn this year to do the entertaining and, it is sometimes more fun to entertain than to be entertained. Come on, Sophomores! We need your help. Dues are being collected in lunch periods on Tuesdays and Thursdays until the first Wednesday in November.

FOOTPRINTS

M. Holmes, '28

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

Dawn through the ages stretches a winding, interminable line of footprints; some indiscernible, making only a faint mark upon the shifting sands; others imprinted indelibly, never to be erased.

What do these footprints say? Each one is a chapter in the narrative of progress — the majority tell a minor tale, the minority a major story. These latter, all too few, have left an ineradicable stamp upon the life of mankind.

Out of the mists looms Plato, an example for all time, weaving a pattern of thought. His philosophy, his ideas on conduct and human fate, have permanently influenced civilization.

An equally powerful, but utterly different influence has been that of Napoleon, conqueror of Europe. His footprints are stained with the blood of a million men; his sword has "smoked with bloody execution" in an effort to found an empire. He burned with the red passion of conquest and undertook titanic military campaigns.

These two are types of those whose footprints last — the one a thinker, the other a doer of deeds. Greater than both stands Lincoln, sun and sage of democracy — the finest example of constructive states — manship. He stands firm and calm on the heights, unmoved by swirling waters and adverse currents, devoting himself with generous self-sacrifice to the salvation of his country as an experiment in democracy. To express the greatness of Abraham Lincoln demands the genius of the past. James Russell Lowell has given us an immortal influence of Lincoln's immortal greatness and abiding influence.

"Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly, earnest, brave, forseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame
New birth of our new soil, the first American."



The editors are anxious to make this department larger and better and we ask the co-operation of all the students in this matter. We urge every student to drop in the Review box which is on the wall near the office any material which he or she considers desirable for this department.

Teacher: "What is Cambridge noted for?"

Graduating Senior: "The Review Office in C. H. L. S."

Professor: "Name some articles made from ivory."

Freshman: "Manicuring sets, toys and soap."

1*st*: "What bus found room for the greatest number of people?"

2*nd*: "Columbus."

Heard in Room 63

Miss Butler for week end theme:

"1. Footprints"

"2. Personality in Fountain Pens"

Voice in rear:

"Mine leaks."

Heard in Geography Class

Teacher: "What do you mean by 'home-beef'?"

Smart Sophomore: "Beef made at home."

Heard in Latin I

Miss M.: "Give me a derivative of the Latin word pugno."

Voice from the back of the room: "Pugnose."

Heard in Geometry I

Mr. F.: "What is the shortest path between a shiek and a flapper?"

No response from the class.

Mr. F.: "A telephone wire."

Irate Professor: "Hang it! I have given that fellow a whole course of lessons in memory training and now he's gone off and forgotten to pay his fee — and I can't remember his name."

Jack: "A moth got locked in a closet with the costumes of all the Follies chorus."

Mae: "Gosh! Is that so."

Jack: "Yeh, and it died of starvation."

Teacher: "Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"

Bright Boy: "At the bottom of the page, of course."

We hear that "Okey," on account of his Scotch instincts, is wearing his sweater inside out to prevent it from wearing out.

An appropriate song for all who hire cars — "Although you belong to someone else, tonight you belong to me."

Heard in History

Pupil (*reciting*): "United we stand, divided we fall —"

Mr. E.: "Fall before who?"

Pupil: "Before long."

Heard in Latin Class

Teacher: "What is omitted in this sentence?"

Pupil: "Ah....." (correct answer ā)

Teacher' "Yes."

Pupil: "Ah.....the verb."

Teacher: "What does expiate mean?"

Pupil: "Ah..... you know."

Teacher: "Yes, I know, but do you?"

Teacher: "John, translate: Les amis de votre fils cont-ils riches?"

John: "Are your boy friends rich?"



GRENOBLE

LAWRENCE HENDERSON, 1928

Je vais essayer de vous décrire Grenoble, la capitale des Alpes francaises. Il y a peu de villes qui soient mieux situées. Le Drac, un torrent de montagne, se joint à l'Isère à quelques kilomètres de la ville, et la vallée large et fertile où coulent les deux rivières est entourée d'un panorama magnifique de montagnes. Malheureusement, à cause de la proximité des rivières, Grenoble est sujet à de nombreuses inondations. La ville fut maintes fois presque détruite, et encore maintenant les grandes pluies sont craintes par les habitants.

Du jardin des plantes la vue à l'est s' étend sur la chaîne de Belledonne, les Alpes de Savoie, et la cîme du Mont Blanc; à l'ouest elle se porte sur les sommets du Vercors; tandis qu'au nord les collines s'élèvent droit au-dessus de la ville, et sont couronées par le fort de la Bastille. L'Isère, dont les eaux furieuses sont troubles, est embellie par de larges quais et de beaux ponts. La plupart des rues sont étroites et tortueuses, et ce n'est que dans la partie moderne qu'on trouve de belles avenues bordées d'arbres. La cathédrale de Notre-Dame, dont la fondation est attribuée à Charlemagne, est un édifice imposant de brique. L'église St. Laurent, avec sa crypte du onzième, est aussi très belle. Le palais de justice est très joli, et une statue de Bayard, le chevalier dauphinois, se trouve devant le palais. La nouvelle préfecture, construite en 1867, est un bâtiment de pierre qui donne sur la place de Verdun, où se trouve aussi le musée. Le musée contient des statues remarquables, et quelques tableaux imposants. Il a la réputation d'être un des plus beaux de la France.

Grenoble est le centre de tourisme le plus important des Alpes francaises. Des autocars partent tous les jours pour les cols aux environs, et pour Nice, Chamonix, Vichy, et d'autres points moins importants. Le couvent de la Grande Chartreuse ne se trouve pas loin de la ville, mais malheurusement les pères Chartreux ont été expulses il y a quelques années, et l'état a chargé le département de l'Isère d'entretenir les bâtiments.

L'industrie la plus importante de Grenoble est la ganterie. Les gants de Grenoble ont une renommee mondile. La métallurgie devient de plus en plus important dans le Dauphiné et surtout à Grenoble, et dernièrement l'utilisation de la force motrice de l'eau (la houille blanche) a pris une place considérable dans l'industrie du département de l'Isère. En 1925, Grenoble a eu une exposition de la houille blanche et du tourisme.

L'université de Grenoble est connue en Angleterre et en Amèrique à cause des cours d'été qui y sont donnés pour les étrangers. Grenoble est rempli de ces ètudiants pendant l'été. Beaucoup de touristes passent aussi par Grenoble à cause des belles excursions aux alentours. En hiver la ville redevient francaise, et ce n'est qu'en mai et en juin que reviennent les touristes et les étudiants.

L'avenir de Grenoble est assuré. Le Dauphiné devient de plus en plus un centre important de l'industrie francaise, et Grenoble en profite, naturellement. La population de la ville s'est augmentée de 26,852 en 1851 a 80,000 en 1920. Si Grenoble grandit encore, ce sera une ville très importante.


sign ming
(8:31 am.)
NOTE FROM HOME ???
TO MR. BRAMHALL
MMM
The Big Parade
A Senior's Pastime.
waiting for Mr Cleveland in the office.—
The Minute That Seems A Year.
BUGHOUSE FABLES.
12pm. and Still Studying.
CLOP!!
CLOP!!
VERY WEAK
SCHOOL SPIRIT.
Rah Rah
CHLS ROOTERS
??
CHLS
NEWT
SENIOR
C'mon
FRESHMAN
OFF!
CHLS
That Game
RTS
His View Point
Soph
Junior
Senior
Frosh
Ain't they Cute—And How?
Jolly
Pop
Top
STRING
MILK
Their 1st Day
ELOCUTION—ALIAS ELECTROCUTION
LOOKS-FEELS like ←THIS-THIS→
THEY NEEDED EXERCISE
So THEY — — —
AND — — —
UNTIL PERIOD-6
SHE SPIED IT AND
1 2 3 4 5 6
PERIODS
Oh! For A Day Like This—
PARKING SPACE
8:29 SPECIAL
CHLS
A Fresh MAN'S MIND
"Bea-Euers"
Now The Cheer-Leader —Performs—
C
C
C
C

ALUMNI NOTES

1922

Helene Manning is now teaching in the Peabody Kindergarten after studying at Miss Leslie's School.

Margaret Lane graduated from Wellesley College in 1926 and is now taking a library course at Columbia.

Rosamund Lane graduated from Wellesley College in 1927 and is now taking special courses in Art at Radcliffe. At Wellesley she was a Phi Beta Kappa.

1923

Elizabeth Gerould is spending the winter in Germany. Next year she will continue her course at Radcliffe.

Beatrice Norman is finishing her course at Boston University.

Eleanor Holmes is now a senior at Vassar.

1924

Catherine MacKinnon was married to Leonard Tyler in June.

"Fred" Cole is a senior at Dartmouth.

1925

Beatrice Grover is now a freshman at Radcliffe.

Marjorie Gerould is engaged to Joseph Grudy of Chicago, a graduate of Harvard Law, 1927.

Evelyn Frost is finishing her course at Perry Kindergarten Normal.

Allison Marks is a sophomore at Radcliffe. Last year she was on the Dean's list.

Elsie Field is a sophomore at Radcliffe. She was on the Dean's List last year.

Mary Madon is married and is now Mrs. Leonard B. Gruard.

Lilla Gould is working at the Metropolitan Casualty Insurance Company in Boston as a private secretary.

1926

Leah Kaplan is a sophomore at Radcliffe.

Florence Powers is likewise a sophomore at Radcliffe.

Nelly Brathwaite is in her second year at Perry Kindergarten Normal.

Stella Durdle is working as a stenographer at Barry Dodge Company in Boston.

1927

Dorothy Groden is at Emmanuel College.

Leila Campbell, Mary Stubbs, Lorraine Langley, Eleanor Adams, Fanny McLean, and Miriam Berkman are all freshman at Radcliffe.

Madeline Cole is at Northampton Seminary.

Winifred Langley is spending the winter in Paris.

Miriam Greene, the holder of the Jennie S. Spring Scholarship for 1927-1928 is a freshman at Radcliffe. The scholarship was awarded for the first time to Elizabeth Ruggli, C. H. L. S., 1926.

Robert Meehan died during this last summer.

Harriet Moulton is working as secretary at Widener Library.

Vesta Turner is at Fanny Farmer's School.

Janet Collier is at Lake Erie College.

Marie Early is at Framingham Normal.

"Billy" Brooks and "Don" Finlayson are at Exeter and both playing on the football team.

Veronica Jordan is at St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dorothy Jones is at Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana.

John Ramsdell is at Bryant and Stratton.

Margaret Langton, Ruth Melnick, Dorothy Begain, and Marian Carney are all freshmen at Boston University.

Dorothy Wexler and Ruth Dumphy are freshmen at Simmons.

Hyman Buller is a freshman at Harvard.



As an opening paragraph of any kind is very difficult to write, and as we are averse to anything difficult, we shall, accordingly, write no opening paragraph at all. Perhaps this is a wise decision, because no one would read it if we *should* write one.

Now that the opening paragraph is disposed of, we turn the pages of "The Gleaner," the Pawtucket High School Periodical. It is too bad that the editorial pages are placed first in the magazine, for it gives a bad impression at the start. The editorial is the most delicate department in a High School paper; in ours there is a very small margin between intelligence and childishness. The editorials in "The Gleaner" slip sadly into childishness through poor choice of material and poor execution. Several of the topics embrace the word "success." Now there is no objection to "success" in itself, but it is a peculiar thing that when a high school student writes that word, he is supernaturally urged to pour forth infatuous eloquence. "The Gleaner" has made that mistake.

The fiction department is slightly better, although the writer of the "Tatler" column is seemingly immune to wise-cracks. There is a pathetic little piece of poetry entitled "When I Dream of You," used as a space-filler on the athletic page. It was a mistake to put it on that page; it might far better have been included in the jokes.

The exchange department boldly reveals that its object is to exchange criticisms. After perusing "The Gleaner's" exchanges we are inclined to believe that its object is to exchange compliments.

Next we have the Attleboro "Blue Owl". This little magazine really has possibilities, but judging from the June issue they are sadly neglected. The editorials are again jammed in between the ads and the table of contents. We find that the editor was moved to write another Lindbergh splurge which was quite touching in spots, i.e., the first line, which reads — "Hail to the conqueror! Like knights of old he set out into the unknown." This priceless bit was followed by treatises on gum-chewing and the defacing of desks. Rather ineffectual subjects, what?

But turning to more pleasant passages, we find some excellent prose, and one succesful attempt at a poem. The best is, on the whole, awfully poor stuff. Here is a verse by one of the Attleboro Miltons:

> It's not because I have no home,
> It's just my wish that I must roam;
> For a mistress have I kind and good
> Who gives me of the best of food.

Had we been editor of the "Blue Owl" we should have died sooner than allow that to get into print.

Infinitely superior to either of the above, is the publication by the pupils of the Cambridge Haskell School.

It is a joy to compliment the Haskellog on its charming merits. It is the model of what a school paper should be, but very seldom is. Uncluttered by blotchy cartoons, tasteless editorials, banal jokes, and self-compliments, it is the essence of reserve and good taste. It presents its good material in a concise and agreeable manner without stringing along superfluous inanity which is apt to be found in the average school paper.

The Haskellog's contents are largely of a literary nature, even the lower class-men seeming to be able to write intelligently and with charm. The verses are enjoyable and the book reviews meritous.

As mentioned above, The Haskellog is a magazine that other school papers should pattern after; however, very few schools would find such a style acceptable.

All of the above reviews are based on the last issues of the year 1926-'27. In many instances a marked improvement will be noted during the current season; in some cases we hope so. In closing, the Cambridge Review wishes a most prosperous year to all of its contemporaries.



FOOTBALL CALLED OUT

Forty-five players reported to Coach Macdonald for uniforms, on Wednesday, September 7th, and went through the first practice session of the year. Only five veterans from last year's team are available this year. They are: Bob Morris, one of the best punters in the suburban league, Reddy Hilliard and Pete Reardon, star halfbacks, Frank Davis, who featured at center on the 1926 outfit, and Al Popoli, a guard of note who will help considerably in bringing up the average weight of the team.

E. D. "Edder" Kerr, halfback on the team last fall, will not play this year on account of a bad knee that must be operated upon in the near future. Fred Harlow will also be lost to the squad until November first because of scholastic difficulties, and as he was elected to lead the squad this season another captain, pro tem, will have to be appointed shortly. The loss of these veterans is a great blow to the prospects of the team as they are both good players.

Coach Macdonald is looking forward to a successful season, and will round his first team into shape as soon as possible in preparation for the Salem game, a little over two weeks away.

CAMBRIDGE 7 SALEM 7

In the opening game of the season played against Salem at Bertram Field before a crowd of approximately 4000 people the Cambridge Latin School football team held the strong Salem eleven to a 7 to 7 tie.

In the first period the ball see-sawed back and forth on the field, and at one time the Salem team was within 10 yards of the Cambridge goal line, but failed to put the ball across.

In the second period by straight line plunging, McMahon, the tall Salem fullback rushed the ball over for the first score of the game. A short pass, Anderson to McGee, netted the extra point. With about three minutes to go before the end of the first half, Salem lost the ball on a fumble trying to punt. Morris, the Cambridge fullback, after receiving a fast pass from Sabin his center, heaved a perfect forward to Hilliard, who pulled the ball out of the air as he crossed the goal line with the whole Salem team on his heels. A dropkick by Reardon scored the other point.

The Cambridge team was completely out classed in carrying the ball in the second half; Foley, the star Salem halfback featuring with long runs, consistently gained from 5 to 8 yards.

The Salem team amassed in all a total of nine first downs. Cambridge was playing defensively three-fourths of the time, with the ball in their own territory.

The summary:

CAMBRIDGE	SALEM
Hamilton (Pierson), re	re, Jones
Davis (Canny) (Scully), rt	rt, McGee
McKee, rg	rg, Hogan
Sabin (Davis), c	c, D. Connoly
Popoli, lg	lg, Doyle
Pierson (D. Foley) (Canny), lt	lt, Heckman
Katz, le	le, Crean (Walke)
Trodden, qb	qb, Baker
Reardon, rhb	rhb, Foley (Gerchell)
Hilliard, lhb	lhb, Anderson (Rybici) (Antos)
R. Morris, fb	fb, McMahon (Morse)

Score, Cambridge 7 — Salem 7. Touchdowns mad by McMahon (S), Hilliard (C). Point after touchdown made by McGee (S), on a pass. Reardon (C). Umpire Gilroy. Referee McCabe. Linesman Mooney. Time — four eight minute periods.

CAMBRIDGE 19 NEWBURYPORT 13

On a sweltering Saturday afternoon at Newburyport the Cambridge High and Latin School football forces defeated the local eleven, 19 to 13. The intense heat was a great handicap to both teams, but in the second period the players seemed to get used to it and three touchdowns were scored.

Hilliard ran wild as usual, but one of his two touchdowns in the second period was not allowed, because Reardon had started before the ball was passed. The first real score came early in the period when Hilliard caught a pass from Morris and ran 30 yards for a touchdown. Pete Reardon failed to kick the goal. Later in the period Morris carried the ball to the Newburyport 3 yard strip and Reardon dove through right guard for the second tally. Reardon again missed his try for the extra point. The first Newburyport score came late in the same quarter when Davis, who was substituting at the pivot position made a bad pass to Morris and Connors the Newburyport right end fell on the ball behind the goal line. Avery missed his try for the goal.

In the third period the Cambridge outfit rushed the ball down to their opponents 10 yard line, and Hilliard took the pigskin over on an off-tackle play. Bob Morris kicked a perfect drop-kick for the extra tally.

By a series of forward passes the Newburyport team brought the ball down to the Cambridge 4 yard mark, and after trying for four downs, Ogden just barely managed to push the ball across on his last chance.

Avery kicked a fine place kick for the point after touchdown.

The summary:

CAMBRIDGE	NEWBURYPORT
Hamilton (Landrigan), re	re, Connors (Murray)
Sullivan, rt	rt, Fenders
McKee, rg	rg, Tufts
Davis, c	c, F. Graf
Popoli, lg	lg, Morse
Pierson, lt	lt, Whalen (Fowle)
Katz, le	le, Corey
Trodden, qb	qb, Roney (Gallagher)
Reardon, lhb	lhb, Ogden (Coffin)
Hilliard, rhb	rhb, B. Graf
Morris, fb	fb, Avery

Score, Cambridge 19 Newburyport 13. Touchdowns made by Hilliard (C) 2, Connors (N), Ogden (N), and Morris (C). Points after touchdown made by Morris (C), and Avery (N). Referee Norton. Umpire Dixon. Linesman Little. Time—four 10 minute periods.

NEWTON 3 CAMBRIDGE 0

With but thirty seconds to go before the close of the first half, and the ball on the Cambridge 25 yard stripe, in the first league game of the year with Newton, Gilligan, a substitute halfback drop-kicked a perfect goal from the field for the only score of the game. The game was hard played by both teams, but by doing considerable punting the Newton backs wore down the Cambridge players and in the last period the Cantab goal was in danger almost all of the time.

The outstanding star of the game was a young sophomore, who was playing his first game for Newton; this was John Mullin, the quarterback. He specialized in running back punts, and because his teammates gave him very good interference, he seemed to be able to elude Cambridge tacklers at all times.

There was a good deal of excitment in the third period, when the Cambridge outfit marched the ball down to the Newton 25 yard line, and on the next play the Orange and Black team was penalized for holding. This put the ball on the Newton 10 yard mark, but the stronger team held and Cambridge lost the ball on downs. In the closing minutes of the game Morris and Hilliard uncorked a series of passes, but to no avail, thus keeping the Cambridge team from a hard earned last minute victory.

The summary:

NEWTON	CAMBRIDGE LATIN
Cole (Paine), re	re, Hamilton
Hamilton, rt	rt, Davis
Shea (Foss), rg	rg, McKee
Gatchell, c	c, Brown
Harrington, lg	lg, Popoli
Marsh, lt	lt, Sullivan (Scully)
Schienfien, le	le, Katz
Mullin, qb	qb, Trodden
Andres, lhb	lhb, Hilliard
McIntyre (Gilligan), rhb	rhb, Reardon
Bennett, fb	fb, Morris (Pierson)

Score—Newton 3—Cambridge 0. Goal from field Gilligan (N). Referee Locke. Umpire Metevier. Linesman A. Woodlock. Time—four 10 minute periods.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 18 RINDGE 0

Before a crowd of approximately 5000 people, the Cambridge Latin School football team defeated the Rindge Tech. team, in the annual Columbus Day game at Russell Field, 18 to 0. The game was featured by the forward passing of both teams, but the Latin School players managed to complete two to every one for Rindge. At no time in the game was the Latin School goal seriously threatened, but Lynch the star Rindge halfback had the spectators on their feet more than once by his brilliant runs around the end.

The first score came shortly before the close of the first period, when Bob Morris threw a pass to Davis who caught the ball behind the goal line. Lynch blocked Morris' try for the extra point.

Early in the second period, Hilliard, after receiving a pass from Morris, ran 35 yards for a touchdown. Morris was not fast enough on this try for the point and his kick was smothered before he could get it off.

In the last period, Frank Davis, who incidentally played a fine game at tackle, rushed through and blocked a punt, which McKee pounced on behind the line.

Bob Morris was easily the most outstanding player on the field, and his passing was as accurate as has yet been seen at schoolboy games this year. As the eighteen points loomed up before Coach Macdonald towards the close of the game, he sent in almost every available substitute.

Pete Reardon was hurt so badly on the opening kickoff that he had to be caried off the field and at the time, it was not certain to what extent he was injured.

The summary:

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	RINDGE
Pierson (Landrigan) (Green), re	re, Corr (Saransky) (Furlong)
Popoli (Ross), rt	rt, Moore (Jestremsky)
Sullivan (Scully) (E. Lynch) (Dunn) (Wilgoren), rg	rg, Lagsden (Rociciki) (Warman)
Brown (Brine), c	c, Knudson (Lavey) (Keough)
McKee (Canny) (Dugan) (Margetson), lg	lg, Tellegen (Melker) (Bent)
Davis (Morrill), lt	lt, Owens (Fields)
Katz (Sandler) (Dever) (Muello), le	le, Siders (Sullivan) (Carr)
C. Morris (Hogan), qb	qb, Ross (McSorley)
Hilliard (Bracket), lhb	lhb, Lynch (Foster)
Reardon (Hamilton) (Roche) (Lekakos), rhb	rhb, Hall (Gillgren)
R. Morris (Bracket), fb	fb, Boyle (Greenidge)

Score Cambridge Latin 18—Rindge 0. Touchdowns made by Davis, Hililard, McKee. Referee McCabe. Umpire Dan Kelley. Linesman Mooney. Time, four 10 minute periods.

CAMBRIDGE 12 SOMERVILLE 7

The Cambridge High and Latin School football team chalked up their second Suburban League victory of the season when they defeated the Somerville High aggregation at Russell Field, 12 to 7. In the last period Bob Morris saved the Cambridge outfit from defeat by plowing through

a solid wall of interference to stop Thomas Toothacker who had intercepted his forward pass.

In the opening period the Cambridge team carried the ball from midfield to the Somerville 5 yard line; by a run around the end by Hilliard and a forward pass, Morris to Reardon. Morris plunged through for the touchdown, but failed to kick the extra point. Later in this period Somerville almost tied up the count, when they brought the oval to within the shadow of the goal posts, but the Cambridge outfit held them for downs.

Less than two minutes after the second period had gotten under way, John Murphy the Somerville fullback ran 13 yards off tackle for his team's only touchdown. On the next play Peterson surprised the whole Cambridge team by going through the line instead of kicking the extra tally which put Somerville in the lead by one point. Towards the close of the third quarter Hilliard ran back a punt to the Somerville 35 yard tape, and Morris rushed the ball to the 5 yard line. Hilliard shot through his guard for the second touchdown, but the attempt for the goal was missed.

The fourth period was uneventful, except for the sensational tackle by Bob Morris. Toothacker intercepted Morris' attempted pass to Hilliard and surrounded by four of his teammates, headed for the Cambridge goal line. Morris realizing that he was the only player between his opponents and their objective, seeing a hole in the interference rushed in and nailed Toothacker in his tracks. This act spelled defeat for the Somerville team and they were easily held by the Cambridge eleven until the final whistle.

The summary:

CAMBRIDGE	SOMERVILLE
Pierson, re	re, Rondina (O'Brien)
Sullivan, rt	rt, Eastman (Casley)
Popoli, rg	rg, Toothacker
Brown, c	c, C. Peterson
McKee (Hamilton) (Scully), lg	lg, Dressler
Davis, lt	lt, Corbett (C. Peterson)
Katz (Landrigan), le	le, P. McInnis (A. McInnis)
C. Morris (Trodden), qb	qb, Donovan (Corbett)
Reardon, lhb	lhb, Luppi
Hilliard, rhb	rhb, E. Peterson
R. Morris, fb	fb, Murphy

Cambridge 12, Somerville 7. Touchdowns made by R. Morris (C), Hilliard (C), Murphy (S). Points by rush after touchdown, E. Peterson (S). Referee Al Woodlock. Umpire J. Redding. Linesman J. Kendrick. Time—four 10 minute periods.

The Cambridge High and Latin School cross country team defeated the harriers from Woburn, between the halves of the Cambridge vs. Somerville football game, at Russell Field 21 to 34. John Hughes won the three mile grind in the comparatvely fast time of 19 minutes and 45 seconds. The remaining runners finished in the following order: Scott, (W); Porteous, (C); Murray, (C); Hallahan, (C); Gouch, (W); Hardcastle, (W); Foley, (C); Porkinkas, (W); McKillop, (W).

CAMBRIDGE 28 STONEHAM 29

The Cambridge Latin School cross country team, in the initial encounter of the season, won a close race from Stoneham, 28 to 29. Wilson, the Cambridge captain led the race to within 75 yards of the finish, when he slowed down and Montague and Peterson, the Stoneham star harriers flew past him to capture first and second place respectively. Jack Hughes was the first Cambridge runner to cross the tape, and George Foley followed a few feet behind him. The remaining runners finished in the following order: Patch (S), Wilson (C), Murray (C), Kelleher (C), Blackburn (S), Porteous (C), McIsaac (C), and Sumner (S).

In an informal relay race that took place between the halves of the Columbus Day football game with Rindge, a combined Alumni and undergraduate Cambridge Latin team defeated a combined Rindge team. The undergraduates were taken from the cross country teams of both schools and each boy was to run a quarter mile, while the Alumni runners were to run a half mile. When the baton was passed to the first Alumni runner the Rindge team had a lead of 150 yards, but Pete Beshgeteur was running against Louis Anzalone, a former Rindge star, and he could not close up the gap. The next runner was Leslie Flaksman, who is now running for the Harvard cross country team. When he started off it was obvious that Rindge would not hold the lead very long. He passed his opponent on the first quarter mile and on the second gained a substantial lead. The next two Cambridge runners, Meuse and Maloney, were satisfied by taking things easy most of the time, and sprinting when it was necessary.

CROSS COUNTRY

The largest squad ever to report for cross country in this school responded to Coach O'Leary's call for candidates when sixty boys made their appearance on Wednesday, September 21st, in the locker room.

With only two veterans back from the 1926 team there will be many places to be filled by the new comers. Under the leadership of Captain Charles Wilson, the boys commenced training immediately in preparation for the first meet of the year with the Alumni, October 12th.

The schedule is as follows:

Oct.	12	Alumni at Russell Field
"	15	Stoneham at Stoneham
"	19	St. Johns at Danvers
"	22	Woburn at Russell Field
"	25	Belmont at Russell Field
"	29	Harvard Interscholastics
Nov.	5	Quincy at Russell Field
"	8	Tufts Freshmen at Medford
"	12	Springfield College Freshmen at Springfield
"	12	Melrose at Russell Field
"	24	Rindge at Russell Field



From present indications, it seems that the Cambridge High and Latin School Debating Team is to add one more to its long list of undefeated seasons.

Last year Debating suffered greatly through lack of support by the faculty. Throughout the first half of the year, the few people interested struggled on without the services of a coach. All work for debates was done outside of school with no credit allowed. Although not one person among those striving for oratorical laurels had ever taken part in an inter-scholastic debate, our men defeated the experienced speakers of Everett High by a unanimous vote of the judges.

Compared with the gloomy prospects at this time last fall, those of this year are bright and cheery. Last year there was no coach part of the time. This year we are helped by Mr. Olsen, who proved his worth last spring, and by Miss Hartigan, our elocution teacher. Last year all the preparation was done at home. This year much of it is done in school with credit received for all work. Last year the material was fresh. This year we have in the ranks of veteran debaters two men, George Foley and John Hughes, who have proved their worth under fire. Milton Talent, William Hogan, and Charles Stevenson, who won their spurs in inter-class debating, are eager to win places on the varsity team.

We hope this year to conduct two of the Freshman-Sophomore Debates before Christmas and one early in January. The newcomers must produce an excellent team to beat the veteran sophomores, Rubin, Moran and McGinnes.

At the end of January we will hold the Junior-Senior Debate, won last year by the present Senior class. After this is over, Mr. Olsen will have a good idea as to what people are to compose his team, and will begin to train them for the coming contests with Rindge, Everett, and perhaps one or two other schools.

Throughout the year the debaters will work constantly in hope of winning one of the shining cups awarded in the Durrell Debate late in May.

POPOLI ELECTED CAPTAIN

On October 7th, the day before the first league game of the year with Newton, Al Popoli was elected by last year's letter men who are playing this season, to captain the football team for the remainder of the schedule.

Popoli succeeds Fred Harlow, who was elected last spring to lead this year's eleven, but through faculty restrictions was forced to resign. This year marks "Pop's" third season at left guard, and his 195 pounds is particularly helpful in the line. Popoli has been acting as captain in the games so far, and it was expected that he would be elected before the league games got under way.

INDOOR TRACK

Candidates for the indoor track team will be called out on December 10th, all boys interested in track report to Coach Smith on that date. The schedule is as follows:

Jan.	13	Interclass meet
"	20	Rindge (informed)
"	26	Browne & Nichols at Browne & Nichols
Feb.	3	(open)
"	11	B. A. A. meet at Mechanics Bldg.
"	22	Legion games at the East Armory
"	27	(open)
Mar.	4	Mass. State meet at the East Armory
"	10	Rindge

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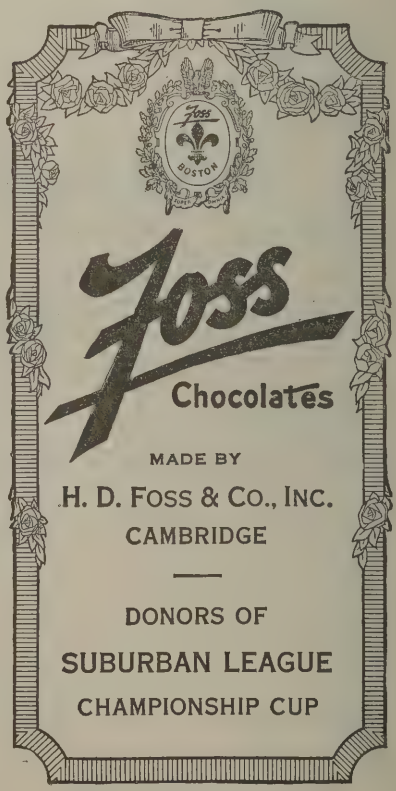
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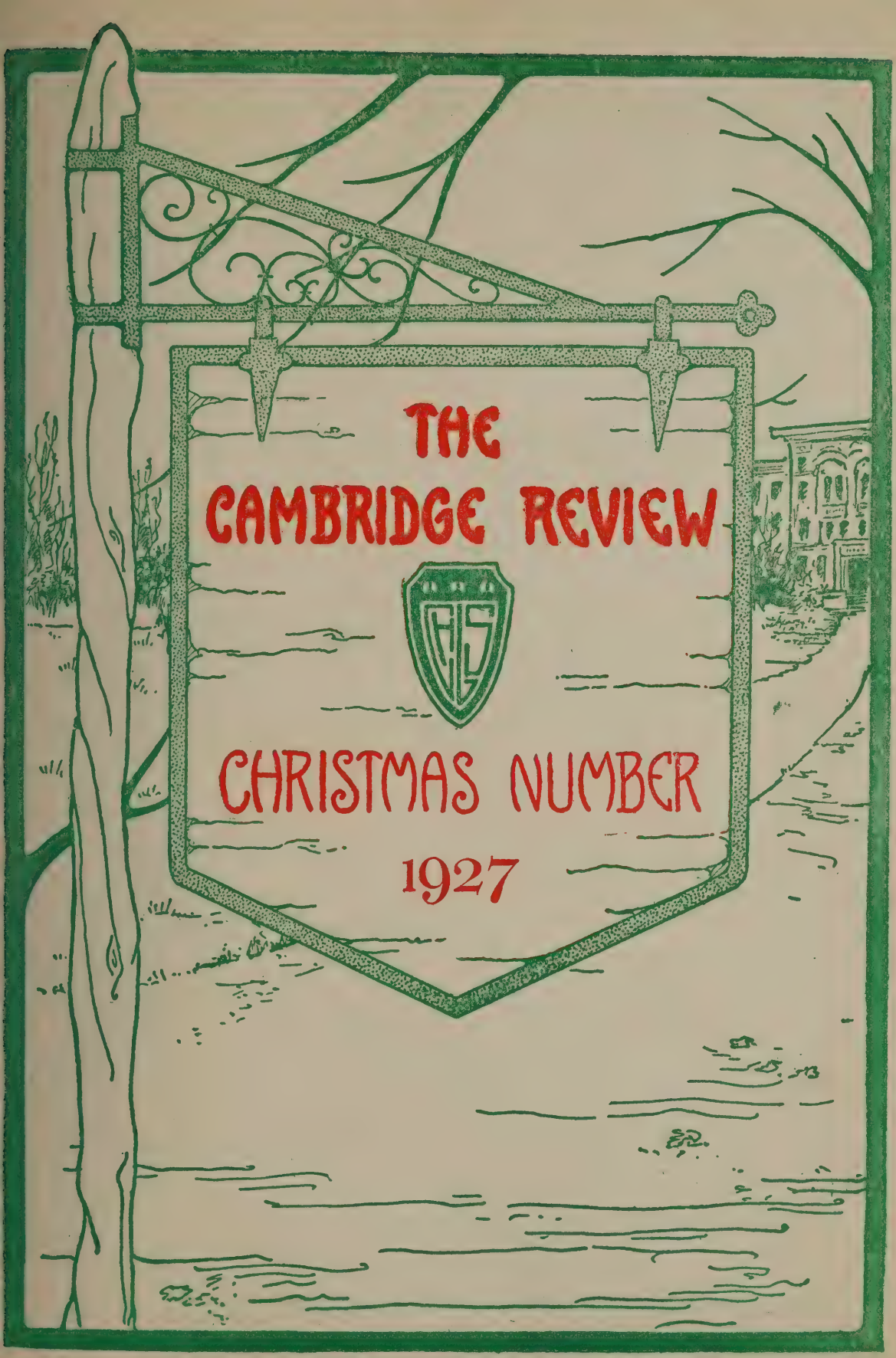
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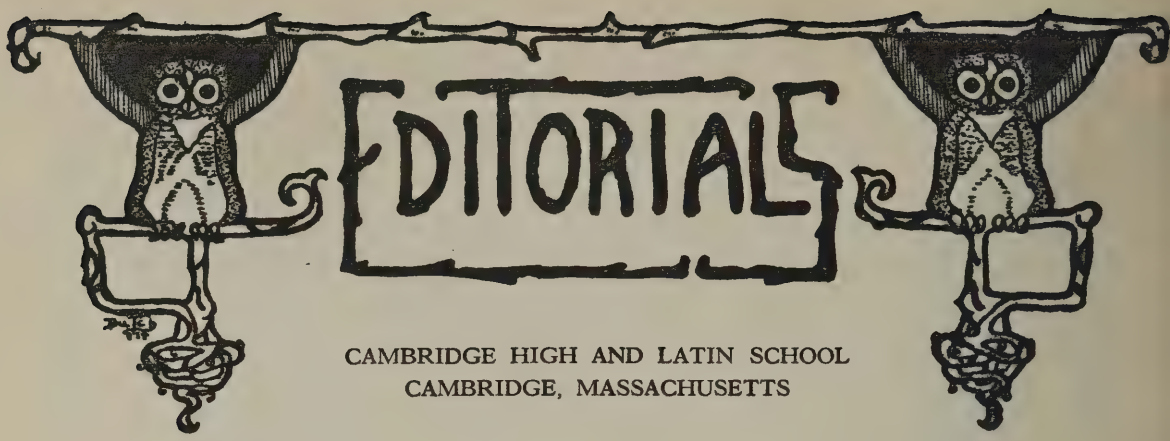
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CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL
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"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!" This simple little greeting which is on the lips of everyone just once a year typifies more than anything else the spirit of Christmas—that universal feeling of friendship and unselfishness. For some, this Yuletide spirit is but a wavering, timid flame, very soon extinguished by the overwhelming forces of human destiny. The arrival of Christmas brings to such beings a single bright, treasured day, hopefully looked forward to, and long remembered. So it is also in homes where plenty and comfort have reigned throughout the year. Only their happiness is in the happiness of others. Even though there be those who are "Scrooges" for 364 days, at least this once, they make the welfare of humanity their own.

Our celebration of Christmas is doubly precious to us for its many customs of old. Its joy echoes back across many centuries. Customs such as the burning of the Yule log are fragments of pagan origin. From earliest christianity the festival of the nativity of Christ has been celebrated.

In the early middle ages, Christmas was a great popular festival with merrymaking and feasting. Carols were sung in the streets and holy images were carried from house to house. At this time miracle plays were enacted before the people. In Shakespears'e period still more it became the occasion of gayety. With the advent of Puritanism the reaction came; Christmas was declared a day of fast, of worship, and all amusements were prohibited. Then with the restoration, the old customs were again revived. From that time unto the present, our celebration has also been colored by a touch of early Americanism and by contact with other lands. The Dutch children put their wooden shoes in a row by the chimney place to await the arrival of Saint Nicholas and the consequent filling of the shoes. But the heartless youth of England and America have even outwitted Santa Claus by hanging up stockings. For stockings *do* stretch and are indeed *much* more roomy.

"'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,—not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be there."

With tender recollection we remember those nights before Christmas,—the atmosphere of intense anticipation, the dark, crisp night without, —the silent room within, the night when sleep seemed so very impossible. We regret that hour when, after a painful discovery, Santa Claus disappeared into the golden mist of childhood reflections forever.

Around the Christmas tree, which, according to legend, replaced the sturdy German sacrificial oak of Druidic worship, now the family, perhaps separated during the year, gathers happily reunited.

One of the quaintest Christmas customs, the incident under the mistletoe is also a survival of ancient Druidic festivals. To them the mistletoe was symbolic of utmost happiness. It seemed very natural to our forefathers that youths and maidens should express their joy on this day in a tender caress under this symbol of bliss. Yet to this materialistic age, this means of expression has become so commonplace that the kiss under the mistletoe has in many cases lost its romance of yore.

"I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old, familiar carols play
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!"

H. H. F.

THE literary material submitted to the REVIEW during the past month manifests a decided improvement in quantity compared with that which was received for the preceding issue, despite the allurement of the Poetry and Prose Contest. This may easily be accounted for by the fact that pupils have become acclimated to new studies and find more time to devote to the literary department of this paper. More and better work, however, is always in demand; besides the aged argument that it is an indication of class spirit, the perseverant contribution of material affords the student a chance of testing his ability in the art of English composition in relation to that of his fellow-students. The proof that many are not lacking in this much-lauded "class spirit" is encouraging to the editors, but, as regards interstudent competition, much is to be desired. It is true that we have received this month several contributions worthy of notice, yet much of the remaining work handed in displays a desire to be funny without succeeding, or else it is merely mediocre in thought and composition.

The cause of this mediocrity is purely a lack of originality and imagination which, considering the times we live in, is rather surprising. The twentieth century is an age of invention in more than one sense of the word. Not only the scientists but also the writers of today are beginning to discover new things. Modern writers have broken the shackles of stale conservatism and presented ideas startlingly new, sometimes a trifle fantastic, but refreshing nevertheless. An amazing percentage of these writers are very young, some scarcely above the high school age, and, in a few cases, even below it.

You must not be backward in upholding the prerogative established by present-day young people. Many in this school are capable of literary contributions equal to those of others who have been so widely feted during the last few years in all parts of the world. Perhaps you have the idea but are not capable of writing it in a way worthy of its originality? Hand in your idea; perhaps someone less fertile in imagination can use it. Here coöperation displays itself, and that is exactly the thing necessary in creating a school paper which will be liked and appreciated by all. Therefore, be foreward in presenting anything which you think is in keeping with this new spirit. Submit ideas, or stories, or both, but remember that there is a shade of difference between the fantastic and the ridiculous.

What the REVIEW wishes is originality both in matter and treatment. Whatever the story, let the plot be daring. The world is too full of old ideas; it wants new thoughts, and ours is the generation which can think them. Let the CAMBRIDGE REVIEW be outstanding among High School publications as a magazine of new ideas, whatever they may be! E. T.

SOMETIME ago a rather unusual performance was presented at Senior Assembly. Miss McElroy, the originator of the plan, explained afterwards to puzzled spectators that it was all due to Children's Book Week.

The idea was novel. Pupils were chosen who were to write monologues purporting to be by familiar book characters. They were allowed to choose any character they wished. After the selections were written sufficiently well, those students improvised costumes and portrayed their respective personages before the entire Senior class. Naturally the idea was entered on with much trepidation.

Seven girls, all Seniors, took part, aided by Herman Field, who introduced each one as she appeared. The first was Anna Clapp, who cleverly interpreted "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Then in quick succession came Barbara Brintnall, the only male impersonator, as Sam Weller; Anna Kaplan, as Mrs. Bennett; Hazel Hardy as Little Nell; and Dorothy Harris as Mrs. Wilkins. For an enjoyable ending appeared Katherine Boucher, who made a bewitching Janice Meredith.

Our blasé body of Seniors was moved from its usual legarthy to applause, rather amused applause to be sure, but—applause. We would like more such departures from the usual. Variety really is the spice of life. B. B.

The REVIEW wishes to thank those who obtained subscriptions and those who in any way helped to increase the number of subscribers. Special mention is deserved by Frances and Max Shain. Frances Shain obtained one hundred and twenty subscriptions, and Max seventy; between them they obtained nearly two hundred. That is some goal for future subscriptions-getters to work towards.

Others deserving of special mention are Eleanor Shaffer and Beatrice Evers.

Therefore, once more we extend our thanks and appreciation for the assistance of the four above, and also to the following:

Mary Riese	Marie Phelan
Pearl Gardiner	George Anderson
Rose Geeenwood	Ruth Brown
James Barnes	Mary Conlin

Israel Berkman

Andrea Del Sarto

MOST commonly, illustrations are put into books and magazines as an aid in conveying the meaning of the subject treated in the book. Thus, pictures are used to illustrate. But just as valuable are those which are looked at for the sake of their own beauty,—for the sake of art alone. Such a picture is created by the longing of man to express his noblest emotions, by his love for all that is lovely. Therefore does not art transcribe for us the aesthetic things of nature? Doesn't it essentially express life?

In the four remaining issues of the Review, we intend to give just a little "touch" of the beauty that is in art. These "touches" will represent four branches of the Fine Arts, — Painting, Architecture, Sculpture, and lastly Photography. In this way we may perhaps acquire a greater consciousness of the beauties that surround us.

For this issue we have chosen a painting, very appropriate for Christmas, the Madonna Dell' Arpie by the Italian Renaissance artist, Andrea Del Sarto.

In his exquisite poem, "Andrea Del Sarto," Browning has written his reflections and impressions after viewing a work by this painter.

It is picturesque Florence that stands, a time-defying memorial to that noble cult of men who dedicated their lives to immortalizing art. There, in the quiet, sacred atmosphere of the many galleries throbbing with the noble conceptions of master painters, one is infused with the glory of that idealistic passion for the ethereal. In this city Andrea Del Sarto was born about 1486 into a tailor's family. At the early age of seven he was apprenticed to a goldsmith with whom he displayed a remarkable talent in drawing. Steadily progressing in this line, he drew the attention of the artist, Piero di Cosimo. Under this man's able guidance, Andrea soon became the foremost of the younger Florentine artists. His frescos on the walls of cloisters and churches before long caused him to be called "the faultless painter."

He became madly infatuated with a certain Lucretia, a very beautiful woman, whom he married. Though ever the object of his passionate love, she gave him no inspiration, and never showed sympathy with his work except as a means whereby coin came into her pocket. Most of his later pictures contain her portrait, beautiful but soulless.

"Don't count the time lost, neither; you must serve
For each of the five pictures we required:
It saves a model. So! Keep looking so —
My serpentining beauty, rounds on rounds!"
"Had you given me soul,
We might have risen to Raphael, I and you!"
From A. D. S., by Browning.

The Madonna dell' Arpie (Madonna of the Harpies), is considered by most as his masterpiece. The Madonna, whose face is plainly that of Lucretia, stands on a low pedestal on the sides of which are carved the harpies that give its name. On either side stand St. Francis and St. John the Evangelist. Two exquisitely graceful child-angels cling to the Virgin's feet. The picture has a certain harmonious, dignified beauty, typical of Del Sarto. The vagueness, the delicate mistiness, the fine balance are superb. One can see in that Madonna, Lucretia's ravishing, but soulless beauty.

Andrea Del Sarto's promising career came to an end when, at the early age of forty-seven, he died of the plague. In general, he was one whose soul was bounded by the things of sense, one who missed the ideal vision. Yet, his figures are faultless; they have life, character, and grace.

H. H. F.



JANICE MEREDITH

Janice to Tibbie:

OH, Tibbie, thee can never believe all that has happened. I did write it all down for thee, every bit, but the paper, 'twas lost; and now I know not how to commence. 'Tis certain, I cannot remember all.

"Tibbie, dost thee think me beautiful? Well, I had a great number of suitors in Philadelphia, Lord Clowes, and Sir André, and Sir Frederick, and many others.

"And I attended the dances! Mommy was just scandalized, but Dadda said 'twas Sir William's wish (Sir William, ye know, was in command) that I go. And nothing would do Dadda, but I have a new gown. Indeed, Tabitha Tinker, 'twas the most elegant at any affair. I know, for 'twas Sir Frederick told me, and he is no liar. 'Twas he who taught me the Sir Roger de Coverly and the Quadrille.

"Think of it, Tibbie! We did have a play given by the officers. I aided in the costume-making. But I feared me I should not be allowed to attend.

"Mommie calls the theatre 'that Devil's Pit.' She thinks I am going to Hell. However, Lord Clowes did bid Dadda be severe (as if he could) and to make it known to Mommy that we were to attend the play. Mommy sighed and said that if 'twas the desire of us two to be damned, then she should accompany us. 'Twas most wondrous and amazing, for the officers were so disguised, I could recognize not one of them. They did us females to the life. I did forget 'twas but a farce and burst into tears at a tragic moment. The men rallied me so about it that I blushed most dreadfully. Oh, Tibbie, why do girls have to blush? And dost know, I do believe Mommy enjoyed it most as much as I, though the end vastly shocked her?

" 'Twas the day before the evacuation that we had a Mischianza, for so 'twas styled. 'Twas a tournament. There were fourteen knights' ladies selected, so 'twas announced, for being the foremost in youth, beauty, and fashion, and for each a champion on whom she was to bestow her favor. I was chosen, and into a fine rage it threw those who were not invited. Our costume was most monstrous, consisting of a gauze turban, on the right side of which a veil hung to the waist, and on the other jingly things. The jacket was of white silk with long sleeves and a sash. And Tibbie, I know thee wilt be shocked. 'Twas loose trousers instead of a skirt, gathered above the ankle. A fine to-do Mommy made about it, but Dadda said that since the other girls wore them, I might too. But, indeed, I did feel monstrous strange and frightened. I scarce enjoyed a dance through thought of having no skirt and having quite a bit of limb exposed above my ankles.

" 'Twas the night of the masquerade, Tibbie, that Colonel Jack Brerton rode through the British lines into Philadelphia with the sole purpose of speaking with me. I did mistake him for Sir Frederick and danced with him. Nothing would satisfy him but he must speak with me alone. He endeavored to dissuade me from taking Lord Clowes for a husband. Dost believe it? Though he spoke not a word of it, I do think he loves me.

"And—Tibbie—Wilt promise never, *never* tell? It—well—I—It isn't as terrible as thee'd think, to be kissed by a man."

CATHERINE L. BOUCHER, '28.

A PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY HERO

IN searching my mind for that elusive personage, the perfectly satisfactory hero, I have, at length, concluded that our American Indian most nearly fulfills the requirements. Obliterate the red man from American fiction, and you do away with an astounding percentage of our most beloved books. His tremendous popularity is due to his versatility. The roles he has played are innumerable. Unfortunately, I can give here but few of them.

A very large group of people have no use for a hero unless he is a villain. For these bloodthirsty folk has been created the charming plains Indian who swoops, with fearful slaughter, upon the innocent and unsuspecting travelers.. A book in which he makes his début is a never-failing delight. It has many variations, including the semi-historical tales of Indian massacres in the early history of our country, but its prime characteristic is that the Indians always come out on top. Sometimes one white person escapes, but otherwise the book is beautifully tragic. In this book, the Indian shows his inscrutability as well as his ferocity, and therefore is a great favorite.

Next you have the noble Uncas of Cooperian fame. What could we do without him and his ilk? Young, brave, romantic, handsome, mysterious, and faithful—was there ever such a hero? The tragedy of his inevitably unrequited love is most appealing. The tender maidens of this generation still sniffle sadly over the misery of adoration contained within his manly and generous breast, and consider what they would have done had they been the lovely heroine. There is no character in the world whom we should miss more.

Again, there is that multitude of books which begin with, "Crack, crack, went his trusty rifle, and two more Indians bit the dust." I am not sure whether the Indian could properly be called a hero in this type of book, but as he is absolutely essential, I shall let it stand. Besides the dime novel, the college story is incomplete without its Indian. I have yet to find the college yarn wherein the jolly student body does not carry off the cigar-store Indian and set it in front of the library. This red man is at best a passive hero, but he must be exceptionally satisfying or he would not be carried about so enthusiastically.

A short while ago, this would have almost completed the tale of the Indian's ability. Now, to my intense gratification, I find that he has been sent to Oxford, made to go through the war, allowed to return to the forest primeval, and finally psycho-analyzed. Even in this modern effort, "White Hands," he reigns supreme.

If there remains any carping critic not pleased by one of these Indian moods, I bring forth for his approval the Indian said by the old-timers to be the best of all—the dead Indian.

MARGARET M. LEWIS.

THOUGHTS AFTER A LONG ILLNESS

Leaves,
Broken light,
Young winds,
The cool-curved flight
Of pigeons,
Clean sheets, very white,
And made of linen,

Blue flowers
In a sturdy jar,
Blue with an air of health,
The hot smell of new tar,
And summer dust,
These and others that are
Wholesome, I have loved in bed.

.... MAY SARTON, '29.

DARK OF THE MOON

When I am old and love
Has dwelt in me for years,
Half my thoughts will bend like willows
Near a brook, toward memories
That I have worn too long;
Half will on tip-toe stretch toward a star.
I must cut one of these away with a cold, steady hand.
Who knows but that I'll sweep the star from me,
And face in wilful loneliness the dark of the moon?

MARY SARTON, '29.

REMI'S LAST SONG

REMI! Remi! Where is he? I've not seen him today." This is what I heard as I passed down a narow alley in the old Latin Quarter of Paris. In front of the famous old wine-shop sat many French woman talking over the happenings of the day. I had never noticed as I passed what a picturesque spot this was. It was not the picture that quickened my senses at this moment; but it was the few words that began with, "Remi! Remi!" My dear friend, my dear companion, had not been heard today.

The sight which met my eyes I shall never forget. My dear old Remi, my dear, sweet hunchedback singer, Remi, was huddled in a corner of his small dark couch. His old cloak and a burlap bag were pulled over him. I spoke. No answer! And then I realized he was dead. Poor old Remi! I suppose it was better for him. Turning I noticed a slip of paper on a low stool near his couch.

As the evening was coming fast and the last beams of day gave little light in Remi's room, it



Remi huddled in a corner — Dead!

Hurrying on over the cobble-stones, I reached my lodging, where Remi also lived. Dusty, dim, and gray, stairs that creaked, and windows through which hardly any light shone;—this is what greeted me as I entered. Making my way up the dark stairway to the top floor, I noticed Remi's door ajar. I looked around me and then knocked while I trembled with fear as I thought of those few words. No answer, no sound, and still the door was ajar. Fear clutched me, and, unable to hold myself away any longer, I grasped the knob in my hand and opened the door gently. was necessary to light the oil lamp. I took the piece of paper and my eyes met Remi's handwriting. The note read, "Please bury me and pay back to Jean Garnier." My money was low, as I had just purchased a new composition; but I had to get money in some way, for good old Remi had done so much for me which I could not forget. My whole career was indebted to him. I covered Remi and then my thoughts turned to getting money. An idea came to me; I could sing—why not? Come what might I would try my success.

The next morning I rose early, rushed out to a

small store, and purchased some whiskers, stopping for a roll and coffee on my way back. I reached Remi's room, tied the whiskers on, garbed myself in Remi's old, dark green cloak and an old "Simon's Hat" which he always wore. Although my feet were pinched, I managed to put on Remi's old boots and red stockings. Then hunching my back with the aid of some soft rugs I finally manged to look as near like Remi as possible. After little difficulty I reached the street. Knowing all of Remi's ways and customs I felt quite confident. I started to sing in the market place as Remi always did. I put all I had into Remi's dear old song which I knew so well. I sang and sang, and more and more people gathered to hear. Money was dropped into Remi's old cloak pocket. When I stopped, shouts came from the crowd, "Bravo! Bravo!"—"Remi! Remi!"—"His voice! How grand!"—"It has life again Remi!"

All that morning and through the day I sang Remi's dear old songs. Evening came again and I made my way back to the lodging-house. I counted the money. How could there be so much? Enough? Ah! Enough to bury Remi and to pay back Jean Garnier!

One day only was I the hunchedback singer; for the next day I had Remi buried. Now he is in a quiet little grave with flowers over it. Many a person in that old place will tell the tale of dear old Remi's last day of singing and how he disappeared. Now as I look back on those days, I think how Remi started me in my singing, and of how much I owe him, for tomorrow night I sing at the Grand Opera.

BEATRICE EVERS, '29.



THOUGHTS I ASSOCIATE WITH CANDLES

EVERY Friday evening candles, which symbolize the holiness of the day of rest, are lighted in the Jewish home to welcome the Sabbath. The average home uses a candlestick of seven branches, called "Menorah."

Friday nights as I look at the lighted candles, I associate many historical thoughts with them. During the existence of the Jewish Temple in Jerusalem, "Menorah" were used to light up the interior. These "Menorahs" were of silver. In 70 A.D. when the Holy City was seized and the Temple destroyed by the Romans, the valuable candlesticks were carried off by the enemy. Thus it became a custom among the Jewish to light candles on a seven-branch candlestick in memory of the Temple.

Another thought I associate with candles is that of the Jewish Feast of Dedication inaugurated by Judas Maccabaeus, his brothers, and the whole congregation of Israel, in 165 B.C. The Jews built a new temple because Antiochus Epiphanes had defiled the old one. Because the temple was defiled, nothing in it could be used and therefore at the dedication of the new temple, there wasn't anything with which to illuminate the interior. In dismay the Jews made a hurried search throughout the city for something to light up the temple. After searching for a long time, they found a small can of oil, and this miraculously burned for eight days. To commemorate this event, the Jews celebrate a feast of eight days, called "Hannukah."

I associate still another and greater thought with candles. This thought is in regard to the old Jewish custom of having a permanent light burning over the ark where the scrolls are kept, in the Temple at Jerusalem. Although it has been extinguished in the Holy City because of the destruction of the Temple, nevertheless this everlasting light is kept burning by the Jews in other countries, in their places of worship.

Truly the candles represent many things in the history of the Jewish religion as well as in other religions.

B. MILLSTEIN, '28.

THE MUSEUM MYSTERY

GENTLE reader, or not so gentle, as the case may be, did you know that we in Cambridge are neighbors of a world-famous detective? You probably didn't, for Sam Brock was never one to talk. When the French wanted to give him a couple of medals for capturing a spy, he said that it was all fun and medals were out.

At any rate, when Dr. Asa Gibson was found dead at his desk in the Museum, Sam Brock was called at the same time as the police. The police said that Dr. Gibson was dead, that he had been poisoned, and that, as far as they could see, was about all which was apparent at first glance. Sam said nothing, then or later.

He, however, quickly acquired a taste for Egyptology, Dr. Gibson's favorite study. Sam haunted every possible spot where he could obtain information in Boston and Cambridge for days. Then suddenly he went to New York, whence he returned as suddenly.

All this time, the police had been pursuing wildly and in vain each clue to the murderer. They questioned Clarke, the curator of the museum, and Gibson's closest friend; they questioned Black, Gibson's young assistant, and they questioned Delaney, the museum caretaker. In each case, the man gave much information about Gibson personally but all this was without value in regard to the murder.

Brock had been studying Egyptology, poisons, and many other subjects. He spent much time at the Museum; he examined the contents of Gibson's trash basket, he carefully searched the ground under Gibson's window, he did all the other things which the orthodox detective does. He, also, questioned Clarke, Black, and Delaney.

Time passed on, after its fixed manner, but whether fast or slowly, I am unprepared to state. To the murderer, waiting each minute for the harsh voice of accusing Justice, it must have dragged horribly, each minute seeming an age. But to Brock, himself, time was naught, he slept and ate because he had to. The rest of the time he worked, intensely and silently.

At the time of his death, Gibson had been classifying a collection of Egyptian jewels, amulets, and other ornaments. Brock was much interested in these. From time to time, he spoke of them, commenting on their exquisite workmanship. They were, in fact, his only subject of conversation.

Clarke, who was, as I have said, Gibson's closest friend, told Brock that Gibson on his last trip to Egypt had, in breaking open a tomb, brought a curse on himself. This custom of placing a curse on the violator of a tomb, while not peculiarly an Egyptian custom, was certainly practiced on all royal tombs. The Egyptian workers say that Lord Carnavon's death, a few months after the discovery of the tomb of Tut-ank-amen, was due to such a curse.

After Brock had been on the case about two weeks, he called Clarke, Black, Delaney, and the coroner to a meeting at Gibson's room in the museum, one evening. After they had all arrived, he shut the door and turning to the men seated around the room, he said pleasantly:

"Gentlemen, we are here on rather an unpleasant mission this evening. As you know, Asa Gibson was murdered about two weeks ago tonight. He was examining a collection of Egyptian jewels when Death came for him.

"The infamous Borgias, in medieval Italy, had certain means of ridding themselves of unnecessary servants or a dangerous enemy. Subtle poisons were no novelty in the middle ages. As Dr. Gibson was aware, the ancient Egyptians knew of poisons which killed instantly, or which caused death in dreadful agony at varying intervals of time. Gibson was the victim of one of the instant poisons. Doctor, you found traces of a poison unknown to you in the body of Dr. Gibson. This was a poison compounded three thousand years ago, from a formula unknown to modern science.

"Clarke, did you know that Gibson was writing a book? In his diary, I find constant references to it. However, I cannot find his manuscript either in this office or at his home. Therefore, there must have been some reason for the book's disappearance. As far as I can ascertain from Gibson's diary, the most probable reason for its destruction was the disclosure of certain facts which meant ruin professionally to one of his associates.

"Among Gibson's collection of jewels, there was a superb amulet in the conventional scarab form. Cut from an enormous emerald, it was worth a king's ransom. While seeming transparent, it actually contained two or three minute perforations through which flowed the poison onto the skin of the doomed. The poison lasted for days even if the body was bathed constantly.

"On the arms of your chairs are wires which are connected with a meter behind that screen. This meter registers the nervous reaction of each of you to my story. Pardon me."

Stepping behind the screen for a moment, he announced as he opened the door to the police:

"Clarke, my meter has confirmed my suspicions. You murdered your friend rather than face disgrace professionally."

TRUMAN HAYES, '28.

SOME SPECIMENS OF RELATIVES

THERE is an old saying, "God gives us our relatives but we choose our own friends." For forty-five years I have agreed with this maxim in regard to my numerous relatives. Perhaps I seem lacking in family pride, but they are annoying.

First comes the family of my sister, Agnes. She has four children between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one. Talk about the glories of modern youth! Her eldest son, John, ceaselessly uses my one and only car without any regard for my desires. Marigold, the débutante, has developed a cigarette craze and drops ashes over my valuable rugs. The two youngest come to visit me, seemingly for the purpose of blowing out the tubes of my radio. Sometimes they prefer to lose my books.

My sister Marion's husband is even worse. In public life he's the Reverend Maddock. The one delight of my life is to slap him on the back and to call him "Sherm, old boy." His invariable reaction is to adjust his pince nez, fold his hands behind his back, and deliver a homily on the danger of sudden shocks.

Then there is my Aunt Emma, a very wealthy widow with pessimism as a hobby. If I happen to be rash enough to visit her, she remarks upon the grayness of my hair. That I am like her father who died at the early age of forty-seven is always her encouragement as I leave.

Charlie Morrows, my second cousin, has too great a fondness for smoking my cigars. Frequently he asks me to play golf with him. If I'm foolish enough to consent, I find for a partner the latest thing in sport clothes, bit too gay perhaps, even for a gay youth of fifty-nine.

All in all, though, when I look at the relatives of the rest of the world, I realize that mine aren't really obnoxious. Then, too, perhaps I'm just a fussy old "bach," after all.

BARBARA BRINTNALL, '28.

PETE THE PIRATE

ALTHOUGH you may think by the name of my story that "Pete the Pirate" is some vicious old pirate that has sailed the Seven Seas under the black flag—he is not. Pete the Pirate is only a black and white cat!

My first acquaintance with Pete was when he was up a tree. He was only a few weeks old, but even at that tender age had set out to seek his fortune. I had an awful time to get him down but when I did I took him home. My mother didn't want to keep him because he had too many fleas. I gave him a bath with flea soap and in a week's time he showed great signs of improvement. After he had been with us long enough to feel at home, the wandering spirit seized him again. He was gone for many days.

Pete got his name from his lawlessness. He sits on a "No Trespassing" sign or calmly lies in the middle of the street and lets automobiles pick their way around him as best they can. His favorite resting place is on the front porch of a dog's house. Every one in the neighborhood knows Pete.

Pete is a very pretty cat but he has an awful temper. When anything goes wrong he growls like a dog and lashes his tail around madly. Among Pete's many good traits is his generosity. Only this morning he made me a present of a dead mouse, but although I appreciated it very much, I did not accept it.

JANE ARMSTRONG, '31.

MY CARAVANSERAI

The stars were dimly peeking at
 Hot, shimmering sands below
One night when I, while thinking, sat
 And felt my gaunt soul grow.

Just God and I 'neath desert sky
 Were very near; and soon
The swaying palms gave up a sigh
 Which echoed 'round the dune.

It bade me welcome to that breast
 Of never-ending sand
Where troubled brain was lulled to rest
 And peace by Allah's hand.

A caravanserai with God
 Again had done its work;
Revived the soul of man downtrod,
 Resheathed the mind-drawn dirk.

CASIMIR HARRIS, '28.

A CHRISTMAS ROMANCE

NEIL CARTER decided to spend his first Christmas in the country. The little town of Bradtown was very desolate indeed so that upon his arrival in the village Neil found a little pathway which led to the house where he was to stay.

Each evening, as he wound his way through the wood trail homeward, he would see a light that resembled a yellow-gold star twinkling through the trees. He could not make out what the star of light was.

Also, he thought he detected a certain illusive fragrance in the air each evening when he reached a hollow in the trail. He could not tell whether it was the pungent scent of the bordering pines exaggerated, perhaps, by the dampness of the evenings or whether some strange blossom exuded the perfume from hidden nooks in the undergrowth.

Tonight the moon was rising behind the trees and the little gold star was not to be seen. As he lingered for a moment inhaling the subtle perfume, he suddenly came face to face with an old school-chum of his whose name was Bill. He invited Neil to his house where they were having a little informal dance.

When Neil had met most of the guests, he discovered in the library off the big living room as he passed by the door a lovely young woman reading.

He hurried to find Bill and to ask why so charming a girl should be sitting alone when there was dancing going on.

Bill explained that the girl was Jean Carrol, a cousin of his wife's, who happened to be spending the winter with them.

Neil made it a point to get himself presented to Jean Carroll and he found in her a personality that at once appealed to him.

"And you don't dance?" he asked.

"I do, but I won't," she said.

"Not like it?" he persisted.

"Too well," she admitted. "I have promised myself to work this winter, and when I once begin dancing at parties it is an end to work. Why, what's the matter?"

Neil had begun to sniff the air in the most unusual manner.

"I—O, I'm sorry for being so rude, but for a moment I thought I smelled a fragrance that has been haunting me for weeks. Forgive me and go on," he begged contritely.

"I was saying how kind Cousin Alice has been. She has let me turn the little log summer house into a workshop, and I simply live down there with my faithful collie, Sandy, for protection. My typewriter must shock the wood nymphs, but I can't help that."

Neil again detected his woods fragrance.

"Do you, perhaps, burn some marvelously fragrant wood in your fireplace?" he asked irrelevantly.

"No," she replied. "But I have a fondness for incense while I work," she admitted.

Then Neil explained the fragrant spot in the woods and told her of the yellow starlike light he could see as he walked from the station at dusk.

"But it must be the formation of the branches that makes it look like a star," Jean insisted.

"It's that, or fate giving me, like the Wise Men, a star to follow," he said half seriously.

That Christmas in the country proved the most romantic of his life and he is still trying to persuade Jean's cousin to let him have the acre of woodland on which the summer house is built.

"I want to build my mansion there," he told them.

Perhaps they will let him have it for they are fond of their clever cousin, Jean, who is to share it with him.

MARY DURANT, '29.

PETER PAN

Peter Pan, Peter Pan,
Joy and pride of every land,
Followed by your elfin band
And the jolly old sand man!
Their revels are in night
After Peter sees all 's right.
Then dancing gayly—what a beautiful sight—
Till morning comes once more on its flight!

DOROTHY KIMBALL, '31.



What Could the Teacher Do?

An English teacher asked her class to write a brief account of a baseball game. One boy sat through the period seemingly wrapped in thought, while the others worked hard, finally turning in their narratives. After class the teacher approached the desk of the laggard and said, "I'll give you five minutes to write the description. If it isn't done by that time, I shall punish you."

The lad promptly concentrated all his attention upon the theme. At last, with joyful eagerness, he erased a line on his paper and then handed it to the teacher. It read: "Rain—no game."

Bessie is a bright one. The other day her teacher set her and her classmates to drawing, letting them choose their own subjects. After the teacher had examined what her other pupils had drawn, she took up Bessie's sheet.

"Why, what's this?" she asked. "You haven't drawn anything at all, child."

"Please teacher, yes, I have," returned Bessie. "It's a war picture: a long line of ammunition wagons at the front. You can't see 'em 'cause they're camouflaged."

Came Later

Teacher: "What is your last name, my little man?"

Freshie: "Tommy."

Teacher: "What is your full name?"

Freshie: "Tommy Jones."

Teacher: "Then Jones is your last name."

Freshie: "No, it isn't. When I was born my name was Jones, and they didn't give me the other for a month afterward."

What's In a Name?

An English teacher gave her class a test in which she asked them to name five of Shakespeare's plays. Among the titles received were: "King Liar," "A Merchant of Venus," "Old Fellow," "McBath," "Omelet."

Rightly Classified

Professor: "What! Forgotten your pencil again, Jones! What would you think of a soldier without a gun?"

Jones (an ex-service man): "I'd think he was an officer."

The Senior

The senior stood on the railroad track,
The train was coming fast,
The train got off the railroad track
And let the senior pass.

Latin Teacher: "What kind of an infinitive is that?"

Pupil: "Com-Com-Complicated."

Blind Exaggeration

Mr. S: "Once when I had corrected a set of papers, I could not see for three weeks."

A woodpecker lit on a senior's head
And fast settled down to drill;
He bored away for half a day
And then he broke his bill.

Anticipating a College Degree

A young woman, who went to college to take her degree of doctor of philosophy, married her professor in the middle of her second year. When she announced her engagement, a friend said to her: "But, Edith, I thought you came to get your Ph.D.?"

"So I did," said Edith, "but I had no idea I would get him so soon."

The Pupil's Interpretation

Teacher (to class): "In this stanza what is meant by the line, 'The shades of night were falling fast'?"

Freshman: "The people were pulling down their blinds."

Freshman: "Are you a 'full' senior?"

Half-baked: "Well, I should hope not."

School Dictionary

Book margins—a handy place to write answers.

Books—canvasses for developing and displaying artistic talent.

Chairs—articles of furniture designed for the resting places of tacks and chewing gum.

Chalk—a white substance used as ammunition in home-room battles.

Desks—dumps for books and scrap paper.

Inkwells—short cuts to the dump.

High School—workhouse for the younger generation.

Knowledge—something to avoid as much as possible.

Homework—stumbling block on the road to pleasure.

Pencil sharpeners—toys for students.

Sophomore parking place—corridor outside of Mr. Fougère's room.

She: "Cynthia is the Goddess of the Chase and also of Maidens. I don't quite get the connection—"

And then she wondered why he laughed!

Mrs. Gossip to Doctor: "I don't feel well. Is my tongue coated?"

Doctor: "No, madam. One never finds moss on a race track."

Teacher: "Johnny, give me a sentence containing defeat, deduct, defense, and detail."

Johnny: "De feet of de duck went over de fence before detail."

Prude: "Great Scott! I've forgotten who wrote 'Ivanhoe'!"

Stude: "Well, I'd like to know who in the Dickens wrote 'The Tale of Two Cities.' "

Miss C: "What are you talking about?"

Beau: "I was just asking Sammy why his hair is red."

Miss C (now very much interested): "Why?"

Beau: "Because marble doesn't rust."

A: "I went to the college of hard knocks."

B: "Oh, then your college colors must have been black and blue."

Small boy to stranger who has rescued him: "Thanks a lot, mister, I'm glad you pulled me out. I would have gotten into an awful row at home if I had been drowned."

Senior: "Why the loud socks?"

Freshie: "To keep my feet from going to sleep."

Father (looking disgustedly at report card): "What do you expect to be when you get out of high school?"

Son: "An old man."

Teacher: "Tommy, why do you spell bank with such a large 'B'?"

Tommy: " 'Cause pa said that a bank was no good unless it had a large capital."

A Trumped-up Report

Father: "This report you have brought me from school displeases me very much."

Son: "Yes, sir. I told the teacher it would but she's so mean she wouldn't change it."

Sign of the Times

Teacher: "You were absent because of an explosion in your home? How did it happen?"

Embarrassed Fresh: "Well, Ma says it was too much yeast, but Dad says it was too much sugar."

Those Ocean Voyages!!!

There was a young lady named Banker
Who slept while the ship lay at anchor.
She woke in dismay
When she heard the mate say
Hoist the main sheet and spanker.

The Cambridge Latin Spirit

Stude (returning intoxicated from a party meets a professor): "Hic, hic, hic."

Professor: "What's that?"

Stude: "Haec, hoc."

HEARD IN LATIN 1

Pupil (pronouncing dedi): "didi."

Teacher: "No, he didn't."

HEARD IN GERMAN 2

Miss S.: "The definite article before the nouns are the handles of the nouns."

(A short time later when a noun was mentioned.)

Rogers: "What is the handle of this one?"

Heard in Geography Class

Miss C.: "From where does the name "Ark" boat come from?"

Bright Pupil: "From 'Joan of Arc.' "

Willie: "Please, Teacher, what did I learn today?"

Teacher: "Why, what a peculiar question!"

Willie: "Well, they'll ask me when I get home."

In a drawing class the teacher was illustrating ellipses. She remarked: "If I took down any of these ornaments decorating the shelf, what would you find at the top of each?"

Pupil: "Dust."

Sir Galahad!!

Conductor on street car: "Hey, boy, wake up!"

Boy: "I ain't asleep. I just got my eyes closed. I can't bear to see women standing a crowded street car."

In the Limelight

Absent-minded Prof. (who has unconsciously donned his daughter's hat): "How remarkable it is that the first touch of Spring immediately transforms humanity into happy, smiling beings!"

Barnum & Bailey

Litle Boy: "Look ma, the circus has come to town; there's one of the clowns."

Ma: "Hush, darling! That's not a clown. That's just a college man."

Misunderstood

Prof: "You missed class yesterday, didn't you?"

Stude: "Not at all, old boy, not at all."

Undue Economy

Lighthouse Keeper (in boat): "That young Jones is calling on Mary again, and they've turned out the light.

Teacher: "John, what is experience?"

John: "It's what you get while you are looking for something."

Untold Victories

"When did Caesar defeat the greatest number?"

Troubled Sophomore: "On examination day."

HIGH SCHOOL CREDO

AFTER extensive research and tireless compilation, Professor Waldo Tee-Tum has finally brought before the public the following interesting data. It is to be understood that the latter does not pertain to any individuals but is collected from the study of thousands of high school students.

What the Average Freshman Believes

1. Sophomore, Junior, and Senior years are very difficult, but a P. G. does practically nothing but joke with the teachers.
2. The Germans shot off Venus's arms in the late war.
3. One is not a true sophisticate until one has received a P on one's report card.
4. The use of tobacco in any form infallibly causes a business failure in later life.
5. Latin is not beneficial in any way, but is included in the high school course to make it more difficult.
6. All policemen have large feet.

What the Average Sophomore Believes

1. Upper class-men are all dissipates and rarely do any studying.
2. Persons who leave school before graduation rise to the top very rapidly, while those who go through college have a hard struggle to sustain life.
3. Manhood comes with the donning of long pants.
4. Very few Juniors ever go to the Junior Prom.

What the Average Junior Believes

1. If George Bernard Shaw would shave off his whiskers, his intellect would accordingly become less keen.
2. Ninety per cent of all college students sleep through lectures.
3. Freshmen believe in Santa Claus.
4. All teachers go abroad in the summer time.

What the Average Senior Believes

1. Only about twenty per cent of the American public is in favor of the Eighteenth Amendment.
2. Teachers delight in giving poor marks and grudgingly write down G's and E's.
3. The blind peddlers one sees on the streets ride to work in limousines.
4. Truant officers live alone and friendless and die unbewailed.
5. There is never anything in the little box outside the REVIEW office.

What the Average P. G. Believes

1. The only person who has the true outlook on life is ME.

CHARLES RICE, '27.


when Hilliard gets away.
"E. PERRY"
CROSS COUNTRY.
Undefeated.
CHLS
"E. PERRY"
FRESH MEAT
weenies
7-7
When old friends meat!
ESTHER FRANK
Will we get that Cup
CHLS
Geo Meany
OUR FOOT-BALL CRUSADERS
(the well known bacon)
YA-HOW
IA-O RAY
CARL SWANSON
—BRINGING HOME THE BACON
get off the earth a sqith. is passing
CHLS MODE '27.
JEAN TOBIN.
BUGHOUSE FABLES.
lemme see if I have enough tickets to buy my lunch.
"SANDWICHES" 5¢ DOZ.
5¢ CHECKS.
TOUCHDOWN!!!
ATTA Boy!!
Whee!!
Our dashing full back Bob Morris
by P. Lahakos
1927 BOB
JEAN TOBIN
The Musical Frosh
NEXT!!!
JEAN TOBIN
DAY DREAMS
(the orchestra candidate)
BLA-A
MOO
SS-S
GRR-R-R
MEOW
PSSS
(ANGELS OF TOYTUYE)
CARL SWANSON
IDA NICHOLS '31
The life of a senior as a Freshman sees it



BONJOUR everyone. This is the broadcasting station of CHLS in Cambridge opening its initial program of the year on a new wave length —1927 and 1928. This is Graham Crackers announcing, and bringing this program to you through the courtesy of the Cambridge Reviewers, producers of New England's foremost High School paper. Before commencing our regular broadcast, the director, Mr. Livenews, requested me to announce that this department will welcome for its future broadcasts all letters, humorous sketches, suggestions, and all works of genius. Therefore, ye students who tuneth in on ye page ye hast ye duty, ye solemn duty to fulfilleth. Anyhow, in short, let's have something from you. Also, before I turn the "Mike" over to my partner, Welike Morenews, I wish to say that the purpose of this department is to keep you students (?) posted in the major affairs of our beloved institution of learning, and to mince with these items some attempted bits of humor.

This is Mr. Morenews at the "mike" about to give you the first news item of our broadcast. The homeroom committees, under the supervision of Mr. Thomas Long Bramhall, have met in the REVIEW office several times recently to make plans for the production of the Year Book of the Class of '28. "Bob" Dunn, one of the bright lines of our famed senior class was elected editor-in-chief! "Jack" Hughes, business manger; Mary Riese, our own high-pressure go-getter, subscription manager; "Charlie" Morris, of football fame, athletic editor; and "Gibbie" Mottla, advertising manager. "Gibbie" refused the honor because he felt that he could not afford the amount of time which would be necessary to put into that position. "Bick" Colesworthy was elected in Mottla's place. Mr. Bramhall expects to have the Year Book out much earlier this year than last year, and preceding years.

Well, here I am back again, and ready to give you the theatre review. Do not fail to see the following pictures:

"The Lost Battalion"—Us boys after the Dance.

"Alias the Deacon"—Herman Field.

"Underworld"—The Freshman.

"A Gentleman from Paris"—Christopher Sykes (Gentleman?).

"We're All Gamblers"—"Bill" Squires.

"The Country Doctor"—Edward Cutter.

"The Fair Co-ed"—Madeline Navien.

"When A Man Loves"—"Bill" Uncles.

"One Woman to Another"—Harry Dolan.

"The Bush Leaguer"—"Cut" Droney.

"The Life of Riley"—"Tom" Rafferty.

"Old Ironsides"—"Sky" Benedict's Flivver.

"The Big Parade"—"Joe" Dugan and "Fat" Goldenburg.

"The Missing Link"—"Syd" Henderson.

'The College Widow"—Mary Riese.

"Matinee Ladies"—The K. B. Club.

"Service for Ladies"—"Don" Hayes.

"Ladies Beware"—"Pick" Hines.

"The Gay Old Bird"—Carl Laine.

Assembly programs have been perking up, and affording some real amusement to the pupils. I have in mind, *primarily,* the senior assembly of November 17, presented in commemoration of Book Week. The Seniors enjoyed a program given by seven senior girls who represented various prominent characters in famous books. The play itself was exceedingly interesting, and the parts were exceptionally well-played.

The Sophomore assembly of November 16 was also particularly interesting. Their own orchestra appeared for the first time, and played the N. C. 4. A banjo duet was played by the McGlinchey sisters, Genevieve and Grace, accompanied by Laura Halltsy. The "Russian Cossack Dance" was played, with Evelyn MacLeod at the piano.

At the Senior assembly on December 1, the Seniors presented a very entertaining and amusing farce entitled "The Lost Silk Hat." The story is that of an elegant English gentleman—*George Foley*—who has quarreled with his sweetheart, and darted from the house. He finds, however, that he has left his hat inside and does not wish to walk about the streets of London with

his head uncovered. Seeing a laborer—*William Morris*—passing, he stops him and asks him to ring the bell of the girl's house and in some manner obtain the hat. The laborer, thinking he may bring some trouble on himself, doesn't like the idea and despite the protestations of the other, continues on his way. The caller next stops a clerk—*Charles Dale*—and makes the same request of him. Once again his plea for this favor is rejected.

The third person he halts is a poet—*Herman Field*—all decked out in a classy outfit. The poet refuses to enter the house without some very good reason; and the Englishman is unable to think of any other reason than entering as a piano tuner or a repairer of radiators. Music is heard (Madeline Navan at the piano) issuing from his sweet heart's dwelling.

Then the poet waxes poetic and exhorts the man without a hat to be romantic and kill himself. The poet promises to write some ballads about the whole affair, about his lonely bones, and thus bring remorse and regret to this girl. The other, however, doesn't fall in with the plan of killing himself, and decides to return to the house and secure the hat himself. The poet endeavors to stay him but does not succeed, and the Englishman enters.

The sound of music is again heard—this time a duet. The poet falls into the nearby bench bemoaning the fact that romance is dead. A policeman—*"Bill" Uncles*—of the Junior class, and the clerk and laborer appear and regard the poet. The play closes with the policeman remarking how queer this man is, and the laborer raging, "You should 'a seen t'other one."

The play was executed exceedingly well by the pupils who were coached under the able hand of Miss Hartigan.

This is Graham Crackers back at the microphone and ready to introduce our News announcer, Mr. Getsome Adz. O. K., Mr. Adz.

How do you do everybody? I am glad to be before you all once more. I have some news items, some advertisements, some want ads, and some other things to announce to you this afternoon. Here they are:

News Items:

Boy missing in first pair of long pants.

(*Note.* He may grow into them yet however.)

Believed to be post-Roman, a human skull was found during digging operations in Cambridge.

(*Note.* It is reported by some teachers in C. H. L. S. that quite a number of post-Roman skulls may be found in Cambridge without digging.)

Want ad. Wanted. Strong young man to work on farm that drives horses that speaks good English.

(*Note.* One shouldn't be too particular.)

Adv. Eskimo spitz puppies, reasonable—

(*Note.* Doesn't sound reasonable.)

Church Note: Miss Helen M. of Cambridge sang two beautiful and appropriate selections, after which she was taken to the Parker cemetery for interment.

(*Note.* Letting her down easily.)

Now that we have concluded our broadcast of news bulletins, I would like to announce that a Sophomore orchestra has been formed under the supervision of Mr. Whorisky. The purpose is this orchestra, primarily, is to provide music at the Sophomore assemblies. The orchestra is comprised of fifteen pieces, and is made up of the following musicians: Violins, Bertha Billings, Reuben Green, Mary Phelan, David Osoban, Eugene Pottorak, Louis Shapiro; banjo, Kenneth Daly; trumpet, John Nelligan; saxophone, Lester Hershon; trombone, Moses Movsesian; alto horn, Herbert Brown; drums, Charles Shore and William Rockwell; piano, Wilson Lewis. The conductor is William Littlefield. Let us hope that the other classes will follow the example set by the Sophomores and form their own orchestras.

The following work of genius was sent into our department by one of our fans:

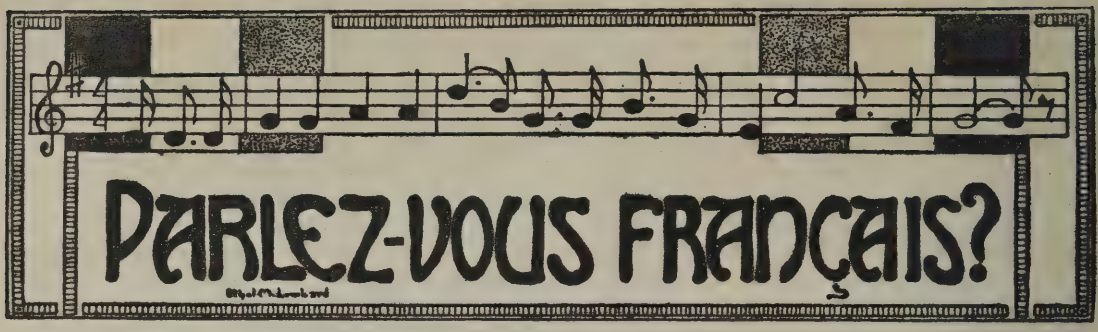
Why He Was Not Promoted in the Business Concern.

He watched the clock.
He was always grumbling.
He was never at the office on time.
He asked too many questions.
He learned nothing from his blunders.
He never acted on his own judgment.
He didn't think it worth while to learn how.
HE *WAS* THE *PRESIDENT.*

This, Ladies and Gentlemen, concludes our broadcast for this period. We will be back again soon, however, through the courtesy of the CAMBRIDGE REVIEW.

Before signing off, we wish to say that this department welcomes only favorable criticisms. Therefore, if you have any compliments to send in we will gladly receive them, if you don't like the department keep it to yourself. This is Graham Crackers at the "Mike," saying "Good night," and signing off at 1.45 C. H. L. S. time (which is liable to be any time).

J. H., '28.



LE QUATORZE JUILLET

Chaque année les Francais fêtent le jour du quatorze juillet. Cette fête est pour les Francais ce qui le quatre juillet est pour les Américains. Les deux fêtes célebrent l'indépendance d'une nation. C'est la fête la plus importante du peuple francais. Ce jour-là la Bastille fut détruite.

Le peuple avait réussi à établir une assemblée nationale au dépit du roi. Mais celui-ci n'aimait pas à céder. Il fit venir à Versailles des troupes étrangères pour le protéger. L'assemblée n'aimait pas cela et demanda qu'on les renvoyât. Les Parisiens formèrent un conseil municipal et organisèrent une garde nationale pour se défendre contre les troupes du roi. Avec la canaille enragée de Paris, ils attaquèrent la Bastille, le prison du roi. La Bastille était un château fort, construit au XV^{e} siècle. Peu à peu elle devenait un prison, où l'on enfermait des prisonniers d'etat. Tous les Parisiens la détestaient parcequ'on y mettait des gens sans les juger sur un ordre du roi appelé "lettre de cachet." Ce prison vivait contre les principes de la justice et de la liberté. La garde nationale, aidé par la foule, prit la Bastille le quatorze juillet, 1789. On détruisit complètement ce prison infame et on laissa échapper tous les prisonniers. On mit des placards sur les ruines qui disaient avec beaucoup d'ironie, "Ici on danse." Par tout Paris on dansait la carmagnole à l'accompagnement de cette chanson:

"Dansons la carmagnole, vive le son, vive le son
Dansons la carmagnole, vive le son du canon."

La prise de la Bastille fut une victoire de la justice et de la liberté et pour cette raison le jour du quatorze juillet est choisi pour la fête nationale des Francais. Maintenant les Parisiens avaient leur conseil municipal et leur propre armée. Dans toute la France on faisait comme les Parisiens. La Fayette, commandant de la garde, fit placer entre les couleurs de Paris, bleu et rouge, le blanc du roi. Ces trois couleurs sont devenues le drapeau national.

C'est la nuit du quatorze à Paris que tous les Parisiens, jeunes et vieux, se régalent. Tous les cafés, mème les tous petits, sont decorés d'une facon extraordinaire, avec des rubans, des lanternes, et des rosettes de papier. Chaque café a son orchestre, ou quelque chose qui y ressemble. Toute la nuit du treize, du quatorze, et du quinze on danse jusqu'aux heures matinales. Je vous assure qu'on s'amuse bien.

Sur le pont, qui est à côté de l'Hôtel de Ville, et sur les autres ponts, au centre de la ville, il y a des feux d'artifice qui illuminent toute la Seine. Pour voir le vrai esprit des Parisiens, il faut aller à Montparnasse, le quartier des artistes et des étudiants. Il faut aller au café du Dôme, au café de la Rotonde, qui sont au coin des boulevards Montparnasse et Raspail. J'y suis allé, mais au lieu de voir de vrai Parisiens, les café étaient comblés d Américains. De chaque côté on entendait l'anglais. Les rues étaient étouffées de monde; les autos marchaient comme des escargots; on était écrase parmi la foule. Neámmoins on se divertissait follement en chantant,

Ca y est, ca y est
C'est le quatorze juillet.

CHRISTOPHER SYKES, '28.





DEBATING for the 1927-28 season came to life last Wednesday (the sixteenth) when Mr. Olsen called to order the first meeting of the debating class. As soon as the last man sat down, work started off with a bang. Jack Hughes and Bill Hogan were chosen to oppose George Foley and Charlie Stevenson in a debate to be held the following Wednesday. The subject chosen was: "Resolved: that the Boston Elevated Railway be owned and operated by the state of Massachusetts," Hughes and Hogan elected to defend the negative side of this question. Each speaker is to be allowed five minutes for his main speech and three minutes for rebuttal.

As soon as this little debate is over, each member of the class will be asked to make an extemporaneous speech based on the arguments presented in the "feast of reason" which has just taken place. In this way, every person in the class will learn a lesson in thinking on his feet, logic, and clear, forceful speaking. If something like this is done every week, debating ought to perk up a bit as its followers become more and more powerful speakers.

We who were present at the meeting talked over a tentative schedule, including debates with Rindge, Waltham, and Everett. Above all, we hope that a meeting can be arranged with Rindge. Last year, although negotiations were carried on between the two Cambridge schools, no debate was arranged, as the Rindge men decided that because they were rehearsing for their annual drama they could not afford to spend the time necessary in looking up material for speeches.

If the team has a successful season, Mr. Olsen, proposes to arrange a meeting with some school outside the state. He suggests that the speakers make it an overnight affair. That is, arrive on a Friday afternoon, meet their opponents in debate the same evening, and remain overnight. The following morning could be spent in looking the town over; the afternoon, in riding home.

Our coach intends to have two or three distinct varsity debating teams this year. His fondest hope is to hold a debate on some live issue with a school, say Everett, at its auditorium, at the same time that two other teams representing Cambridge and Everett battle in our school hall on the opposite sides of the same question.

This system, if carried out, will permit nine or ten different people to become experienced in interscholastic debating, and will put an end to the cry that the picking of the varsity debating team is a cut and dried affair in which the same three people are chosen at each trial, regardless of whether they measure up to the other candidates for the team.

The trials for the Freshman-Sophomore debate were held last Friday in the Science Lecture hall. Joseph Moran, George McGinnes, and Harold Norris were chosen by the judges to represent the Sophomores. James Maddigan was picked as alternate. Of the fifteen Freshmen who tried for their class team, Edward Crane, Evelyn Cummings, and Curtin were chosen, with John Ryan as alternate.

Mr. Olsen presided. George Foley, John Hughes, and Francis Anderson acted as judges. The quality of speaking which the underclassmen displayed was fairly good. We were glad to see three or four girls out for the teams. Keep it up, ladies. We need you.

The subject of the debate, which is to take place on Friday, the second, is: "Resolved: That the President of the United States should be elected by popular vote." The teams are to meet to decide which side of the question each is to support and to choose their rebuttalists.

Each speaker is to be allowed six minutes for his main speech. The rebuttalists are given two minutes to contradict any arguments brought up by the other side.

The Freshmen will have to put up a fast and furious fight to defeat the veteran Sophomore team which won last year's interclass series, but here's luck to them!





WE have finally gathered together all the members and dues of the Freshmen and Sophomores, and are ready to embark on our athletic and social voyage of 1928. The Sophomores, particularly, have been very unresponsive to our call for members. If there is any particular reason why they haven't joined, the officers would like very much to have them come and tell them, and they will do all in their power to remedy any real or imaginary wrong.

How many members ever think of looking on the bulletin board which is down on the first floor of the Latin building? It is of very great importance that notices on this board should be read as that is the only place, sometimes, that announcements of the coming events will be found. Make it a point to refer to it at least twice a week.

The Halloween Party which was held in the gym was not entirely successful although a great many enjoyed themselves. Dancing and games were on the program, and appropriate refreshments of doughnuts and cider were served.

The second hike of the season to Waverly Oaks was entirely successful. Many strenuous games were played among which was football. It has not been decided which team was the better as we played to a tie and decided that if we didn't stop then it would go on forever as neither team was willing to be beaten. The object of having these hikes, besides affording amusement for the girls who go on them, is to promote a more friendly interest between the officers and members.

The tennis tournament was completed some time ago. Grace Mills triumphed over Marion Cannon. It was a splendid match. The first set went to Marion, but she seemed to have played out her strength and with clever playing, Grace took the last two. She will be presented with a silver cup at one of our G. A. A. meetings soon.

The basketball teams are to be picked very soon in order that the interclass games may be played off before the end of January, thus having the remainder of the season for all games played with outside schools. The freshmen have had quite a bit of practice, but because of the large number of aspirants for a few positions it is very difficult to pick a team without discarding some undiscovered good material. Practice for the freshmen is held on Tuesdays and Fridays.

The sophomore squad has improved much since last year, and the freshmen will have a difficult time to defeat them in the interclass games. There are, also, quite a number of sophomores out for a place on the team. It will not be, however, as difficult to choose a squad from this group.

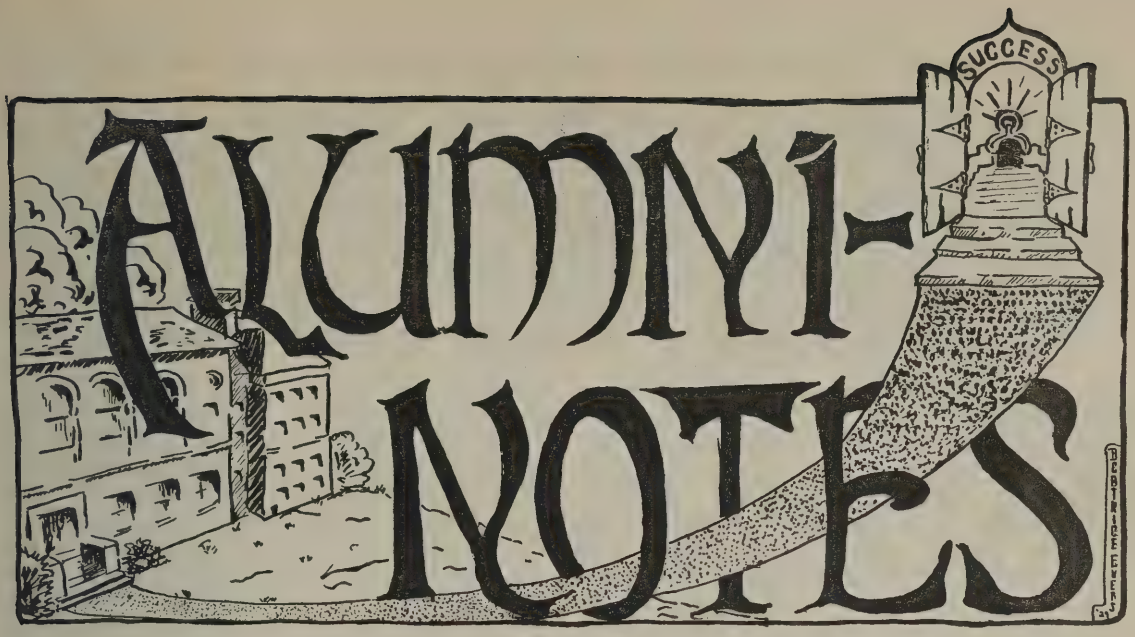
The Juniors have a wonderful team. It is rather unfortunate that Marjory Lynch will have to play in the centre although she will, no doubt, fill that position extremely well. She is one of the very few real forwards among any of the teams.

A number of outside games are scheduled for the Seniors and Juniors. We are hoping greatly to have a large attendance at these games and also the inter-class games. As there is no admission charged, there is hardly any excuse for the limited number of supporters who have appeared in former years. We ought to have a cheering section to be proud of when we go outside to play. The schedule for the Varsity is not yet completed but we are hoping to arrange a game with Worcester.

The date of the Freshmen Party has been set for December tenth. This is one of the three big events of the Girls' Athletic Association. It is held every year in the gym. This year it has been decided to call the party "Sea Dreams" so as to give the members ideas for costumes. There is to be a play in the hall and other forms of entertainment, after which refreshments will be served downstairs.

Below are listed the names of the officers:

President Eleanor Shaffer
Vice-President and Treasurer.... Winifred Shaffer
Secretary Marjory Lynch
Executive Committee... Darrell Brown, Gertrude Burns, Marjory Leighton, Anna Wettergreen



1901

CLIFFORD HOLLAND, who designed the Holland Tunnel, just recently opened, which connects Jersey City and New York, graduated from this school in 1901. He died two days before the preliminary borings met.

1923

Evelyn Andleman is studying for her Master's Degree at Simmons College, School of Social Work.

Eva Catsiff is a senior at Simmons College, School of Secretarial Science.

"Bob" Sweezey is a senior at Harvard.

Robert Chapin received the Degree Bachelor of Civil Engineering from Northeastern University, School of Engineering. During his course there, he was a member of the Wrestling Team for three yaers, served on several committees, and was Vice-President of the Civil Engineering Society. He is now acting as Town Engineer of Stratford, Connecticut.

1924

Rose McGirr is now a junior at Radcliffe.

Margaret Don is a sophomore at Wheaton.

Charles Sweezey is a junior at Harvard.

William Greene, Arnold Borden, John Flemming, and Fredrick Lorenzen are on the Dean's List at Harvard.

Bernard Wantman is a senior at Harvard.

1925

Joseph Chamberlain is at Bryant and Stratton.

William Toomey, former manager of the Cross Country and Track Teams, is now a sophomore at Boston College.

1926

Arnold Reuben is a freshman at Harvard.

"Sam" Cohen is a freshman at Tufts.

Saul Andleman is a freshman at Harvard.

M. Levien is a sophomore at Boston University.

Julia Sweeney is a sophomore at Radcliffe.

Barbara Johnstone is a freshman at Simmons.

Dorothy Hager is a sophomore at Simmons.

James Clapp is a freshman at Tech.

George Norton, Horatio Locke are freshmen at Harvard.

Harold Dorr is a sophomore at the University of Vermont.

Marie Dumphy is a freshman at Radcliffe.

Mahala Whitman is a freshman at Pomona College, Claremont, California.

Dorothy Langille is at Bryant and Stratton.

1927

Marshall Andleman is at Tech.

Fishman, Wasseman, and Snyder are freshmen at Harvard.

Betty Dansie is at Boston University.

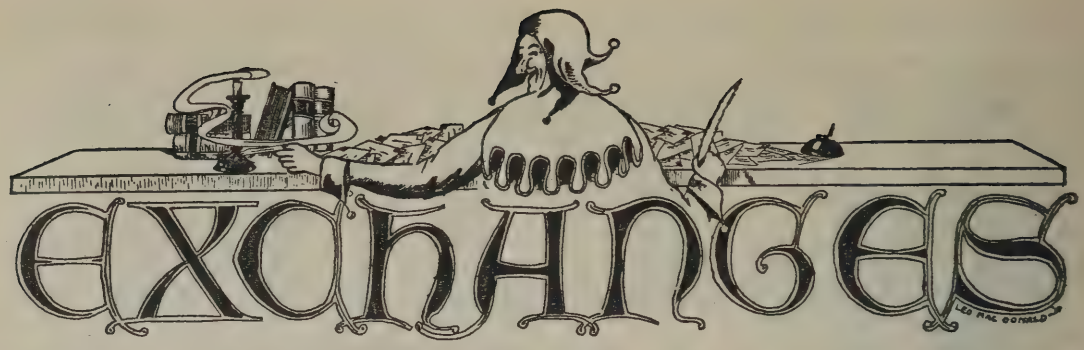
Pauline Heath is at Westbrook Seminary, Portland, Maine, studying music.

Erik Walz is at Phillips Exeter.

Tom Langley is president of his class at Colby.

Alice Conant is at Sargent.

Mildred Desrosier, Pauline Finstein, Natalie Hill, Lillian Nissenbaum, and John Murnane are at Bryant and Stratton.



THE "Grotonian" is the literary effort of the Groton School at Groton, Massachusetts. It is, as should be expected, far more mature than the average school magazine; and its editors quite obviously realize that. After the inevitable editorials and one or two inconsequential stories we come to an article dealing with contemporary satirists in general, and Messrs. Mencken and Nathan in particular. The author seems to have the genius of an idea, but he has smothered it in a torrent of adjectives while remarking at the same time that the prose of Mr. Mencken is bombastic and garish!

"An Organ Recital," by Theodore Chase, is the best bit of verse we have ever read in a preparatory school journal.

The "Green and White" comes from De la Salle College, Manila, P. I. Aside from a certain awful conceit, it is fairly good, but after reading items such as these, one's enthusiasm certainly wanes. From an editorial on page 102, "The *Green and White,* it is generally conceded, ranks among the best of its kind" and again, "Whatever others may say of us, they cannot deny that we love—*and excel in*—poetry."

The stories are little better than average, filled as they are with incongruities. In "The Sacrifice and the Promise" the hero, a prize fighter, puts even Mr. Tunney to shame, remarking on a broken wrist after the Big Fight with Young Sullivan, "I broke a bone of the wrist, when I struck my opponent. However I had no further occasion to use it for happily my opponent was knocked out by that blow." The author, Manuel Hozano, missed a good bit of fight color when he neglected to mention what young Sullivan had to say upon awakening from the effects of that blow. We imagine he remarked, "Oh, I am *so* cross."

The exchanges are, as in nine-tenths of school magazines in this country, of the compliment-exchange type. The *Green and White* remarks of *The Gryphon,* "Your poems are exquisite," and *The Gryphon* comes right back with "Your cover design is very rich looking."

The Seccion Castellana looked darned good, but we couldn't read it. Might we suggest that some of the magazines that print such painful prose take up the idea and print it in Spanish, thereby saving exchange editors much heart-ache.

The silver lining this month is "The St. Joseph's Prep. Chronicle." The two poems by Paul T. Scattergood, "Athens" and "An Autumn Stroll," are very worth-while. Especially in "An Autumn Stroll" has Mr. Scattergood succeeded in capturing the spirit of the season—if we may be pardoned for using that much overworked phrase. The rest of the magazine very nearly comes up to the standard set by these verses, and the exchange department has finally climbed out of the customary rut. Mr. Kane is one of the first to realize what a farce most school magazines make of that department, and we sincerely hope that he will be successful in his campaign for Bigger and Better reviews.

The REVIEW gratefully acknowledges the following:

Abhis—Abington H. S.
Academy Scholium, Merion Station, Penn.
Aegis—Beverly H. S.
Blue Owl—Attleboro H. S.
Business Spirit—Commercial H. S.
Chronicle—Lyman Hall H. S.
Criterion—Eastside H. S.
Delphian—Moses Brown S.
Drury Academy—Drury H. S.
Exvield Echo—Enfield H. S.
Enterprise—Belmont Jr. H. S.
Exponent—Greenfield H. S.
Gleaver—Pawtucket H. S.
**Green & White*—De ha Salle College
**Grotonian*—Groton S.
Gryphon—West Philadelphia H. S.
Haskellog—Cambridge Haskell S.
Helios—Central H. S.
High School Herald—Westfield H. S.
Hi-Life—Columbia H. S.
Jabberwock—Girls Latin S.
Meteor—Berlin H. S.
Netop—Turners Falls H. S.
Optimist—South Side H. S.
Radiator—Somerville H. S.
Red & Black—Dorchester H. S.
Rindge Register—Rindge T. S.
Semaphore—Stoughton H. S.
**St. Joseph's Prep. Chronicle.*
Tatler—Nashua H. S.

* Reviewed in this issue.



CAMBRIDGE 14 PORTLAND 0

THE Cambridge High and Latin School football team put up one of its best battles of the year when they journeyed to Portland and turned back the local eleven to the tune of a 14 to 0 score. It was the superb playing of the Cambridge eleven that should not go unheralded. The line held better than it has at any time so far this season and the Hilliard and Morris combination showed up to better advantage than it has ever done before.

The Cambridge team had a slight edge on the weight side of the two teams but the difference was not noticed. Hilliard and Morris, the invincible pair were the mainstays of the Cambridge attack, the former with his exciting end runs and the latter with his favorite smashes through the line.

The scoring was begun in the opening period, after Reddy Hilliard broke loose on a wide end run from mid-field and carried the ball to the Portland 30-yard line. A short pass from Harlow to Morris netted 10 yards and put the ball on the 20-yard stripe, and four line plunges by Morris, one of them for 11 yards, put the oval over. Fred Harlow drop-kicked the goal for the extra point. In the second period Bob Morris missed a perfect field goal by inches, the ball going between the posts but just under the cross bar.

The Cambridge team received the kick-off to open hostilities in the last half of the game, and Hilliard carried the pigskin back to mid-field. On the next play just before the players got into position Harlow crept way over, far from his teammates and lay down, unnoticed by a single Portland player. When the ball was passed back Harlow ran like a bullet towards the Portland goal line, he caught the pass on the Portland 20-yard line, but was downed by Shulman, Portland's star halfback, on the 14-yard tape. Then came the Portland team's best playing of the game, they held the Cambridge outfit for downs and kicked out of danger. Hilliard soon had the ball back to where it previously was, and a series of short line bucks by Steger, Hilliard and Morris resulted in another touchdown. Harlow kicked the goal.

Dave Shulman was easily Portland's outstanding player, and had it not been for him the Cambridge score would have been much larger.

The summary:

CAMBRIDGE	PORTLAND
K. White, re	re, Lamb
Favreau (Scully), rt	rt, McDonough
Ross (O'Connel), rg	rg, Sabatino (Ward)
Davis, c	c, Joyce (Dunbar)
McKee (Lynch), lg	lg, Palmer
Bergin, lt	lt, Winslow
Katz, le	le, Thomas (Kimball)
Harlow, qb	qb, Diamon
Steger (Perry), rhb	rhb, Shulman
Hilliard, lhb	lhb Roper (Peverada)
Morris, fb	fb, Agger

Score—Cambridge 14, Portland 0. Touchdown made by Morris 2. Points after touchdown made by Harlow 2. Referee, Farnsworth. Umpire, Carroll. Head linesman, Jordan. Time—four 11-minute periods.

THE Cambridge High and Latin School cross country team came near making another perfect score when they romped to a victory over Wakefield at Russell Field, 17 to 55. This victory marked the eighth consecutive win for the Cantabs in as many starts, and Capt. John Hughes is expecting to finish off the remaining teams the same way.

Capt. John Hughes and William Porteous tied for first place, each covered the 2¾-mile distance in 16 minutes and 6 1/5 seconds. The other eight runners to place finished in the following order: Squires (L), third; Crosby (W), fourth; Kelleher (L), fifth; Foley (L), sixth; White (W), seventh; McIsaac (L), eighth; Bannieciez (L), ninth; Curtis (L), tenth.

CAMBRIDGE 7 BROOKLINE 7

ANY championship aspirations that the Cambridge High School football team might have cherished were shattered to bits when the weak Brookline High outfit came to Cambridge and held the Cantabs to a 7 to 7 tie. There was a good deal of excitement early in the opening period when Bob Morris fumbled the ball on the goal line and Brookline recovered, but a touchdown was not allowed because the ball was recovered in the end zone.

Cambridge started the scoring in the second period when Reddy Hilliard circled around his left end and ran through the whole Brookline backfield for 64 yards and a touchdown. Harlow, playing his first game of the season, kicked the goal.

In the third period the Brookline touchdown was made. The Cambridge team had the ball on their own 20-yard line and Morris dropped back to kick. The punt was blocked by Rae, and the ball was recovered by Ford the Brookline center. Rollins kicked a goal for the extra point.

The last period was a free-for-all with both teams trying to break the tie, but at no time was either goal line in danger.

Fred Harlow was not the player of last year, but his leadership was as good as any that has been shown in the Cambridge backfield this year. Bob Morris and Frank Davis both played a good game.

The summary:

CAMBRIDGE	BROOKLINE
Pierson (O'Connor), re	re, Lewis
Favreau (White), rt	rt, Rae
Ross, rg	rg, Ventura
Davis, c	c, Ford (Hurley)
Popoli (McKee), lg	lg, Pollock
Bergin, lt	lt, Redmond (Winner)
Katz, le	le, Ball
Harlow, qb	qb, Roberts
Hilliard (Trodden), lhb	lhb, Rollins
Perry, rhb	rhb, Cannon
R. Morris, fb	fb, Regan

Score—Cambridge 7, Brookline 7. Touchdowns made by Hilliard (C.) and Ford (B.). Points after touchdown made by Harlow and Rollins. Referee, McDonald. Umpire, Kendrick. Linesman, Redding. Time, four 12-minute periods.

CAMBRIDGE 0 EVERETT 25

AT the annual Thanksgiving Day clash the Cambridge High and Latin School football team brought its mediocre football season to a close with an overwhelming defeat at the hands of the undefeated Everett High eleven. When the final whistle sounded the score found the Cambridge Latin outfit on the short end of a 25 to 0 washout.

The opening period was uneventful except for a few brilliant end runs by Reddy Hilliard, the Cambridge star halfback, and some very severe tackling on the part of both teams.

During the second quarter the Everett quarterback uncorked a passing attack that completely bewildered the Cantabs. The Everett backs worked the ball down to the Cambridge 3-yard line, where they were held for downs. Steger immediately punted to his own 30-yard line but the ball was caught by Fisher, the Everett safety man, who ran through a broken field for a touchdown. Later in the period with the oval on the Cambridge 35-yard strip, Dragone heaved a forward to Fisher for another score. The extra point was scored on a similar pass, Dragone to Fisher.

The third touchdown was scored shortly after the kick-off in the second half. Dragone and Graffam carried the ball to mid-field, and Fisher threw a perfect pass which travelled 40 yards in the air before it came to rest in Dragone's arms on the 10-yard line, where he was tackled. Fisher plunged over for a score. Frank Davis blocked the try for the extra point.

Everett scored again in the final period on a pass from Fisher to Graffam.

The game was played before one of the largest holiday crowds of recent years. Between the halves the spectators were entertained by the Everett High band, led by an enormous leader who probably reaches four feet three inches in height when he stands on his toes.

The summary:

EVERETT	CAMBRIDGE
Savage (Harkins), (Bleiler), re	re, C. Morris (Perry)
Howe (Dunham), rt	rt, Lynch (Favreau)
Berry (Welch), (Loveless), rg	rg, Ross (Landrigan) (Scully)
Crane (Moss), c	c, Brown (Davis)
Digby (Holmes), (Harper), lg	lg, Popoli (Brown), (McKee)
Atwood (Magliossi), lt	lt, Bergin (Canney), (White)
Conn (Borden), le	le, Katz (O'Connor)
Fisher (Harkins), qb	qb, Harlow
Dragone, rhb	rhb, Steger
Graffam (Ott), lhb	lhb, Hilliard
Pagliuccia (Baldwin), fb	fb, R. Morris

Score—Everett 25, Cambridge 0. Touchdowns made by Fisher 2, Graffam 2. Point by pass after touchdown made by Fisher, pass from Dragone. Referee, E. L. Scoles. Umpire, C. M. Featherstone. Head Linesman, A. Duffey. Time, four 10-minute periods.

The Cambridge High and Latin School cross country team showed its appreciation of a fine week-end trip to Springfield by decisively winning the triangular meet between Rindge, Springfield Freshmen, and Cambridge.

The race was won by Jack Hughes, the Cambridge captain, who barely nosed out Terry, the Springfield hill and dale star. The order of

finish was as follows: Hughes (L), first; Terry (S), second; Squires (L), third; Kessler (R), fourth; Porteous (L), fifth; Kelleher (L), sixth; Roghgarden (S), seventh; Russell (S), eighth; Hodgeon (R), ninth; Foley (L), tenth.

One of the most interesting and amusing cross country races of the year came as the result of the race between Cambridge High and Latin and Somerville at Russell Feld, when eight Cantab harriers crossed the finish line together. The time for the race was not fast as the leaders lagged behind so that their teammates could come in with them. The Cambridge runners in the tie for first place were: Capt. Jack Hughes, Foley, Porteous, Kelleher, McIsaac, Squires, Carlin, and Bannieciez.

The following runners placed: Maloy (S), ninth; Curtis (L), tenth; Reagan (L), eleventh; Williams (S), twelfth; Babcock (S), thirteenth; Heos (S), fourteenth; Alberico and Power (L), tied for fifteenth place; Duce (S), seventeenth.

One of the greatest upsets of the schoolboy cross country season occurred when the Cambridge High and Latin School cross country team defeated the sterling Quincy High harriers by a 22 to 33 score. The race was even closer than the score indicates, and from the start to the finish the race for first place rested between Gilman of Quincy and Capt. Jack Hughes of Cambridge.

The race was won by Gilman in the comparatively fast time of 15 minutes and 14 seconds. Jack Hughes came in a very close second, and he was closely followed by his teammates, Porteous, Squires, and Kelleher, who took third, fourth, and fifth places respectively. Other runners were: Scott (Q), sixth; McKensie (Q), seventh; Foley (L), eighth; Whitehouse (Q), ninth; Gookin (Q), tenth.

The Cambridge High and Latin School cross country team finished its season in a blaze of glory when the Cantab harriers defeated the Rindge cross country team between the halves of the Rindge vs. Somerville football game at Russell Field, 33 to 62.

The Cambridge team has won every dual meet that it has entered this year, and took third place in the Interscholastic meet at the Stadium.

Three Cambridge Latin runners tied for first place. They were Capt. John Hughes, William Porteous, and William Squires. The remaining runners finished in the following order: Kelleher, Foley, McIsaac (L); Macdonald, Hamilton, Eanuszum, Derond (R).

After the cross country season had gotten well under way this year it was found that Captain Charles Wilson was not carrying enough credits to run, and he was forced to resign contrary to the wishes of his teammates. The runners then elected for their captain Jack Hughes, the debonair young man, who occasionally just for amusement goes into the hall and cops a few debating prizes, at least that is his speciality at which he is better known.

At the time of the election Jack had done nothing more than win or tie for first, in almost all the races he had started. In the nine cross country races that have taken place this year John—who is better known as Jack—has won three, tied for first in three, and taken either second, or a tie for second in the other three races.

Debating and running are not the only things that this young man shines at, as he is one of the mainstays of the tennis team. On this team last year he managed to come through the season with a fairly clean slate, and after the premier matches he was regarded as the number three man on the team.

It certainly looks as though Jack was headed towards a little more running as he is going to enter Harvard next September, and not very much good material slips through the hands of the Harvard cross country coaches.

Just before this issue went to press it was found that a Newton substitute was ineligible and that Cambridge High and Latin School automatically became the Suburban League Champions.



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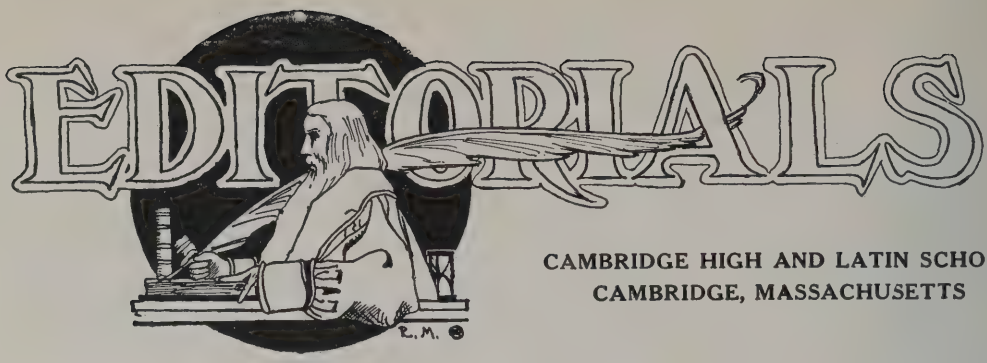
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CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL
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BARBARA FRIETCHIE

THE class of 1928 presented as its Senior Class drama "Barbara Frietchie." In this play Julia Marlowe first enacted that famous heroine, taken from the well known poem "Barbara Frietchie." Then, very recently, a musical version has appeared, called in its new character "My Maryland." For a group of inexperienced new amateurs there was an awe inspiring precedent to live up to. Miss Hartigan mingled the music of the modern romance with the more serious plot of the original. Thus the tragic story of a southern girl who loved a Yankee officer was lightened by delightful dancing and singing.

Madeline Navien was the student most prominent in the cast. She played the part of the Southern heroine in a remarkably fine way. So much has been said in favor of her unusual performance that more would be vain repetition. Catherine Boucher as "Sue" was adorable, her frivolous curls making her quite a different person. The colored mammy role was done by Harriet Johnson, whose dancing was very quaint. Harriet's quite respectable record of successes in the dramatic line was substantially augmented by her excellent work in this play. "Sally Negly", a flirtatious young miss, was exceedingly well done by Eileen Barrett. John Burns took the part of "Sally's" beau. The manner in which he snubbed "Captain Trumbull" was absolutely perfect. "Barbara's" crazy admirer, "Jack Negly" as portrayed by Paul O'Leary deserves mention. Even though he was the villain of the play, the audience was won to great sympathy for him. Truman Hayes was unrecognizable as "Col. Negly." The amazing aptitude with which he roared forth expletives will be remembered for a long while. Charles Dale proved that he could dance the schottishe, as well as earnestly and realistically play the part of a young physician.

From a cosmopolitan gathering Fred Hoffman's commendable acting gained much respect. Best of all George Foley's scenes as "Barbara's" lover "Capt. Trumbull" that one in which he fought an imaginary battle, stod out. Surely you remember that charming young girl who was "Laura." Frances Dennis made a delightful picture in that role. To play Barbara's father Robert Dunn was chosen. He clearly showed unsuspected ability to play a character part. Isabel Brooks played "Mrs. Hunter", a minister's wife, with a great deal of realism. By far the most amusing characters in the play were 'Gelwex' and "Greene", two Yankee deserters, playd by Bicknell Colesworthy and William Morris. Their appearances and conversations were so ludicrous that when they were on stage the audience saw no one else. "Sergt. Perkins," taken by Timothy Crane, was very good, his commands to his provost guard being refreshingly military. Last of all comes "Stonewall Jackson", played by Robert Stone. He had the glorious opportunity of saying "Who touches a hair of yonder head, dies like a dog" (we all wanted to add "March on," he said.)

All in all, the Seniors must be congratulated for their deserved success. Perhaps the highest compliment I can give them is to wish as much success to future classes.

B.B.

THE REVIEW requests that contributions be not submitted annonymously. It makes it difficult for us to judge the suitability of the material because we do not know what class it represents. Our primary object is to make the Review interesting for its readers. However, our secondary consideration is to make it truly a school paper. That is, we seek, as much as possible, to give all pupils, whether Freshmen or Seniors, an opportunity to use this publication. In the last issue we were glad to publish two selections from the class of '31 and several from the Junior and Senior classes.

We hope that there will be no timidity among the pupils in submitting contributions in future issues!

SCULPTURE

KEATS seemed to feel the sacredness, the nearness of art to us and to our civilization when he wrote these passionate lines:

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

Art, then, almost as part of our religion, should tend to ennoble and to aid in explaining life. Through the ages man has sought to embody his most treasured things, his noblest ideals, in the form of art.

Thus, through sculpture especially, he has transmitted these ideals to the following generations. Sculpture records the beauty of life, —especially of the human and animal body. Though it imitates to a certain degree, it is not an identical copy of nature, but rather an abstract conception breathing "a hint of eternity." The rhythm of life, the beauty of the moving, living form is caught in all its delicacy, and fettered for our gaze.

It seems to me that appreciation and enjoyment of sculpture is very often caused by association, —that is by previous interest in the subject or its creator. For example, through some mythological tales, many Greek relics may hold our interest. Then again Michelangelo's works may arouse our sympathy because of the intensely colorful life story of their Florentine creator. We may gaze lost in reflection at a statue of Lincoln because of our reverence of the being that it represents. Thus our field of appreciation gradually broadens. Unconsciously we begin to enjoy works for their own beauty. Much as when we ransack a poetry book for exaltation and nobility of thought, we seek these effigies, whether carved in ethereal marble or in time-worn bronze.

The history of sculpture is to a certain extent also the history of mankind. The Sphinx, one of the oldest works of sculpture in existence, had a religious symbolic significance to the ancient Egyptians. Greece, the source of the greatest, most beautiful sculpture of all ages, worshiped her gods by the erection of marble effigies. Her ideal was the beauty of the human form. In our own school, we have plaster reproductions of these unsurpassed relics of ancient civilization. With the decline of Rome, all art seemed to vanish until it reappeared many centuries later in Italy. It was in the Renaissance that Michelangelo gave the world his noble conceptions.

American sculpture, though but a century old, has risen in this short time from a few timid attempts to a noble, significant art, truly representative of the country and age that gave it birth. The early settlers of our country brought no inspiration and little precedent from the Mother country to the New World, for England herself had no sculptural talent at that time with which to influence these founders of a new land. The continual struggle for life, the hardships experienced by our early ancestors prevented even the slightest thought of art. Added to this was the penetrating prejudice of our Pilgrim Fathers who attributed art to machinations of the devil, —who thought of it as an evil temptation to be strenuously resisted. Is it a wonder then, that, when America finally emerged from her struggles she found herself immune to artistic inspiration? Yet didn't just these seemingly insurmountable obstacles, these prejudices, bring to America, in the end, a more permament, a more independent art?

Toward the latter part of the nineteenth century most of our best works of sculpture were conceived. To this period belongs Daniel C. French, the sculptor of the work reproduced in our frontispiece. No doubt, the name is unknown to many of us, yet here in Greater Boston, we have unconsciously seen some of his works. The strong virile "Minute Man" at Concord was his earliest great work. The statue of John Harvard in the Yard was also formed by his deft hands. The State House in Boston has two of his works, the statues of General Hooker and of Governor Wolcott. In the Fenway rises another of his monuments. Among other memorials at the Forest Hill Cemetery, he erected that to the young sculptor Milmore whose promising career was cut short by an early death.

It represents "The Angel Death Staying the Hand of the Young Sculptor."

No better description of this inspiring work could be given than that of Lorado Taft, who writes:

"The manner in which the artist simplified and etherealized the face of the angel is very interesting..... The overshadowing mass of drapery cuts off all direct light and shrouds the noble face in a dim half-tone. Thus the sculptor has succeeded to a remarkable degree in escaping the aggressive realism which spoils so many of the would-be ideal works of this period. This face has mystery; it is impressive and grand. It speaks to every imagination.

"The universality of this appeal proves, in a way, the greatness of the work. All human kind, from the ignorant, the uncouth, even flippant, to the most refined and the most spiritual, show a quick flash of recognition when introduced to this truly great thought..... Strange it sounds to speak

CHRISTMAS AT C. H. L. S.

THE true spirit of Christmas, which in other years seemed sadly lacking here in school, found at assembly on December 23, its way even into the hall, which had thrown off its cold reserved dignity of yore, and now throbbed with the joyous atmosphere of the coming festival. The bare, rectangular window panes had disappeared. Instead the daylight, dimmed, was separated into variously tinted beams by the beautiful "stained glass" windows, which, though made of paper, seemed to give forth all the mellow beauty of antiquated church windows. Not only had the windows put on Christmas hues, but the electric lights in the hall had been transformed into old fashioned lanterns. A sacred breath almost seemed to pulsate the air. One could expect to hear the distant, swelling strains of an organ accompanied by the voices of some church choir. And, indeed, as we sat gathered in silent awe, softly, ever so softly the sound of voices singing "Oh, Come All Ye Faithful" drifted into the hall Gradually the voices grew louder as, led by the "Wise Men" and the "Shepherds", twenty girls dressed as choir boys moved slowly in procession into the hall from the back and down the two aisles toward the stage. As the words of the last verse faded away, the loud notes of two trumpets drew one's attention to the stage where now the parting curtain showed the Babe in the manger protected by exquisitely draped, motionless angels crowned by golden halos. High above these as if in the clouds, a small angel's figure, holding a double trumpet, looked down upon the peaceful group. For peaceful, indeed, it was. Each, with the Madonna kneeling in the center, remained almost motionless, as if the scene were painted in all its radiant hues. While the choir sang carols, the kings presented their gifts to the Holy Child. Then the curtain was drawn together by two angels who, unrolling a banner, brought forth the single message: "Peace on Earth, God Will to Men." Thereupon the students joined in the joyous carols whose tender melodies now swelling echoed triumphantly through the hall,—a fitting end indeed!

The main credit for this exquisite tableau goes to Miss H. L. Morton. under whose direction it was prepared and presented, and to Mr. Doyle, also of the art department. To Beatrice Evers, Jean Tobin, and Irene Brathwaite, and many other art students fell most of the execution of the art work.

The choir was under the direction of Mr. Whoriskey, with June Yale at the piano.

The tableau was the result of the tireless efforts of all who took part in it.

The Review sincerely hopes that such a Chistmas celebration, will in future years, become a regular part of our welcome to the New Born King.

H. H. F.

IT must be the way of genius to do things quickly. For not only did Joseph Livoti learn his art with great rapidity, but he also carried the school away in a whirl-wind of enthusiasm. A short time ago, he appeared on the stage at a Sophomore Assembly—unknown to most of us. A week later, after having conquered the other assemblies also, he was familiar to most of us. As Livoti, but thirteen years old, stepped with his violin onto the platform, always inclined to criticize, we looked rather indifferently at him. But the first note that rang forth from the violin compelled our immediate attention. He was playing the first movement of DeBeriot's ninth concerto. That in itself offered every conceivable technical difficulty. But our young violinist passed over the spots with remarkable ease and poise. His fine bow-arm technique together with the marvelous agility of his left hand brought forth a rare quality of sound even during the most intricate runs and cords. Then added to this, we have the depth of feeling with which he played every note. Evelyn MacLeod added greatly to the musical interpretation by her sympathetic accompaniment. Livoti, a Freshman, a graduate of the Webster Grammar School, won a scholarship in a competition at the Boston Conservatory of Music. This scholarship consisted of free lessons at the conservatory which thus enabled him to carry on his violin work. Last year again in competition with many others, he won a $500 violin at the conservatory.

The Review hopes that he will be able to continue on this course so successfully begun.

H. H. F.

SCULPTURE — *Continued*

of a gravestone as "popular", yet were the word not so abused by companionship of the meretricious, it could well be employed in this connection. Photographs of this relief are to be seen in every picture store; they hang in thousands of homes. One finds them in offices and upon the desks of men of business. It is a wonderful thing, a very great privilege, to be able to talk thus to one's countrymen. And to do it in a language so exalted, with an eloquence so sustained—how rare!"

In addition to our frontispiece we have inserted on Page 9 a reproduction of the statue "Last Days of Napoleon I by the Italian artist Vincenzo Vela.

H. H. F.



YE PERFAIT GENTIL KNIGHTE

SIR L'HOMME was a flat failure. Everyone said so; and, if they did not say so, they thought it—which is worse. What made it particularly hard to bear was the fact that, in those days, failures were the exception, not the rule. King Arthur's knights were, as everybody knows, quite perfect unless they were very, very wicked,—in which case they were classed as villians serving merely as foils to Lancelot and the rest. Knights, then, were very shining and glorious works of art. Their beauty was surpassed only by their courage; their courage, only by their skill at arms. Now Sir L'Homme, in spite of the fact that he belonged to the Round Table, was everything a knight should not be. He was stupid; he was ugly. He could not ride a horse; he could not bear a lance. But worst of all—he hated fighting! The very sight of blood made him feel very, very queer inside. He reasoned with himself about this, for his position galled him, but no amount of logic could cover his desire to run whenever he saw a javelin. Therefore, his shield in Arthur's hall hung black as night; and the other knights laughed behind his back. Once, it is true, he had started to seek adventure, hoping to reap some glory. Alas! it was in vain. He didn't meet a single soul, though Lancelot came back that same day with the heads of three dragons and two thieves. It really didn't seem fair.

One bright and glorious day, however, he got his chance. It was just pure luck, of course, that all the knights were engaged but to Sir L'Homme it seemed Providence. A message came to Arthur from a fair lady (besieged in a dark castle by a foul tryant, as usual) requesting that one of the knights should ride at full speed to her rescue. Now there is an etiquette in these matters which stipulates that a knight may not rescue any maiden under thirty if his affections are claimed by anyone else. Therefore, it so happened that Sir L'Homme was the only knight available. Pride and joy leaped up in his heart as he heard the news. He girded on his sword and sallied forth to meet his tardy opportunity. What need to linger over the rest of the tale? Suffice it to say that he opposed the felon—and was speedily vanquished. It was a great blow; defeat had never entered his head. Nevertheless, he did not worry long for, while convalescing, he fell in love.

Fair, indeed, was the lady of the castle. Her bright, golden hair hung in heavy coils upon her slender shoulders, and her limpid eyes smiled impartially upon all creation. Her heart was soft, also, for she showed plainly that she approved of the match upon which Sir L'Homme had set his heart. Finally the two were married—the not so bold Sir L'Homme and his blushing bride, her chambermaid. His choice was neither brilliant nor beautiful, but she was sweet and gentle—and she suited him which, after all, is the main thing.

After these regrettable events, it may easily be seen that Sir L'Homme did not wish to return to court. His failures and his love, both, made him feel that being a knight was an occupation for which he was not cut out. He wanted peace and quiet more than fame. As a result, he took his wife far, far away from the glory of strife and settled down as a farmer. He dropped his high-sounding title and became mere Mr. Mann. In this life he was happy. Because he had hated the weight of heavy armour on his shoulders, now he reveled in the warmth of the sun upon his back. The scent of rich up-turned earth was doubly sweet after the smell of drying blood. He would not have taken countless spoils of war for the fruit of one bright harvest. And yet he was a failure.

His family grew and he took pleasure in each of his offsprings. They were not remarkable children—in fact, they were quite ordinary—but, like his wife they suited him. With every year his holdings increased; with every year his contentment deepened. And still he thought himself a failure.

Since his retirement, Mr. Mann had rather lost track of the court. Still, rumor spreads about, and finally news of the dissolution of the Table Round came to his ears. There was much wild talk

about the Holy Grail, and the failure of all the knights, save only Galahad, to find it. Mr. Mann was puzzled. The gold cup did not seem to him worth hunting for, since his imagination could not grasp the symbolism, but he could not understand how Lancelot could fail. He brooded over it—Lancelot, the perfect hero, failing! He gave it up. And then a very strange thing came to pass.

One night he had a dream. It was a queer dream and mixed him up entirely. In the morning he could remember only snatches, but the more he thought about those bits the more ridiculous they seemed. He vaguely remembered some sort of an apparition and a voice speaking some arrant nonsense about his being the hope of the world and such rot. He laughed heartily at the idea himself, and was going to tell his wife, but he did not like to be laughed at—and you never could tell about women.

The dream made no change in his life. The happy, uneventful years slipped by. His children reached maturity as he went gently down the declining path of age. Then, one day, as all men must, he died. But just before he died, he knew, and the knowledge filled his soul with the fullness of a perfect joy. A blaze of light shone before him and through it he heard the words of the dream again:

"The knights have failed; and, like all failures they will vanish from the earth. You, the new man, will take their place, and you will not fail! You have not killed for pride or for the love of killing; you have lived a gentle, friendly life; you have kept the peace with yourself and those about you. The Holy Grail is yours!"

But that was not the end, but only the beginning of man.

MARGARET LEWIS

THE DERIVATION OF "O. K."

THE genesis of this composition has to do with a misplaced mood. The spirit of Christmastide arrived while Christmas was still a week off. I should not have opened the package, but after rummaging through the theme chest, and finding nothing but hopelessness and despair, I opened this Christmas package, and became frivolous a week too soon.

Great scientists and philosophers have for many generations strained and struggled in an effort to find the derivation of the term, "O. K." The sphinx-like riddle of this term has nonplussed many a pioneer of research. But theirs has not been an entirely futile strife; they have not fought for civilization and education in vain.

The last great convention where this subject was discussed was held in the hall of the A. A. P. P. P. R. (Amalgated Association for the Perpetration, Propagation, and Promotion of Philosophic Research). The first question that met the excavators was, "What is 'O K.'?" or vice versa, consideration of this great gathering of derivation " 'O. K.' is what?" In answer to this question two distinct theories were advanced. One was: " 'O. K.' is an American colloquial term meaning "all right." For the derivation of this we must revert to the musical comedy "Oh Kay!" "Oh" is an expression of surprise or astonishment; Kay a girl's name. The only sensible interpretation of the world "Kay" is that she was "all right," and that "Oh Kay" means "Oh, all right." In this "O. K." is merely an abbreviated form of "Oh Kay" and therefore means "Oh, all right" or as it now stands "all right."

The second theory is that "O.K." is a proto—or ectoplasmic term which arrived on this earth from one of the planets, preferably Mars, by way of a powerful medium (name unknown). The reason that Mars is chosen as the most probable is that on the 29th day of February in the 480th leap year, A. D., two persons are said to have seen this term landing on the earth near Hoboken, New Jersey. Horoscopes have been consulted and have proved that it is only on leap year that terms are given permission to leave Mars.

The second question which arose was: 'Why is 'O. K.'?" or inversely as one member suggested, " 'O. K.' is why?" This question which baffled the gathering at first, and forced them to adjourn for refreshments, will be treated in full in the next issue of "The Journal of Pschycic Hetrogeneity, Homogeneity, and Homicide."

Christopher Sykes '28

BUILDING

I'M building up a tower, you see,
With windows and a door
Just where the sunlight makes a patch
Upon the nursery floor.

I've made the courtyard and the stairs
I'm building up the sides
It's like the tower in fairy tales
Where some fierce dragon hides.

A blue black, a red black,
A yellow and a brown;
Oh, why did you hurry past
And knock my castle down?

MAXIME ALLEN '30

IN DAYS OF RUFFS AND POWDERED WIGS

YES, it would certainly end in that way. On that question, the village gossips all agreed. But think just for a moment of the impertinence of young Master Godfrey! Why? He, at a nod from the beautiful Countess, had presumed to sweep her deliberately from the arms of her partner into his own, at the Grande Ball last night. Of course, he was immediately slapped across the cheek by the infuriated little Frenchman, Magnosiere, and a duel officially set for the early morrow. All the villagers, with pehaps the exception of Godfrey himself, felt sure that his end had come. Why Magnosiere, "Maestro del Duello" had killed more men than he could count on all his fingers! And Godfrey had thus dared to provoke him!



The encounter next morning, although set early, was not early enough to prevent the entire village, en masse, from coming. Magnosiere, in the calm, methodical manner of a business man who knows what he is about to do next, was examining the two short rapiers, meanwhile talking rapidly and earnestly with two other Frenchmen, brother "officiers", presumably, who were to act as his seconds. On the other side, a composed Godfrey was listening, not very attentively, to the nervous whisperings of the Countess. Every thing settled to their apparent satisfaction, the two combatants faced each other with steel extended, tensely waiting for the pistol shot. But among the happy country-folk was one who sat shivering in her dread, white with fear,—the Countess. Of course she passionately wanted Godfrey to win; but could he? This question rankled in her mind, and, as the starting shot rang out harshly, she promised herself in a vague manner to help him if it was her power to do so.

At the start, the fiery little Frenchman, always confident had pressed his opponent hard, and once, but for a clever dodge of Godfrey, the latter might have had his heart pierced by the winding, sinewy rapier in the deadly hands of Magnosiere. But with the first rush over, and no damage done, Magnosiere, found in Godfrey a steady, clever, and what he himself was not, a cool fighter in battle.

Thus, the duel raged on, fiercely at some times, slacking at others when they both withdrew for

an instant to rest themselves. In all, the audience was satisfied, and the Countess' color was slowly returning to her pale cheeks as she noticed with visible gladness the progress her lover was making against his wily and superior rival. However, such affairs must end at some time, and it seemed to both panting duellists that the fatal time had come for one of them. They met in a desperate rush, steel clashing against steel, with myriads of sparks issuing forth, and then, as with a bound they broke loose, the Countess saw, with a gasp, a thin line of red trickling down Godfrey's neck! Mognosiere had drawn first blood! With a pantherish leap, the Frenchman bore his enemy backwards, his nature now aroused to a frenzy, as is a tiger's, by that stream of blood! Godfrey weak and pale, tottered backward striving vigorously to ward off those lightning thrusts of his almost victorious assailant. Now he recovered a little and thus they brought themselves fighting directly before the trembling Countess, innocent cause of this embroglio. Then something happened! A giant had been standing near the Countess, quaffing a large pot of bitter ale. Having refilled it, he was again raising it to his lips, when the Countess arose in horror. The blade of the Frenchman had slipped past Godfrey's primary defense, and like Jupiter's thunderbolt, was about to pass his secondary, heading straight for the peasant's massive chest! The Countess, in arising, had flung her arms up. Not knowing what she was doing she gave the arm of her neighbor a vigorous push! The pot of ale described a little somersault in the air, and so, though aimed for its objective, it fell with a splash on Magnosiere's wrist! Startled by this, the Frenchman's blade stopped, and relaxed a fraction of a second. The nearly conquered Godfrey needed no second invitation from any man. With a lunge like that of a wounded bull, he plunged his shivering blade, yet unstained by blood, through and past the astounded Frenchman's guard, and withdrew it triumphantly a short second later, drenched at last with the heart blood of his antagonist! Then midst the shouts and cheers of the delightful audience, the Countess swooned on Godfreys' tired breast, and was carried tenderly home.

To this day, the story of that spectacular combat, one hundred and twenty years ago, will still be remembered and narrated with gusto by the old graybeards of that little town of Guilford, in the fertile Shenandoah Valley. ANONYMOUS, '28

TALES MY ALGEBRA BOOK COULD TELL

IT suits my morbid disposition well to sit here on the table at the window where I have been flung carelessly by unloving hands, and gaze out upon the snowy, cheerless garden. Here I may ponder upon my unhappy existence with the prospect of many solitary hours on the cold, shiny table. How utterly lonely I am, how miserable! I have no one whom I may call a friend. I am an algebra book.

I do my humble best in this world. I know I am dry; I know I am a bore; but I am merely what I was created. Can it be my fault that my mistress sits over me long hours with frowning countenance, in silent despair or vociferous protest? Can I merit the inhuman usage I receive at her hands? Whole nights my covers ache from constant slamming. My pages are marred with the scratches of finger nails.

I despair of the sanity of modern youth! My mistress protests that I am unintelligible, whereas I pride myself exceedingly on the clearness of my print; I am as concise and as logical as a dictionary. My pages are decorated with beautiful equations, admirably balanced. Fractions divide themselves in graceful diagonals across my sheets. Rules in bold, black print proclaim my wisdom. What can be lacking to perfect this magnificent symposium of merits? Yet every morning I am flung into my desk with the same disgust; every afternoon I am laboured over with the same hateful intolerance. Surely I am the most miserable of books, continually desparaged, as I am, by everyone with whom I come in contact.

I used to lament the fact that I was not destined to inhabit a book-case. I believed that there was no real family life outside of those jolly apartment houses where everyone is obliged to be congenial to his neighbour. Then I spent an evening in one. Room was made for me between an obstreperous Dickens family and an unsociable little sliver of a book which contained poems. I never took much stock in poetry. As usual, I found myself the butt of sarcastic remarks and slurs upon my dullness. I defended myself methodically, computing our relative worths by ratios. All was of no avail. They laughed at my neat and well turned sentences studded with the terms of my trade, they drowned my concise arguments with their redundant speech, and finally they flung over their shoulders the hated retort, "And, after all, what is the use of a book without pictures or conversations?"

I have reached the conclusion that there is no happiness in this world for me.

Elizabeth Tracy '28

NAPOLEON: MAN OF DESTINY

By EMIL LUDWIG

A Book Review

"NAPOLEON", the word brings a flash of recognition in every corner of the earth. What is it about the stocky Corsican that will burn on through the "arches of the years"? It is not, I believe, the fact that he, a poor lieutenant, made himself emperor of France. It it not his fame as a magnificent soldier and strategist. It is rather the great tragedy, the inevitable tragedy, of his life as a whole, the saga of the fight between a "Man of Destiny" and his destiny. Over and over again we see it. "I have shed blood; I had to", that is his cry. He is continually defending himself with the complaint of necessity. Why was it necessary? It was necessary for the protection of France, and primarily for his glory. He admitted his egotism, in fact in all things was remarkably clear-visioned. In those last introspective years at St. Helena he says, "War is an anachronism," later, "The only way in which an equilibrium can be achieved in Europe is through a league of nations." Remember this is said by the greatest military commander of the time.

Ludwig has treated Napoleon primarily as a man. He is not interested in digging up all possible scandal; nor does he make a demi-god of the emperor. He gives a remarkably whole unprejudiced picture of a man concerning whom it is extremely difficult to be open-minded. He believes very wisely that the best way to determine character is by what the man himself has said. The book is full of well-chosen quotations from Bonaparte's letters, dictations, associates' memoirs. Where Ludwig himself writes he uses vivid, well-turned sentences, with values aptly brought out. It is a great book.

MAY SARTON, '29



THE LAST DAYS OF NAPOLEON I

By Courtesy of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

THE PAISLEY SHAWL

MARCIA STEVENS sighed as she carefully wrapped the beautiful Paisley Shawl that had belonged to her great-grandmother. It was the last time she would see it, or feel its soft loveliness, for she was taking it that very evening to be sold. If, five years ago, anyone had told her that at this time it would be sold, she would have laughed or else would have been horrified at such a preposterous idea. But things had been different then, and Marcia's family had had plenty of money and a beautiful home. One day her father had come to them broken in spirit, to tell of his failure. A few months later he had died, leaving heavy debts and no money.

Marcia, untrained for work as she had been, finally found a position with a meager salary, after a year of training in a business school. She and her mother had moved to a distant city, where they lived in a tiny flat.

A year later, Marcia's mother had passed on to her husband, leaving her daughter heartsore and weary, and nearly destitute of money, for her mother's long illness had used up their small savings. There were many doctor's bills to be paid, and only yesterday Marcia had lost her position because care and worry had wearied her so that she had been unable to keep up with her work. So at last the Paisley Shawl was to follow in the trail of many other beautiful things which had long since been sold.

Marcia sighed again as she took a last look at the treasured shawl, and, as she ran her fingers lightly over it, she clearly recalled the last time she had worn it. There had been a large party given in honor of her engagement to David Jackson, a promising young artist. She had been very happy then with no shadows to darken her young life. She had worn the Shawl to celebrate that very special occasion and David had told her how beautiful she looked.

A week later David had left for two years' study in Europe. He had begged Marcia to marry him then but she had been determined to wait until his return. So he had left her planning and waiting for their mariage in two years.

David had written faithfully for nearly a year when, suddenly, his letters ceased. Heartbroken, Marcia had waited hopefully for a word from him, but none came. Gradually hard work and worry had helped to partially erase the ache from her heart, though, had she allowed herself to think about him, the ache there would have been almost more than she would have been able to bear. However, she knew, from reading newspapers, that he had returned and was fast becoming an artist of recognized talent. As far as she knew, he was not married.

Marcia roused herself from her dreams and quickly finished wrapping the shawl. That evening she placed it in the window of a fashionable shop where it would be easily sold.

On the third day, it was gone from the window. Marcia received a substantial sum of money, which somewhat eased her strained financial condition.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Van Densen, the purchaser of the shawl, so prided herself on her appearance in it, that she wished to have her portrait painted wearing it. She was content with having no less than the noted David Jackson do the portrait. He consented, and as Mrs. Van Densen entered his studio on the appointed day, with the shawl gracefully draped around her, David Jackson turned from his canvas to greet her. As he did so, his eyes rested on the shawl and remained there for a long second.

Then he seemed fairly to shout, "My God, woman, where did you get that shawl?"

Puzzled and indignant, Mrs. Van Densen told him of the shop where she had bought it. Like a crazed man, David rushed to the street, hailed a taxicab, and sped to the shop, where he obtained the address of the former owner of the shawl. When he reached the given address, he looked dubiously at the shabby tenement. Surely, he thought, they can't be living in such a house. However, he would make sure, for it was impossible for there was more than one such shawl. The memory of its beauty and that of its owner had remained with him during the five long years.

Quickly, he mounted the stairs and knocked on the designated door. A soft voice bade him enter. One long look at the tired, but still beautiful face assured him that he had not been mistaken in coming.

"Marcia!"

"David!"

That was all. In a moment they were in each other's arms, laughing and sobbing at once.

When their emotions were under control, David told Marcia of his long illness in Europe and how, on his return, five years later, he had found her family gone, having no clue as to their whereabouts. He told of a long vain search for her, and finished by telling her many things for her ears only.

She, in turn, told him her story, which brought tears and laughter to his eyes as tragedy and comedy was unfoldedy.

They are married now, and love, above all things, to tell their children the story of the Paisley shawl, and to show it to them, for they had bought it back from the reluctant Mrs. Van Densen. David painted a picture of Marcia wearing the shawl, which will remain in their family even as the shawl had done.

DOROTHY TARBOX, '28

A BEAN STORY

I WAS sitting in a little park in lower Boston, in that part of the city where tiny fish markets, boarding houses, tailor shops, converted barrooms, and pawn shops raise their dwarfed roofs. It was a chilly day in late autumn; my overcoat collar was turned up my hands were deep in my pockets, as I puffed away contentedly on my pipe, absorbed in my own reflections. A tall, down-in the-mouth individual slouched down at the other end of the bench. He was dressed poorly and carelessly, had no overcoat, and was altogether unkempt and pitiful looking. I wondered about the man's history, and the cause of his present low condition. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw him wiggling his way over to me.

"Kind of chilly, isn't it?" he said.

I agreed, and he looked enviously at my pipe. I offered him a cigarette, which he joyously accepted. He surprised me, insofar as there was something in his manner, voice and language, which spoke of better days.

"Mister," said he, "can you spare a quarter to buy a plate of beans? I haven't had anything to eat since the beans I ate yesterday."

I was genuinely sorry for the poor fellow, and handed him fifty cents. He grasped it, thanked me, and seemed about to go; but I detained him.

"Tell me," I questioned, "why do you restrict your diet to beans? Why not something else?" For a moment he looked at me suspiciously, but evidently decided that I was really interested.

"Well, Mister," he answered, "they have played a large part in my life, and they make me think of better days"—(here he wiped a tear out of his eye.)

I handed him another cigarette and bade him continue.

"Might as well tell you the whole story. There aren't many people as interested as you."

He lighted the cigarette, sniffed, straigtened up, and told me the following:

"It was longer ago, than I want to think of, when I worked in a little restaurant—"beaneries" they called them. In those days I was a lively young chap, and I slung out order after order, perfectly content to stay there for years. I was just living from day to day, having a good time..... Well, one day a girl came in, and ordered a plate of beans. The minute I saw her, I knew she was different, and I started waiting on her right quick. I asked her if she wanted anything else, but she said, 'No, thank you' So I brought over the mustard and ketchup, and suggested that she try a little. She declined, so then I asked her if she'd want sugar or vinegar with it. She only smiled, so I just sort of hung around—you know how?"

Thus appealed to, I nodded my head in accordance.

"Well, she liked me, I knew, but of course she didn't know me, so we never progressed beyond talking about the weather. Every day she came, and ordered a plate of beans. Yes, that's how our romance started—over a plate of beans.

"One day when she was eating the beans, a friend of mine came in, and lo and behold! he was a friend of hers, also. We were introduced, and after that everything was fine.

"Her name was Caroline Bean. For short, I used to call her Lima. Oh, what good times we had together! Little Lima made me see the folly of the ambitionless life I was leading, and I started to attend evening school, to read good books, and to change for the better.

"It was about this time that I found out she was was the daughter of the well-known bean magnate, A. Swelled Bean. What a period of dull despair I had! We were practically engaged, but of course her father was opposed to the match. To think of his daughter, a member of the famous Bean family of Boston, marrying a common beanery slugger! (You see there is society even among Beans.) My dearest Lima assured me that it made no difference to her, and urged me to study and work hard so that I might become a big butter and bean man."

Here he stopped, lost in reverie, and then went on:

"Her father vowed she would marry Mr. S. String Bean, who was one of their Friend's. Lima thought "Stringy," as we called him, was not worth beans, and disliked the long, lanky fellow heartily. Many people thought they went together so well.

"Oh, that last day with her! Little did we think that we were fated never to see each other again! We sat, hand in hand, in the darkened movie house, watching Johnny Heinz in "Can It", laughing at his tricks, and eating jelly beans the while."

He paused, sighed deeply, and took up the story:

"The next day, while I was in the restaurant, little Lima's father entered, red as ketchup with an unholy bean in his eye. Well, he started by saying that I didn't know beans, and ended by telling me that he was that day taking Lima away to their cousins, the California Beans. He informed me she was to be married that month to Mr. S. String Bean. As a parting shot he volunteered the news that Lima was being carefully watched.....

"In vain I tried to get word to her; in vain I

waited to hear from my darling. After two weeks of distraction I read in the paper of the marriage of my Lima! I wired her immediately to see if it were the truth, and received this heart-beaking reply: 'Alas, it is all too true! Goodbye forever! Never more your darling, Lima.' "

Here tears as large as baked beans rolled down his cheeks.

"Oh, Mister, after that I went all to pieces! I lost all ambition, all desire to advance. I now shun all my old companions and do not care what happens to me! So you see how it is—beans were my Waterloo, and yet are my joy..."

He stood up, preparing to go, and looked at the fifty cents I had given him.

"Here my poor fellow," said I, reaching into my pocket, and taking out a large bill, "take this, and buy yourself a—a bean factory! If you cannot have your bean girl, you shall have your beans!"

With tears still in his eyes, he embraced me, and hurried away, murmuring, "My little Lima, my little Lima Bean!" And I, alone again whispered, "Of all the sad sights to be seen,
The saddest is to love a Bean."

A few minutes later the friend for whom I had been waiting arrived.

"It be'nt a chilly day, be'nt it?" I greeted him.

"Oh ho," said he, "So you've seen Beanie, have you?"

"Explain yourself," said I.

"Well, the poor fellow told me that story once, too. He's off his bean. You see, he worked in a bean cannery, and one day a case of beans fell on his head, and he has beans on his brain ever since."

RUTH BROWN, '28

THE DANCE

THE gentle breeze blows through the cool, green grass;
Each stalk does bend and sway in rhythmic mass.
The warming breath and life of nature seem
To pulsate through them, gentle as a dream.
High in the sky the swallow, swift of wing,
Glides through the air with joyous, rhythmic swing.
The tempo of the swallow's rise and fall
Expresses this bird's happy life and call.
With steady thud and thump, the shaggy bear
Brings, —drudging, —solemn tidings everywhere.
The paired steps on glistening forest snow
Of rabbits' happy, prancking dance do show.
Such is the dance of life!—The rhythmic swing
That ever pulsates through each living thing!

The dance of prehistoric man was light,
almost unreal. As man's emotions changed
His dance became a passionate, savage rite.
But to the tune of progress, Greece then ranged
A stately dance since culture was at height.
Alas! But age on age itself repeats;
And just as once to sound of hollow beats.
So figures whisled about with curse and scream
In France, in shadow of the guillotine.
The dance, that rhythmic swing has mirrored thus
The moods of nature, and of man, for us.

HERMAN FIELD, '28

A LONG, LONG TIME AGO

I

WHEN I was just a little girl,
A long, long time ago,
I'd sit in the chimney corner,
And watch the shadows go.
I'd see great fairy castles
And ships on the deep, deep sea
Bright birds, and trees in winter,
And clouds sailing high and free.

II

But that was a long, long time ago.
And now I sit in a chair
And little brother has the place
In the chimney corner there
He says he sees big horses,
An' tigers, an' lions an' bears,
An' battles, an' guns and pirates,
An' circuses, an' fairs.

III

An' grandma tells us stories
From the pictures that we see
Oh! she tells the grandest stories
To brother, an' baby, an' me!
And she says, she too saw pictures
Where the wood fires gleam and glow
By the hearth in an old log cabin
A long, long time ago.

MAXIME ALLEN, '30

THE LOVE TRAIL

THE day dawned crisp and cold. Over the frozen earth, dry and bare just the day before, lay a thick, white blanket. The northern sun, smiling down from a cloudless-blue sky, shone on the dazzling white of the snow, so that myriads of tiny diamonds sparkled and danced in every nook and cranny. For miles and miles across the plateau it was thus, with now and then a tiny hillock striking a shadow across the plain. Even the thick growth of pines on old Mt. Aksala seemed as one flat, white surface, so deep was the snow.

I stood in my open door, gazing at the beauty of the world, until a merciless, icy blast forced me to withdraw and bolt my door securely. For a moment I stood in the center of the floor, gazing about me. My home! a square, two-roomed log-affair, with three oil paper windows, and a wooden door, covered with tanned raw-hide. In the living-room was a bear-skin rug, an awkward, hand-made table, two stiff chairs, a rusty stove and a shelf full of dishes. The bed room, partitioned off by a narrow beaver board, contained two bunks, one on each side of the room, and a chest of drawers. It could hardly be called a home—it was merely a place to lay my head; for, four years before, my wife had died, and my son, a boy of sixteen, had tired of the loneliness of the north, and had gone off to "seek his fortune", leaving me bitter and alone. But, distasteful as the cabin was as a home, I thanked my lucky stars stars that I didn't have to venture out in the cold and snow.

I had barely finished my meal of rye bread and bacon when I heard in the distance the creaking of a sledge over the frozen snow, and inarticulate shouting. As the sledge drew near I could hear the singing of the whip-lash as it spun about the the trapper's head. I quickly shook up the fire and placed a pot of coffee on the crimson coals, for my cabin was the last on the trail for a good many miles, and any traveller would be thankful for a rest and a mug of black coffee to break his way through the drift before my door.

As he took off his furs, I saw that it was Pierre Lemot, and old French trader whose cabin was high in the hills on an almost impassable trail.

"Hello," he shouted, as soon as he was able to speak. "Dat's some trip, man."

"I should think so," I shouted in reply, helping him out of his great coat. "What made you try it?"

"Me,—I got a wife up dose hills, and my l'il boy he got heavy fever. I brought em some food, and I got to reach dem before t'night. Dere food was a'most gone."

"Pierre," I said, thoroughly believing what I said "I wouldn't break those drifts for man, God, or devil."

Lemot stared and shrugged his shoulders. "You don't need to. But me, I go home jus' soon I get warm."

I poured his black coffee, and as I watched him gulp it down, I thought of my son. Perhaps, some time during those four years he had needed me, perhaps, in some unread, unanswered letters, he had begged for forgiveness. But that was all in the past—I shook myself out of the reverie as Pierre stood up to go.

"Wal, Jack Gonway," his voice rumbled, "mebbe not you don' go out for man, God, or devil, but jus' de same, I see your boy, young Jack, lying in dem drif's by the notch. He came las' night, but he don' make your cabin.

"Me, I can't wait for no-one, my wife needs me." He put on his fur cap and lumbered through the drift to his teams. Even when the dog "mushe" at his command, I still sat stupidly by the stoves. A jumble of words rushed through my benumbed and startled brain. Jack, my son, was lying in a snow drift—perhaps dead! I jumped up and frantically dressed in my bear skins. Swifter than ever before, I had my five huskies hitched in their places. Soon we were speeding quickly southward through Pierre's broken trail.

All through the nightmare ride I thought only of Jack. His name passed through my mind, and his features, almost forgotten, through my bitterness toward him, appeared before me from time to time, as Marley's ghost must have seemed to old Scrooge. By the time I had gone a few miles I hated myself for being so selfish. Hadn't it been my son's right and privilege to "see the world"? Wasn't he entitled to his freedom? I understood it all now, but four years before I had felt differently. The death of my wife had cut deeply, and my son's going, deeper still.

As I approached the notch, my heart was pounding, and my eyes were covered by a mist. I searched the drifts with a sinking heart, and finally turned heavily toward the village to see if there was news of my son.

As I entered the village, walking beside my team, the trappers greeted me with various yells. It was a surprise for them to see me, —Jack Gonway, for four years a hermit, a bitter, almost hateful man, —drive into town, in mid winter.

I singled out one man and asked him brokenly, "Have you seen anything of Jack since last night? Pierre said...."

The man broke in, "Gonway, you old sinner,

Continued on Page 28



IN the first place, what is debating? "Debating is the art of producing in the mind of someone else a belief in the ideas which the speaker wishes the hearer to accept."—Baker—Principals of English.

Now, in order to debate well, it is necessary to do three things:

1. To make perfectly clear to your audience what you wish it to believe.
2. to show why the proofs of certain points or issues should make it believe the thing thing you wish it to believe.
3. to prove these issues.

Each of these three things is a distinct process involving several steps. One is an important as the other.

A subject may be made clear by defining the terms of the question so that they may be

a) Clear
b) Convincing
c) Consistent with the origin and history of the question. It is often well to give a brief history of the subject from the days in which it first became important.
d) By restating the whole question in the light of our definitions.

When you have made perfectly clear to your hearers what you wish them to believe, the next step is to show them why they should believe it. The first step in this process is to see what points, if proved, will make them believe it. These points are really the issues, the basic questions on which your side and my side disagree.

Suppose this subject were discussed: "Resolved that the Federal Government Should Levy a Graduated Income Tax."

Suppose you decided upon these as the issues:

1. Does the government need additional revenues?
2. Admitting that additional revenue is needed, is a graduated income tax the best way of securing the money?
3. Could a graduated income tax be successfully collected?

If you, favoring the tax, could show that the government does need the money, that the proposed tax is the best way of securing it, and that such a tax would work in practice, you would get the audience to believe your proposition. If the speakers on the negative side coul show that the income of the federal government is sufficient, that, even if added revenue is needed, this is a poor way to obtain it or that this plan, though good in theory, is impracticable, they would have a good case. Thus in every case that is two sided enough to be a good question for debate, there are certain fundamental issues upon which the disagreement between the affirmative and the negative can be shown to rest. When either side has answered "Yes" or "No" to these issues and has given reasons for its answer that will be acceptable to the minds of the audience, it has won the debate. It is easy, then, to see why "determining the issues" and showing what these issues are in the second step in successful debating.

Although there is no fixed rule or touchstone by which an issue can be immediately determined, there are several rules which will help in finding them.

1. In all your reading and thinking on the subject, constantly try to decide
 A) What will the other side admit?
 B) Is there anything of which I am thinking in connection with this quesistion that is not essential to it?
2. Do not try to make a final determination of issues until you are sure you understand the question.
3. Be always ready to change your issues when you see that they are not fundamental.

Always think first, then read, then think again.

If you have determined the issues wisely, it will be easy in the debate to show the audience and the judges what those issues are. You will have a tremendous advantage over your opponent who, in his haste or laziness, may have chosen what are not the main issues of the debate. He may present well all the material that he has, but if that material does not support the "fundamental issues" of the question, you are right in calling the attention of he judges to that fact.

Few debates are won on the platform. They are won by thoughtful preparation. Be prepared.

Having determined what the causes are, and having shown the audience why the establishment of these issues should logically win belief, all that remains is to be prove the issues.

Now, it is clear that neither the audience nor the judges can be led to agree with us and to accept our issues as proved by our telling them that we should like them to believe in the soundness of our views. The modern audience is not

to be cajoled or brownbeaten into belief. How, then, are we to persuade our hearers to accept our assertations as true? The only method is to give them what they demand—resasons. We must tell WHY every statement is true.

This process of telling why the issues are true is called the "proof."

Naturally, we must know what the audience will believe, and how are we to know what the audience will believe? We can best answer this question by determining why we ourselves believe thos things we accept. Why do we believe anything? We believe that water is wet, that the sky is blue, because our experience tells us so. We also believe things because someone whom we trust has told us so.

We are ready, then, to answer our own question. What reasons will those in the audience believe- They will believe those statements which harmonize with their own experience and will discredit those which are at variance with their experience. This experience may be either direct (first hand) or indirect (second hand). Suppose we take as a proposition, "Resolved: that the Honor System Should be Established in Cambridge High and Latin School." We assert "there is but one issue: Will the students be honest in examinations?" Now, what evidence shall we use to show that they will be honest? Take evidence of other schools which have tried the sytem.

The Honor System should be established for:

1. Experience of a similar school shows that:
 a) Plan was a success in X High School for:
 1.) The principal, Mr. A, states (quotation)
 a) See School Review, January, 1928.

Here the statements used to support the issue are evidence. Why should this tend to make those in the audience believe that the honor system should be adopted? Simply because we have shown that it has worked well elsewhere and their own experience tells them that what has been a benefit in similar other places will be a benefit here.

And, in its final analysis this evidence is no stronger than the word of the principal.

If the experience of the audience is that this man is untruthful or likely to exaggerate, our evidence will not be good evidence. If the experience of the audience, is that the man is capable honest, and reliable, this evidence will go far toward gaining acceptance of our proposition.

In chosing evidence there is but one rule. Consider the effect on the audience and the judges. Will it be convincing to them? In other words, will it make their own experiences quickly and strongly support the evidence.

In conclusion: Make your subject perfectly clear to the audience; concentrate your attention upon the main issues, on which the decision of the debate rests; and prove these points by evidence which the audience may speedily understand and believe..

THE FINDING OF PEACE

MY soul was sick and weary,
My days were sad and long,
My eyes were sore and teary
When the sexton rang the gong.

The sun sank in the west;
The birds their carols ceased,
And I went to the garden rest
With the hope of finding peace.

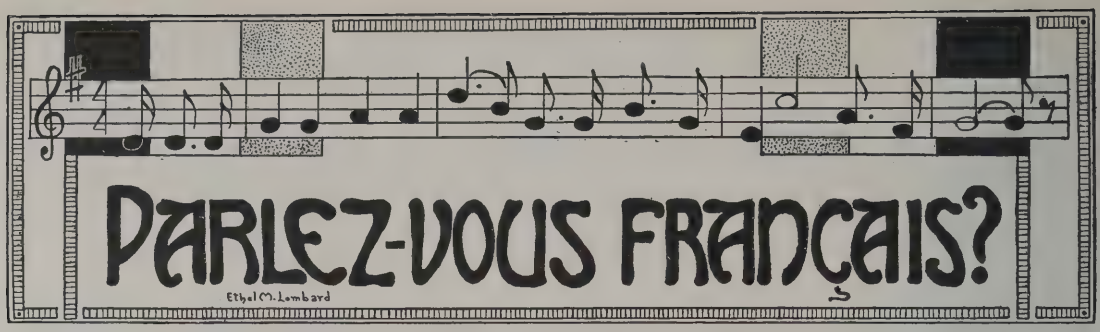
A vision rose before me
In garments white as snow
It's eyes were clear and sunny
And it spoke in accents low.

It bade me come and follow
Wherever it might lead
Through hill and through the hallow
Through valley and through mead.

Back to the garden rest
The faithful guide then led me
And the place that I loved best
Seemed to ring with life and glee.

Now my cares are over
And my home with peace is blessed;
So I go to the garden bower
To enjoy my life and rest.

JANICE E. MAPP, '28



BORDEAUX, une des villes commerciales les plus belles de la France, est située sur la rive gauche de la Garonne, à près de 120 kilomètres de la baie de Biscaye, et dans la grande plaine du Médoc, renommée à cause de ses vins rouges. La ville est très vieille, datant d'avant les Romains. A ce temps-là Bordeaux s'appelait Burdigala et était la capitale des Bituriges Vivisci. Sous le gouvernement des Romains, la ville devint très importante, et fut célèbrée par un auteur contemporain comme étant un des plus grands centres d'éducation de la Gaule. La ville souffrit beaucoup après la chute de Rome, et ne redevint prospère qu'au dixième siècle. Bordeaux appartint, avec la Guyenne, aux rois Anglais pendant trois siècles, et la cour magnifique du "Prince Noir" s'établit là pour quelques temps. Pendant la Révolution Bordeaux souffrit presqu'autant que Lyon et Marseille, et le commerce de la ville diminua beaucoup sous Napoléon. Pendant la guerre '70, le siège de gouvernement a été transporté de Tours à Bordeaux, à cause du danger de capture par les Allemands de cette première ville. Bordeaux a rendu de très importants services comme port pendant la grande guerre.

Les quais de Bordeaux sont très imposants, et quoique dans le vieux quartier de la ville les rues soient étroites et sales, dans le quartier moderne les rues sont belles et larges, et il y a de belles maisons. La place principale de la ville s'appelle la place des Quinconces, où se trouvent des statues de Montaigne et de Montesquieu. Les plus importantes églises sont la cathédrale de St. André, un beau bâtiment Gothique, et l'église de Saint-Croix, qui a probablement été bâtie avant le septième siècle. Le Palais Gallien, qui est en vérité un vieil amphithéâtre Romain, datant du troisième siècle, et la toux de Pey Berland sont les bâtiments les plus anciens de la ville. La bibliothèque, qui date de 1566, contient près de 200,000 volumes, et le musée d'histoire naturelle est très renommé. La ville a aussi un beau jardin des plantes, oú il y a de nombreuses espèces d'arbres.

Le commerce de Bordeaux est très important, surtout le commerce en vins, qui est la source de la plupart de la richesse de cette contrée. Les vins de Bordeaux sont connus partout à cause de leur excellence. Un tiers du vin exporté annuellement va à la Grande-Bretagne, et le reste est distribué dans tous les pays du monde. Si la loi de la prohibition était annulée, les commercants de Bordeaux en profiteraient beaucoup.

Pendant l'été il y a des courses de taureaux à Bordeaux, et tout le monde y va. Des matadors et toréadors célèbres viennent d'Espagne pour y montrer leur adresse. Bordeaux est connu aussi pour ses restaurants, et si on va à Bordeaux, il faut aller manger au Chapon Fin. Beaucoup de gourmets préfèrent ce restaurant à ceux de Paris.

A cauxse de sa situation, Bordeaux est un port très important, ce qui aide beaucoup les commercants en vins. La Garonnne a été approfondie, et maintenant les grands bateaux peuvent remonter la rivière jusqu'à Bordeaux. Le voyage depuis l'embouchure jusqu'à la ville est très agréable. On voit des vignobles partout, et des chateaux entourés de parcs superbes. La contrée est verdoyante, et la plaine verte avec des touffes d'arbres cà et là fait un tableau très joli.

L. J. HENDERSON, '28





NOTES

US JUNIORS

Bob Morris—A son of the gods - - -
Helen Gately—There are smiles!
Sis Bullen—She's got "It"
Joe Dugan—Yes, sir, he's our baby.
Bea Evers—Is she wonderful?
Bill Mowll—For he's a jolly good fellow.
Jean Tobin— 'Cause I ain't that kind of baby.

A SENIOR'S LAMENT

(Apologies to Shakespeare)

IS this a ten which I see before me
The mark besides my name? Come, let me hold thee.
I have thee not, and yet I desire thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight, or art thou but
A *ten* of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from an excessive studying brain?
I see thee yet, in form as real as this which now I mark
Thou bring'st me up toward an E
And such a mark I wish to see
Mine eyes are made the fools of the other senses
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee going,
Vanishing from my sight as if thou were't a vision
Oh if I could have thee!

Mr. F.—"Isn't the subway a pretty good thing as a hole (whole), but on the level have you ever seen one?"

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Why is a weathercock so vane?
What makes a bucket pail?
What tailor makes the chimney's soot?
Who writes the comet's tail?
Why is a vessel's hind part stern?
What makes the fir-tree pine?

He limped painfully off the dance floor.

"I don't mind having 'rings on my fingers'," he exclaimed, "but hang me if I can stand 'belles on my toes'!"

US SENIORS

Bob Dunn— Six feet two, eyes of blue.
Isabel Brooks—Brown eyes
Jack Hughes—Who could desire more?
Catherine Boucher—Miss Personality
Hump Nolan—He loves the ladies.
Barbara Brintnall—The girls all adore her!!!
The boys are all for her???
Bill Morris—Baby Face
Helen Good—Gentlemen prefer blondes...

Rock-a-bye, senior, on the tree top,
As long as you study your marks will not drop;
But if you stop digging
Your standing will fall
And down will come senior, diploma, and all.

Dear madam,

After a long hesitation, I came to the calculation of my own imagination, to change my situation for another location. If this should meet your approbation, please vige me a notification and I'll come under obligation, to lay a new foundation for another generation.

Very truly yours
Mike Starvation.

1st—"Did you ever notice that the matrimonial process is like that of making a call? You go to adore, you ring a bell, and give your name to a maid."

2nd.—"Yes, and then you're taken in."

S. S. S. (try to say this with some speed)

Sir Samuel Simms saw sweet Sarah Samson swimming. Suddenly she seemed sinking. Sir Samuel stood stunned. Striding seaward, spurning shingle, Sir Samuel swiftly swam Sarah-ward, Sir Samuel skillfully supporting swooning Sarah, Swimming shoreward, Sir Samuel successfully succored Sarah, Seeming somewhat shaky, Sir Samuel sampled some spirits special Scotch.

Sarah saw Sir Samuel's self-sacrificing spirit. Sir Samuel saw Sarah's sweetness. Sir Samuel soon sought Sarah. Striding slowly, Sarah sighed softly. Sir Samuel seemed speechless.

"Say something, Sir Samuel," said Sarah.

"Say 'Sam' Sarah," said Sir Samuel.

Sarah, smilingly shyly, softly said, "Sam."

"Sarah,—Sally," stammered Samuel, "Sweet Sarah, —sweetheart."

Sarah solemnly surrendered.

ANNOUNCEMENT:

You are cordially invited to attend the moonlight dance in the afternoon given by the Cat's Meouw. You are requested to bring a basket of fruit and water, in case your friend gets hungry.

Directions

Take the car you just missed, and if you miss the boat, swim after the train as there is no charge for swimming.

Amusements

Men without legs will run for a gold medal made of finest brass. Deaf and dumb people will sing songs. Two murders will be committed for the amusement of the children. About $25,000 worth of presents will be given — if you bring them. Anyone who finds cheese in a ham sandwich will be awarded $5.00.

Admission

Free—children, half-price, orphans with their parents will be admitted free of charge.

Lunch

Strawberry short-cake $.50 a ton
Spaghetti, a la Africa 05 a yard
(Eat here, die home; anyone caught dead will be arrested.)

DESPAIR

The youth whined as he felt the cold steel blade at his throat.

He had never been in such a position as this before. Many things flashed through his mind. He recalled many youthful experiences, and groaned as he thought of not being able to go though them again. His eyes were half closed, and he could only dimly see the one who had the blade before his throat. He began to feel the pain and gave a strong jerk, but was unable to free himself as the two hands held his head back so that he could not move it. He began to feel his own blood trickle down his neck.

"Will you be still!" said his room-mate. "Stand it like a man! You are no longer a child, and if you expect me to give you your first shave with this dull razor you will have to be still."

The youth never forgot his first shave.

THE SHATTERED VICTORY OF A FRESHMAN

I hit him with all my might.
The senior retreated with a scream;
It was a victorious fight, but ———
Alas! It was only a dream!

BOTH CORRECT!

She: "Who was Homer?"

He: "Homer isn't a who. Homer's the what that made Babe Ruth famous."

Miss K—"What is the definition of a straight line?"

McG.—"It is something that keeps on going without breaks."

Miss K.—"I want a definition of a straight line, not a Ford."

HEARD IN AN ENGLISH IV CLASS

English teacher: "Who wrote the 'Lady and the Tiger'?"

Bright boy: "Elinor Glynn."

Gene Tunney has entered the nobility class. He is known as Count XIV.

A man overtook a hurrying friend and said to him, "What's the hurry, old man?"

"I am going to the doctor's, because I don't like the looks of my wife."

"Wait, I hate the sight of mine, too."

"Child, are you lost?"

"Yes."

"Well, why don't you hold onto your mother's skirts?"

"I can't reach them."

Senior (expecting for an answer "Seniors") "Who are the wisest students in the school?"

Freshman—"The students who mind their own business."

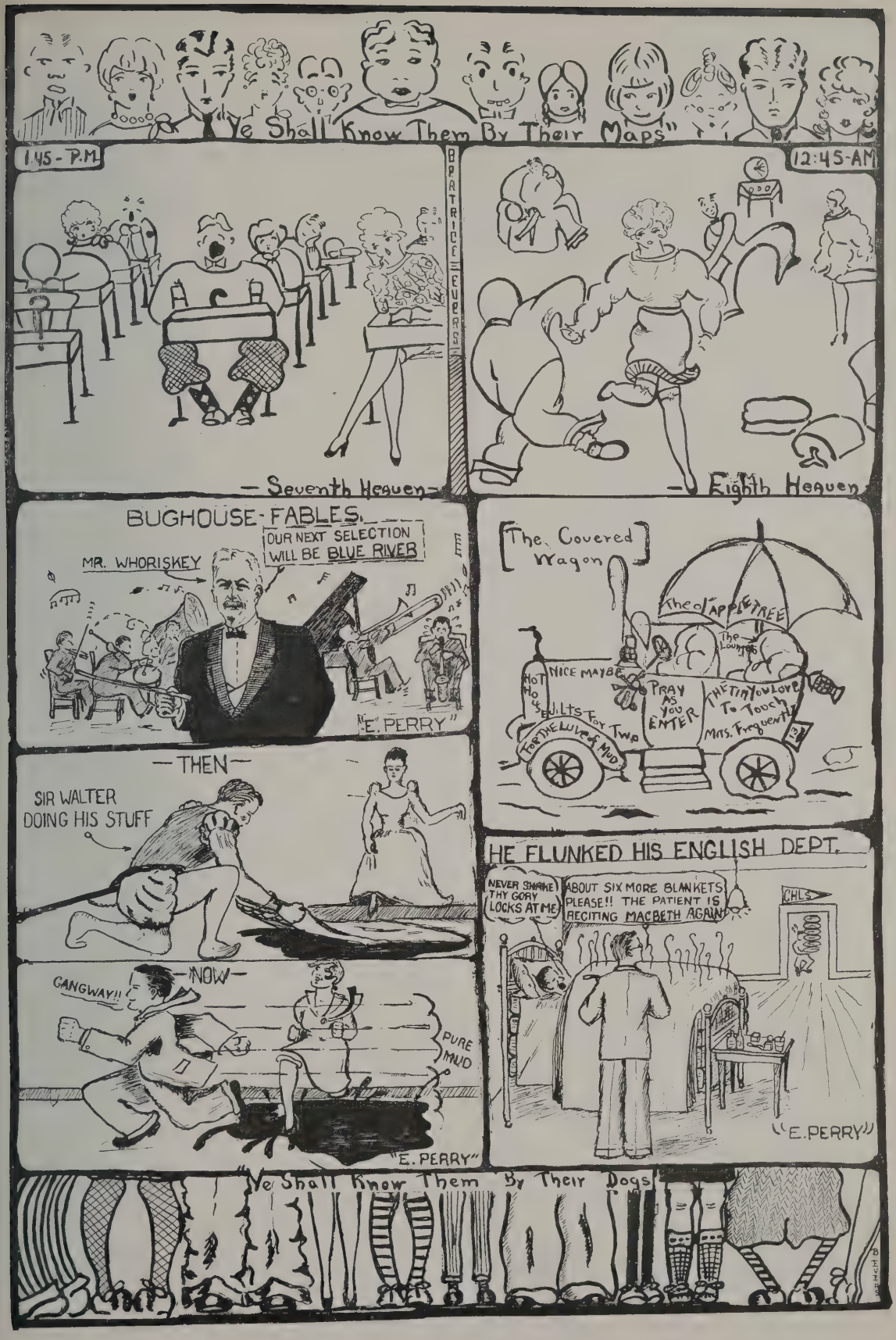
Don't calculate the quantity of juvenile poultry until the entire process of incubation has been completed.

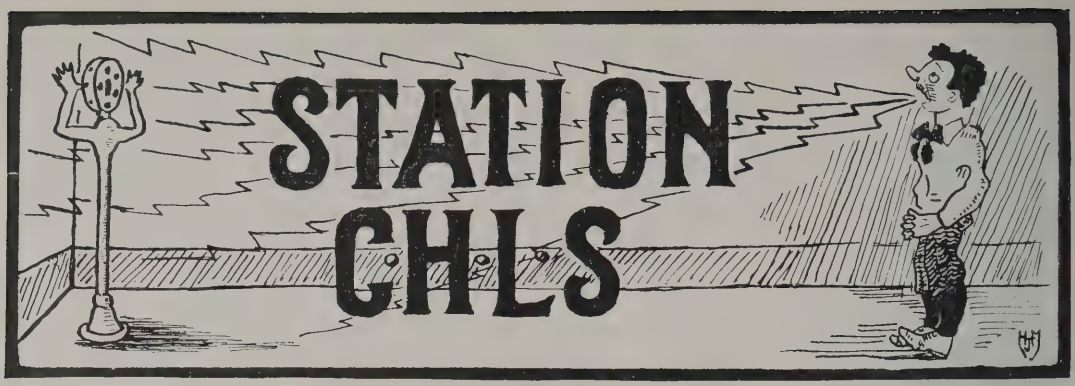
In other words—Don't count your chickens before there are hatched.

Mr. F. (Who has just caught McClane and Powers singing) "Stop that noise or I'll get Miss Murray to put you on the assembly program."

McClane, "Oh, he's just jealous."

The Class Notes Editors wish to thank heartily all contributors to their department.


"Ye Shall Know Them By Their Maps"
1.45-P.M
— Seventh Heaven —
PATRICE MUNSEL
12:45-AM
— Eighth Heaven —
BUGHOUSE-FABLES.
OUR NEXT SELECTION WILL BE BLUE RIVER
MR. WHORISKEY
"E. PERRY"
[The Covered Wagon]
The APPLE TREE
The Lounge
NICE MAYBE
HOT HOT BUILTS FOR TWO
PRAY AS YOU ENTER
THE TINY YOU LOVE TO TOUCH
MRS. FREQUENT
FOR THE WIVES OF MUD
— THEN —
SIR WALTER DOING HIS STUFF
HE FLUNKED HIS ENGLISH DEPT.
NEVER SHAKE THY GORY LOCKS AT ME
ABOUT SIX MORE BLANKETS PLEASE!! THE PATIENT IS RECITING MACBETH AGAIN
CHLS
"E. PERRY"
— NOW —
GANGWAY!!
PURE MUD
"E. PERRY"
"Ye Shall Know Them By Their Dogs"



GOOD day ladies and gentlemen of the Radio audience, and all tha sort of thing. This is Station C. H. L. S. opening its second broadcast way up on the third floor of the Cambridge High and Latin School, the only school in Cambridge sponsoring a "Review." This is Graham Crackers at the microphone.

Before commencing our 'Specials', I wish to remind you all that you must not take to heart anything that is said in these broadcasts, because the editor is not responsible for the sudden idiotic spasm that he incurs; but is simply a struggling young writer (maybe) endeavoring to do his bit for your school paper. So if you come across anything that is too foolish, or that you resent, just pass over it and in doing so say a short prayer for the writer (he needs it.) Again I entreat you, pardon what I say and keep in mind the New adage, "TO ERR IS HUMAN; TO FORGIVE MASCULINE."

I have gathered together some interesting bits of information, and am going to present them to you now if you would like (even if you don't like it they are going to be written anyway), through the courtesy of my assistant Mr. Fuller Hotaire. Allright Fuller.

How do you do, everybody? Here are the promised bits of something or other:

DO YOU KNOW

That the main trouble in Cambridge Latin is that our teachers don't recognize ability and we students don't possess it? That excludes all my close friends such as Scotchmen etc.)

That many pupils do their advertising with their leather heels?

That many girls wish that handsome men on the Track team were on their track?

That the way to look like a gallant senior is to;

1. Wear no garters (Boys)
2. Walk about with a dazed look in your eyes (Boys and Girls.)
3. Stoop forward to get that burning of the midnight oil effect. (Same as preceding.)
4. Have something cute painted on your sliker. (Ditto.)

That a miss is as good as her smile?

5. Wear a key. (Likewise.)

That the Flapper's song is "Homme sweet Homme?"

That if you do, you know a whole lot?

Well, here I am back 'Just Once Again' to amuse you or bore you (It's nothing out of my pocket, anyway.) The entertainments taking place at our beloved institution of learning have been certainly of the highest order. Although it is quite a ways back, I think that a few words should be said of the excellent Christmas program put on by the pupils of Miss Morton's Art division. She and her pupils are to be complimented highly both on the play itself, and on the order of appropriate decorations which provided a most "Chistmassy" atmosphere.

The seniors listened to a very fascinating talk, spiced with bits of humor, by Herman Field. The subject was "Schools in Switzerland", and what a contrast we see between their schools and ours. All the classes, I believe, listened to the playing of Livoti; the young Freshman violinist, of whom more is said elsewhere in this issue.

Next, I present you with a program which is (un)likely to occur on your radio any evening. (With apologies to Neal O'Hora; but don't think I'm stealing any of his cracks, because really most of this is original.)

4.00P.M. Adress. How to set the world on fire—by manager of the Blue Tip Match Co.

4.36 P. M. Questionnaire. Do P. G.'s ever really study?

4.36½ P. M. If so why?

5.00 P. M. Theatre Review.

"The Road to Rome"—Mr. Derry's Latin Class.

"Dress Parade"—Girls of C. H. L. S. (and oftentimes the boys.)

"Les Miserables"—Seventh period scholars (sound of a laugh is distinctly heard.)

"High School Hero"—If I put a name here that person would get high hat."

"The Heart of Maryland"—Madeline Navien

"The Cheer Leader"—Okie O'Connell

"Galloping Fury"—'Ready Hilliard

"Get Your Man"—This is Leap Year, girls

"Always the Woman"—And that's the truth.

5.40 P. M. Time signals and lesson reports.—By those that have their lessons prepared to those that haven't.

6.10 P. M. Question Box. What shall I think up next to amuse you people with?

7.00 P. M. How to Reduce—Take a ride with 'Sky' Benedict in his fliver.

7.45 P. M. Surgical Lecture. How to reset a misplacedy modifier.

8.50 P. M. Talk. Telephone operators seem to devote little time to their calling.

9.46 P. M. Musical numbers

"Are You Lonesome"—And your telephone number is what?

"Sunny Disposish"—Fred Hamilton

"My Idea of Heaven"—Wouldn't you like to know?

10.00 P. M. Reply to Letters. Easter falls on a Sunday htis year.

11.00 P. M. Goodnight, literally and figuratively.

I would call your attention to the work of our school orchestra. Mr. Whorisky and his musicians are to be highly complimented on the standing they have attained. The strains of new melodies have been floating through the halls recently and have been joyfully hailed. The work of the orchestra was especially notable the night of the drama. Their selections provided a great deal of background for the play. Mr. Whorisky's chief concern at the present moment, however, is the number of chairs which is being abducted from the orchestra. He will give a reward for information leading to the capture and conviction of the person or thing responsible for the abduction of his precious articles of furniture.

Graham Crackers back again and ready to turn the microphone over to Mr. Howe. Thehekaria who will broadcast the great (Knowledge Game between Rindge and Cambridge Latin. Please stand by. (or move back, I don't care.)

Well, everybody, here we are in the famous Russell Field football stadium, ready to broadcast the big game. Picture if you can (I can't) the crowed stands, the players waiting eagerly to commence, the coaches and assistants running hither and thither, to and fro, backwards and forwards, sideways—but here, there's the whistle. They're off, They're off (and so am I). Rindge kicks off with the question of what was the vote for the Mayor of Cambridge in 1776. Latin received and advanced the ball, but was stuck momentarily when they stuttered on the number of Republican votes. They finally plunged through, however, with the correct answer of 16,000. I hope you have your large and small lexicons and encyclopaedia with you; this is going to be a terrific game. They've started again. Do you hear that cheering? (I can't.) Latin wanted to know what is Nine-seventy thirds reduced to a decimal, and Rindge is penalized for taking too long a time to look up the answer, which is of course, er-er, oh never mind you figure out. Rindge gains possession of the ball in the shadow of her goal-posts, and kicks a long high one—with Name the Counties of Arizona. But stop, look, listen to that Latin man go—Abbington, Burlap, Charlesville, Jerricho,Pepperel, Rawhide, Saugus, Tarrytown—and its over! A touchdown! No! What's this it's been called back. The Latin man forgot Overshoe. That was too bad because he was going like a house on fire. Latin's ball on Rindge's fourteen yard line. It's a Fake, a fake, and the ball is over. That was wonderful. Cambridge asked the principle industry of the republic of Mauritania, and Rindge went to pieces. It isn't a republic, it's a French possession. Well that gives Latin the game, and it certainly was great; so stand by for the rest of the program.

This is your regular announcer back again. I hoped you enjoyed our broadcast of the big game. Before concluding I have here a couple of things I would like to let you see. The first is a little ditty written by the pupils of Cambridge Latin just before a marking period, and dedicated to the teachers.

Sometimes I'm happy
Sometimes I'm blue
My disposition and good times depend on you.

The second thing is advice on how to keep from flunking the mid-year Latin examinations.

1. Don't take Latin.
2. Take from a teacher who doesn't believe in mid-year exams.
3. Drop the course at the end of a month.
4. Forget the day the exam comes, and stay home.
5. Have someone take it for you.

This, Ladies and Gentlemen, concludes our broadcast for this period. We will be back with you with the next issue of the Review (with assistance from above and some more spasms). So from way up here on the third floor of Cambridge High and Latin School, with Graham Crackers at the microphone, you hear this station saying, "Good night, and please stand aside."

J. H. '28



BASKETBALL has certainly been the predominant feature of this month and will likely continue to be in the next month also.

The senior squad is as follows: Margaret Grant, g., Alice Terry, g., Margaret Sheridan, c., Eleanor Shaffer, s. c., Alice Adams, f., Anna Wettergreen, f.

The following is the Junior squad: Sally Roche, g., Florence Williams, g., Marie Hyde, g., Beatrice Evers, c., Winifred Shaffer, s. c., Blanche Wetmore, s. c., Catherine O'Hearn, f., Marjorie Lynch, f., Mary Toomey, f.

These girls were chosen for the Sophomore team: Ann Goverman g., (captain) Marjorie Parker, g., Marjorie Leighton, g., Darrell Brown c., Lillian Margosian, s. c., Mary Groden, f., Clara Flanders, f., Betty Manker, f.

The Freshman team, picked from a great many candidates, is as follows: Gertrude Dainis, g., Ruth Hibbard, g., Mildred McDonald, g., Lilla Cavanaugh, c., Virginia Dillon, s. c., Phyllis Grace, s. c., Lillian McDonald, s. c., Florence Shaffer, s. c.

Interclass Basketball Games

On December twenty-first the first game of the interclass series was played off. If was an extremely hard fought game, the seniors being victorious with ascore of 38-21. The second of the series was played on January sixth, immediately after the return from our Christmas vacation. This time the first Freshman-Sophomore game was played and the second Junior and Senior. Both the Sophomores and Seniors were successful, the former with a score of 44-4, the latter with the score 28-23. It remains now for the next Sophomore game, the Freshmen were badly routed and at the end of the last half the score stood 58-8 in favor of the sophomores. The two winning teamso played each other with the result that the Seniors won, only after much effort, with the score 28-23. It remains now for the next game to give the Seniors full right to the title of champions.

Outside Basketball Games

On Friday, the thirteenth, Arlington came to play three of our teams, the sophomore, junior, and senior. The juniors and seniors were defeated rather badly, but the Sophomores upheld our honor by carrying off a high score.

On Tuesday, the twenty-fourth of January, it is expected that the senior and junior teams will play Belmont. A bus has been engaged for the occasion.

Many more games have been scheduled for the various teams among them being, Wilmington, Wellesley, Watertown, and Waltham.

We desire to express our appreciation of the admirable support the pupils are giving the teams. Keep it up! We wish there were a great many more like you. A great deal of credit is due to Kathleen Lyon, Carol Waite, and Clara Flanders for the cheering section at the interclass games.

The Freshman Party

The Freshman party which was mentioned but briefly in the last issue was carried off very successfully, and we take this opportunity to thank all those who contributed to this success. The play, "The Show Actress", which was given under the direction of Eleanor and Winifred Shaffer, proved quite amusing. Several single acts preceded and followed the play, notable among them being a reading by Miss Harriet Johnson which was, as always, very good. Refreshments were served in the lunch room and after a few dances in the Gym the members gave cheers for the President, Miss Brown, and the Committee, and then went home, tired but happy.

The Girl Dance

The second annual affair of the Association, the Girl Dance, is to be held on the third of February in the gym from half past seven to half past ten. As members of the opposite sex are excluded, half of the girls, dressed as boys, escort their fair partners, the other half, to the dance. Fairly elaborate plans are being made for this dance and it is greatly to be hoped that it goes over well.



IN the first game of the season with Newton High, at a neutral, rink in Auburndale, the Cambridge High and Latin School hockey team was defeated, 3 to 0. The Newton icemen, captained by Frank Spain, one of the fastest players in the Greater Boston Ice Hockey league, put up about the stiffest opposition that the Cambridge players expect to cope with this year.

It was a battle between goaltenders, and Harrington the Newton goaltender deserves credit for the many spectatular stops he made. Dan Foley in the Cambridge net did not seem to have the same snap and pep that he had in games last year, but is generally admitted that Dan is slightly off form for lack of practise.

Frank Spain was easily the outstanding player on the ice, accounting for two of his team's three goals. The first goal came late in the opening period when after Spain got the puck in back of his own net, he skated around the wings and banged home a long short that slid through Foley's legs.

In the second period, Gilligan the star of the Newton C. H. L. S. football game brought the puck down as far as the Cambridge defense, and flipped it to the opposite side of the rink where his teammate Brown slipped it into the corner of the net ofr the second tally.

The third goal was given to Spain on a silver plater, he took the disc from mid ice, and after skating by a few Cantab players, took a long short at Foley who opened his legs to let the puck go by.

The summary:

Newton	Cambridge
Brown (Powers) 1.w.	r.w. White
Spain c.	c. Harlow
Bell (Fletcher) r. w.	1.w. Duggan (Curry)
Bennett (Gardner) 1.d.	r.d. Kerr
Gilligan (Sutcliffe) r.d.	1.d. Brigham
Harrington g.	g. Foley

Score—Newton 3 Cambridge 0

Goals scored by Spain 2, Brown.
Referee—Gautreau.

BOB MORRIS ELECTED CAPTAIN

AT a meeting of the letter men on Friday afternoon December 16th Robert Morris was elected to lead the Football team for the next season. Bob has been the regular full-back on the team for the past two seasons and shortly after the close of the fall sport for this year, he won the punting contest at Wellesley.

Bob was the biggest factor on the 1927 outfit, he was dependable at all times during the season and Coach Macdonald did not hesitate to use him when it was necessary at critical times. Morris is the president of his class, and is well liked by all his team-mates as the unanimous vote for the captaincy clearly shows.

Morris has done all his playing under the watchful eye of Coach Macdonald, and he is said to be by the majority of sport writers about the most promising of scholastic players at the present time.

The Cantab Captain will have his regular running mates with him next year in the persons of Reddy Hilliard and Fred Harlow, star backfield men of the past season.

SWIMMING CALLED OUT

JUST before the Christmas recess the swimming team was called out, and over thirty boys reported to Coach Waters at the Y. M. C. A. pool. The material looked good to the Coach, and he promised to give the candidates hard practise sessions twice a week in order to get the boys in condition for the hard schedule, that the team's ambitious manager (Fat Anderson) has managed to amass.

The first cut came shortly after the opening practise sessions, when each boy was timed, and those that could not swim the length of the tank which is 20 yards in less than 13 seconds flat were politely told to swim hard this coming summer and to be sure to report one year hence.

After the first cut the fastest boys on the team were chosen as the relay team, and the result of this timing was as follows: Captain George Foley, William Squires of cross-country fame, Vinny Fitzmorris, and Fat Goldenberg.

FRANKIE DAVIS and his Cantab basketeers had one of the hardest battles of the year when the team faced the Dedham High outfit at St. Mary's Gym, a few weeks ago. The Cambridge team just barely emerged victorious, as Coady shot the winning basket with but thirty seconds to play making the final score 26 to 25.

The Cambridge hoopsters were leading at half time, 17 to 10, but the Dedham playears refreshed by the rest between the halves ran their score up to 19 before the Cambridge team even warmed up.

The third period was practically all defensive basketball except for a few spurts by both teams at odd moments. Frank Davis the Cambridge star center played his usual good game, but his scoring was not up to normal. This was because Callahan the center on the Dedham team watched Davis so closely, that the Cantab ace could not hit his stride.

The summary:

WINNING TEAM

Clancy, r. f.	1	3	5
Coady, l. f.	3	4	10
Davis, c.	4	3	11
Matersevitz, r. g.	0	0	0
Katz l. g.	0	0	0
Totals	8	10	26

LOSING TEAM

White, l. g.	2	0	4
Twitchell, r. g.	1	0	2
Thompson, l. f.	1	1	3
Callahan c.	1	3	5
Hughes r. f.	5	1	11
Totals	10	5	25

Referee Wineapple

The Cambridge High and Latin School basketball team inflicted its most disastrous defeat thus far this season on the Newton five, when the Cantabs handed the Newtonites a 35 to 16 defeat on their own floor. It was an interesting game to watch, but the Cambridge team held the lead throughout and at no time was the lead seriously threatened. Incidentally, this was the fourth straight victory for the Cantab forces, and a good showing of the team at its best.

Captain Frank Davis had a rival on the floor in the person of Abe Katz, both players scored nine points for a total of 18 towards the final score. Katz has gradually been picking up in each game and before the season comes to a close there is no doubt but that he will give Capt. Davis a run for high scoring honors in almost every game.

The summary:

WINNING TEAM

Clancy, r. f.	4		8
Coady, l. f.	2	1	5
Browning			
Davis, c.	4	1	9
Matursivitch, r. g.			
Hynes			
Katz	4	1	9
Green	2		4
Totals	16	3	35

LOSING TEAM

Pearce, l. g.		1	1
Rockwood, r. g.	1		2
Swatz			
DeMille, c.	2	2	6
Rush			
Becher, l. f.	1	1	3
Payne			
Parker	2		4
Totals	6	4	16

Referee Mansfield

Time: 4 eight minute periods.

The Cambridge High and Latin School basketball team stepped out of its class to defeat the strong freshman forces from Technology in one of the earlier games of the season at the Hanger Gymnasium, to the tune of 29 to 15. The game was very fast throughout but the Latin School basketeers managed to hold the fore throughout the entire contest.

Kany, the fast right forward on the Tech. team was by far the best player on the court, although he was not able to score as consistently as he is able, when not closely guarded, he did account for three of his team's tallies.

The Techtonians came back in the second half, and for a while it looked as though the score would soon be tied, but when the smoke had cleared it wasa discovered that Frank Davis had saved the day and added four points to put his team far enough to put the game on i ce.

The summary:

WINNING TEAM

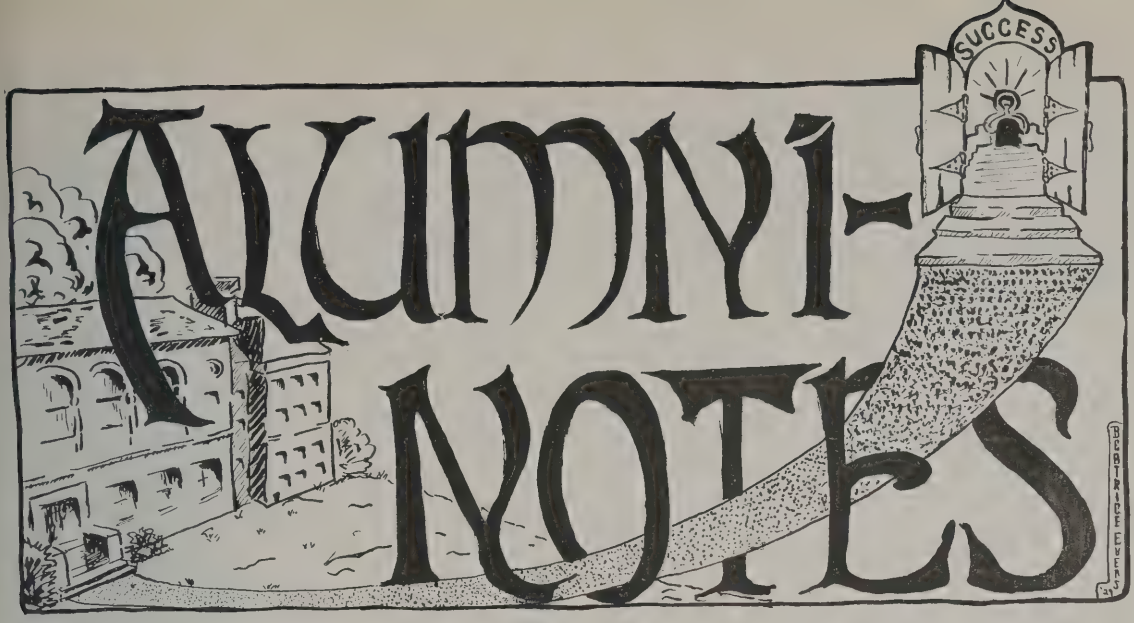
Clancy, r. f.	5	5	15
Davis, l. f.	3	1	7
Coady, c.	2		4
Green	1		2
Mutursivitch r. g.			
Hynes			
Katz		1	1
Browning			
Totals	11	7	29

LOSING TEAM

Dickinson, l. g.			
Slattery, r. g.	2		4
Motter, c.			
Kany. l. f.	3		6
Harrison	1		2
Morse	1		2
Totals	7	1	15

Referee Bannon

Time 2 eight minute period and 2 tens



1881

BENJAMIN APPLETON, who died December 31 at his home in Buffalo, was born April, 1864, in Boston, the son of the late Charles Appleton and Jane Brooks, who was a relative of Phillips Brooks. He was educated in Florence, Italy, where he lived with his brother, a Technology man. He also lived in Dresden for a short time. He was married in 1896 to Miss Miller of Buffalo who survives him. His two children, Mrs. Livingston Fryer and George Appleton, are both living.

1883

Charles Parkhill of Wellesley Hills died December 28 in the Newton Hospital following a short illness. He was born in Cambridge where he spent most of his life and where he recieved his education. He was in business with his father who was head of textbook printing concern of S. J. Parkhill Company of Boston. His wife, Mrs. Jean Stalker, daughter, and son are still living. Mr. Parkhill was a member of the Boston Athletic Association of the Corinthian Yacht Club of Marblehead.

1899

Walter Clark is a professor at the University of Chicago. This year he is at Harvard, teaching the courses in Sankskrit.

1908

Reginald Parker was married in Kingston, New York, on October 15, 1927 to Miss Sarah L. Horton.

Charles Stone is professor of Psychology at Dartmouth. At the meeting at Hotel Statler, December 3, 1927, of the New England Association of colleges and Secondary Schools, Professor Stone delivered one of the main addresses, on the scholastic apititude test.

1916

Agnes Toole, who received her training at Carney Hospital, is on the Cambridge Child Welfare Board.

Minnie Taylor is president of the Berkshire Printing Company of Boston.

Inez Tobin is now Mrs. Leroy Noyes of Memorial Drive, Cambridge.

1918

Marion Waters is engaged to Robert Marriner, also a graduate of C. H. L. S.

1922

Vivian Farrell is teaching first and second grades in Stoneham.

1923

Irene Spence is a stenographer at the Cambridge Electric Light Company.

Charlotte Goddard is a bookeeper at the Central Trust Company.

"Bob" Sweezey, class of '28 in Harvard, was in the cast of the Dramatic Club play, "The Chisholm Trail."

1924

Marion Keller is a stenographer for the Doten-Dunton Desk Company of Cambridge.

Helen Gunning is with the Elliott Addressing Company doing stenographer work.

Joseph Carney is employed as engineer and rodman at City Hall in Cambridge.

Catherine Ahern is in the firm of Harvey Wheeler Inc. of Boston as secretary and stenographer.

1925

Clyde McArdle is clerking at the Inman Trust Cambridge.

Marion Olson is clerking at the Harvard Trust Company.

D. S. Greer, Harvard '29, was a member of the

championship Alpha Sigma Phi Touch-football team.

Shirley Gregson has been appointed chairman of the committee on programs for the Radcliffe Junior Prom.

Martin Canavan is on the honor list for 1926-27 for the Sophomore class at Boston University.

1926

Alice McOdrum is private secretary to the President of the Berkshire Printing Company of Boston.

Doris Keller is doing clerical work for the Methopolitan Coal Company.

Ethel Spence is switchboard operator at E. A. Shaw Company of Boston.

Jacob Waldman is a freshman at Tufts Pre-Medical School.

Russell Williams is freshman at Boston College.

Russell Wood is a freshman at Harvard Engineering School.

Fred Meuse is at Tufts College of Liberal Arts.

Helen Jones is at Bryant and Stratton.

1927

Laura Campbell, Marie Gamester, and Eleanor Roche and freshmen at College of Practical Arts and Letters at Boston University.

Mildred Taylor and Madeline Trow are in training at the Cambridge Hospital.

Edna Fenety is attending Bryant and Stratton.

Gordon Mansfield is a freshman at Harvard.

The engagement of Harriet Lane, graduate of this school, to Clarence Rouillarad has been announced. Harriet's father is a professor of geology and minerology at Tufts. Her grandfather was the late Charles Lauriat ,well-known Boston bookseller and importer. Rouillard graduated from Bowdoin where he was member of Phi Bita Kappa and Alpha Delta Phi fraternities. He received M. A. from Harvard and is now on the faculty at Amhurst.

The following received scholarships at Harvard for the year 1927-28:

David Nathans, '30 Daniel A. Buckley Scholarship.

Alexander Mahlowitz, '29 Buckley Scholarship.

Roy Lamson, Jr., '29 Buckley Scholarship

Albert Gross, '28, Buckley Scholarship

William Greene, '28 Buckley Scholarship

John Flemming, '28, Buckley Scholarship

Robert Davis, '29 Buckley Scholarship

Arnold Borden, '28 Buckley Scholarship

Damodar Kosambi, '28, Matthew and Mary E. Bartlett Scholarship

Edwin Hodder, '28, Matthews Scholarship

Beaumont Herman, '30, George E. Lowell Scholarship

Howard Hart, '28, Bright Scholarship

Jose Cortes, '30, Henry O. and Jonothan M. Parmenter Scholarship

Franklin Anderson, '28, Borden Scholarship

By vote of Faculty of Arts and Sciences in 1914, the Committee on Admission was authorized to print each year a list of names of those who had passed their examinations with high marks. Those from this school are

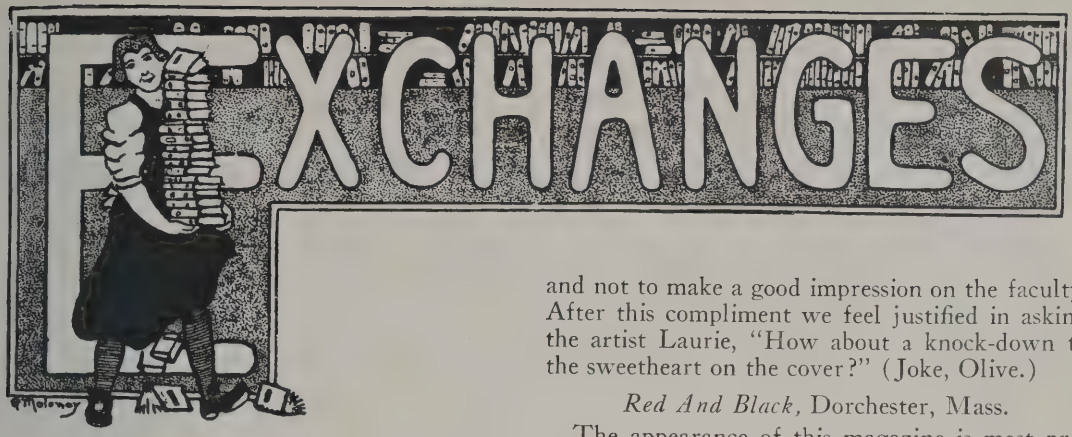
Hyde Buller
Gordon Mansfield
Peter Pertzoff

We wish to say that in the last issue it was stated that Clifford Holland graduated from this school in 1901. He graduated in 1902. Now, for the Holland Tunnel itself of which Clifford Holland was the engineer.

It is built under the Hudson River connecting Jersey City and New York. In the place where a bridge was most necessary, the river was too wide, so transportation has had to be carried on by slow ferries between New York and New Jersey. Therefore the Tunnel fills a great need for now one can motor beneath the river from Jersey City to New York in six minutes. The Tunnel is 9,250 feet long of which 5,480 feet are under the river. It is well paved. Every precaution has been taken. Policemen, who are also automobile mechanics, are stationed every few hundred feet, signal lights, fire extinguishers, fire-hoses, air-vents and other appliances are numerous. There are electric trucks stationed at each and ready to dash in and haul out any car that is disabled. A stupendous task has been done in ventilating it for not only must the auto fumes be swept out but also any of the poisonous gases which are present.

The estimated capacity is 42,000 cars a day. On the first day 52,000 cars went through with no delay or discomfort except a little delay at the entrances. The toll ranges from twenty-five cents to a dollar and a quarter. These tolls will be kept up until the Tunnel is paid for; then it will become free.





THE literary material of the *Somerville High School Radiator* consists of two articles, three short stories, and one lonely editorial. Of the two articles the "Procession in Honor of St. Sebastian" is the better Wholly descriptive, there are few chances for the banalities which almost invariably ofllow the attempts of high-school contributors at narrative or editorial masterpieces. The short stories are wholly useless, forced as they are, and so utterly boring as to put the type-setters to sleep.

The Exchange department (Miss Olive MacPherson) waxes indignant over the contrasting, in this column, of the *Cambridge Review* with our "'infinitely superior' home-city paper" i. e. *The Haskellog,* Cambridge Haskell School. My dear Olive, if it *were* our practice to give other than our honest valuation of magazines received, we should most certainly seize the opportunity of panning the "home-town" papers—it looks well. And although we DO have several charming acquaintances at the school in question, and think their dances are awfully jolly, our opinion of the *Haskellog* was absolutely unbiased. That magazine, as you will no doubt appreciate after having looked it over, is deserving of all the praise that can be accorded to it, especially if taken in contrast with almost any other periodical in this vicinity. Perhaps even the eminent *Somerville Radiator* might find inspiration therein.....

The *Red and White,* Rochester, N. H.

Red and White is a curious mixture of fairly good and pretty poor; this applying particularly to the poetry. The literary department is fair, one story being at least unique because of a profanity reminiscent of the marvelous vocabulary employed by Captain Flagg of "What Price Glory" fame.

Criterion, Paterson, N. J.

The *Criterion* exactly typifies the spirit of a modern high school . Everythin in it is convincing because the students write as they feel, and not to make a good impression on the faculty. After this compliment we feel justified in asking the artist Laurie, "How about a knock-down to the sweetheart on the cover?" (Joke, Olive.)

Red And Black, Dorchester, Mass.

The appearance of this magazine is most prepossessing at the start; a neat cover design and frontispiece, and the arrangement throughout could scarcely be improved upon. The school evidently has no end of artistic talent for we noticed four distinct names on cartoons and designs. In the average school paper, this feature is either neglected entirely or, which is much more unpleasant for its readers, is so poorly executed as to be decidedly offensive. That is perhaps why we were so delighted with Frank Kelley's amusing sketches and R. I. Dummell's Christmas pen and ink fantasia.

Modern terprichore as seen through the eyes or the *Spectator.*

Modern Dancing

Modern dancing is acknowledged by all to be most graceful and even elevating. Those who declare it "simply disgusting" are sadly misinformed. They should have visited the classes held in the gymnasium, which proved that the youths of today are very serious minded, high thinking magnanimous savants of the future. They observe all the rules of social dancing and common etiquette. They follow the example of of those of good taste—ignoring those whose pecularities are termed "latest style." The ladies in our hall always have with them that congenial atmosphere, maintaining at the same time, a dignity that shields them from insult and undue familiarity. They never refuse a gentleman a dance when he asks them. And the gentlemen, too, are most polite. They never leave their partners abruptly in the middle of the floor, when the "music" has stopped; nor do they gather in groups to exchange opinions of their partners' sciatics.* Neither the ladies nor the gentlemen have their mouths cluttered up with that which "aids digestion, strengthens the jaws, and cultivates patience and self-denial."

Of course there always exist some old-fashioned people, especially parents and teachers, who will condemn dancing "just because."

**Sciatic,* pertaining to, or affecting, the hip.—Webster.

The REVIEW gratefully acknowledges the following:

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Zonian—Balboa, Canal Zone
*Reviewed in this issue.



THE LOVE TRAIL — *Continued*

of course we've seen young Jack. Hasn't he been pestering us for hours to break a trail for you? He's at my house now."

"At your house?" I asked, falteringly, and then —"He didn't start?" and that was all I knew until I opened my eyes some time later.

A face bent over me, and a voice murmured, "Dad—you've forgiven me!"

"Thank Pierre for that, son." I smiled, blessing Lemot for his clever ruse.

The night came, clear and crystal. The sun sent its dying rays over the earth, transforming it into a fairy-land of golds and crimsons on a white pearl background. A purple robe covered Mt. Aksala with rich deep shadows, and the tiny hill locks cast their blue-gray reflection to break the monotony of the flat white plains. As the beauty slowly died away, I turned toward my tiny house, —a home now, for there dwelt love.

WILHELMINA M. CROWLEY, '29





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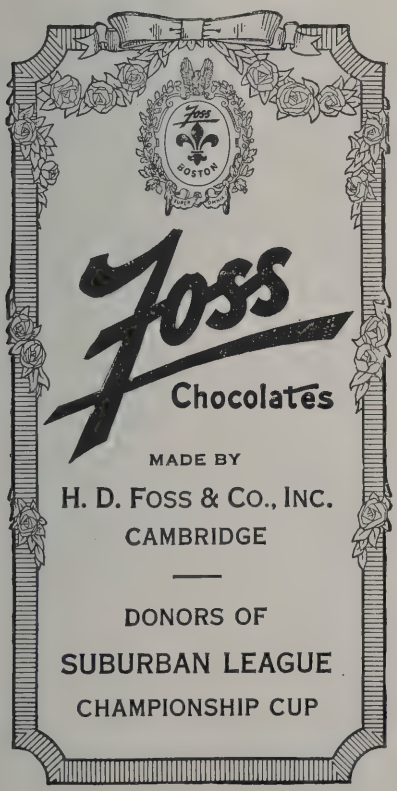
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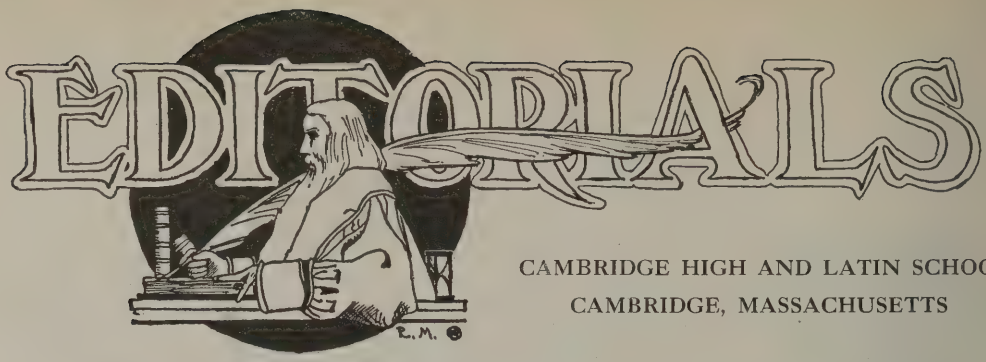
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CONVENTION OF COLUMBIA SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION

THE fourth annual convention of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association, at which the "Review" was represented by its editor, was held March 9th and 10th in New York City. During the four years of the existence of this association, attendance at the annual convention has increased from about 300 delegates representing 10 states in 1925 to 1150 representing 23 states in 1928. The purpose of the convention is to bring together the members of the association, to discuss the problems encountered by them in amateur journalism, to consider methods of improving the publications, and finally to show them how the wheels run in professional journalism. Leaders of those who have made journalism their life work impart to the delegates their opinions and advice. They discuss the problems both from the professional and amateur viewpoint. A noteworthy feature which enables one to compare one's own journalistic efforts with those of other schools is the exhibit of all the better magazines entered in the association's contest. On long tables, they are layed out, classified according to the size and type of school (Junior, Senior High, and Normal School) and then subdivided into three groups representative of the relative merit of the publicatons. The "Review" was on the lower end of those that were awarded fourth place in Senior High Schools of more than 1,000 pupils. Let us hope that in the future it will be nearer the top.

The program greatly condensed was as follows:

Morning Session—Friday, March 9

Welcome, Dean Hawkes, Columbia College.

Address, Dr. John H. Finley, New York Times.

Convention Picture, Library Steps.

Exhibit of School Publications, Earl Hall.

Bus Excursion to Mergenthaler Linotype plant in Brooklyn.

Afternoon Session

English and American Newspapers, Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe, Associate Editor, The New Statesman, London, England.

The School paper and School Publicity, Dr. R. K. Reynolds, Provost of Teachers College.

Editorials in School Papers, Miss Margorie Sawyer, Harding High School, Woodlawn, Pa.

Problems of a Magazine Editor, Mrs. Wm. Brown Meloney, Editor, New York Herald-Tribune Magazine.

The Magazine Article, Professor Donald Clark, Columbia University.

Editing a News Magazine, Mr. B. P. Adams, The Literary Digest.

How We Handle the Foreign News, Mr. Richard Duffy, Foreign Editor, The Literary Digest.

Linoleum Block Printing, Dr. Arthur Dean, National Arts Club, representing The American Type Founders Company.

General Layout and Headline Makeup, Mr. Endicott Rich, News Editor, Herald-Tribune.

The Short Story, Dr. Dorothy Scarborough, Professor of English, Columbia University.

The Making of a Great Newspaper, The New York Times, McMillin Theatre, Moving Pictures.

Open House at The New York Herald-Tribune Plant, 225 West 40th Street.

Morning Session — Saturday, March 10

Determining Editorial Policies, Mr. Arthur S. Draper, Assistant Editor, New York Herald-Tribune.

School Journalism, Dr. Arthur Dean, National Arts Club, representing American Type Founders Company.

The Reporter and the Interview, Mr. Stanley Walker, City Editor, New York Herald-Tribune.

How to Sell Advertising, Capt. William Haskell, New York Herald-Tribune.

Business Meeting.

Afternoon Session

Luncheon. Mecca Temple. Speaker, Mr. Biddle, President of the United Press Association.

Varsity Show, "Zuleika," Waldorf Astoria Ballroom.

There were many other speakers not recorded here because of the lack of space. Doubtless, the convention was a great success, possibly a great event in amateur journalism. But why in heaven's name did some of the schools send youngsters who did their level best to show that they had no interest there except to try to be "funny" and to disturb the convention? We hardly believe that all the students of such schools are as irresponsible as those that represented them.

But aside from that minor instance, this gathering of 1150 students showed to the journalistic America, that the youth of today will be well fitted for the responsible task of carrying on the American press in years to come. Mr. Biddle stated that journalistic work in high school was the best kind of practice for a newspaper career. He said in part: "Newspapers, today, have to consider the tastes of young people when they make up their issues, although ten or fifteen years ago youth was given practically no consideration." Ideals, he believed, were higher now than before. Public demand is forcing cleaner and more decent news. "This condition has come about largely by reason of the influence of young people. This generation is the best we ever had. One young man, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, raised the tone of journalism 25 per cent by his flights to Europe and Mexico and Central America; and that is the effort of only one clean-minded American boy."

Many of the speakers reminded us that in our high school magazine we should seek to interpret the public school spirit to the individual community. Thus, all material should be original, expressing the student's attitude, and not the literary conceptions of certain teachers. Dr. Dean remarked that "there ought to be no censorship at all, except on one point—common decency."

The question as to whether a school magazine is ever justified in using "boiler plate" or syndicated feature material was brought up. If such material, written by professional writers, is inserted into a scholastic magazine, doesn't it contradict the very purpose of the publication, of being the house organ of the school, of being the expression of the school itself? Why have a school magazine if it is written by outsiders?

The editor is glad that despite the use of syndicate material in some publications, the Review has never been tempted to do so. There is an opportunity for originality not only in the literary department but also in the artistic line. Attractive headings, illustrations, and initial letters, all of which can be made by art students on linoleum blocks, greatly improve the looks of the magazine. Yet the pages should not be gaudy, but should be characteristic of the dignity of simplicity. "I think that the editorial page is the most neglected page in high school papers," said Miss Sawyer. This statement applies both to writer and reader. But the fault lies with the writer. It is for him to make the editorials worth reading. Miss Sawyer suggested three classes of editorials that she would expect a school magazine to have in its editorial columns. First, there is the timely editorial including school news, exceptional national news or especial days; secondly, the informal editorial such as the humorous, satirical essay; and lastly, the formal editorial such as reviews or editorials on art, science, literature, and nature. Dr. Dean criticized the use of complimentary "ads", for such "is an insult to both the school paper and the advertiser, because it means that neither has anything to sell". He suggested that advertisements first be made up artistically with the aid of the art department, and then only be offered to individuals.

Applying to the Review observations made at the convention, the editor would proffer a few suggestions which he believes would be helpful for the future. After inspection of other publications the editor feels first that our financial means are entirely inadequate, and secondly, that we do not make the best possible use of these very limited funds. Proper development of the Review so as to make it really worth while is not possible under present conditions. By results of two of this year's issues and by results obtained in other school publications, it is evident that a slight increase in subscription price such as to one dollar, which would even be lower than the average rate in other schools, would be well warranted.

The second weakness in the Review is primarily due to the manner of organization of the staff, secondly to the lack of coordination between the Review and the different departments.

Yearly, the new staff, ignorant of the problems suddenly confronting it, is not capable of carrying on the work of the previous group with any degree of efficiency. Thus, every year the Review suffers a set back to start out with instead of progressing from the point left off. On the other hand, some of the new members may not be suited for the task. But this is discovered too late.

This situation may be corrected by a graduating system. That is, the staff should be made up of equal groups of upper and lower classmen. The lower classmen are appointed as assistants with the idea that when the staff changes, they may, if they have been satisfactory workers, be advanced to the leading places in the Fall. At the same time with these promotions, new members are added from the Sophomore or Junior classes to fill the vacancies. Thus, the faculty advisor has an opportunity to know from experience who are fit for the respective positions. Then, also those at the head of the staff are acquainted with their duties from their past work. Such a staff should be an efficient working organization.

The editor in concluding, hopes that these suggestions may be of value in the future to the Review.

H. H. F.

ASSEMBLIES

SINCE the last issue there have been several notable assemblies. The most important, at least to the feminine mind, was the one in which there was presented a fashion show given through the courtesy of Jordan Marsh Company. Not only did Jordan's provide the costumes but also sent out a woman who explained the "why" and the "wherefore" of each costume. The boys were excluded from the assembly, much to their chagrin, and the girls are as one on the fact that they certainly missed a great deal, for, after boys, the most important matter in a girl's life is clothes.

Ten fortunate girls of our own school: Harriet Johnson, Gertrude Doyle, Leslie Adams, Dorothea Butcher, Gertrude Wolf, Katherine O'Hearn, Igeborg Lofgren, Louise Riley, Grace Mills, Mary Spurrell, were the wearers of the various stunning outfits. The exhibit began with a riding habit worn by Gertrude Doyle. Then came in quick succession, too quick for our entire comprehension of details, morning sport outfits, suits, ensembles, sport and dress coats, afternoon dresses, and evening gowns.

Though a majority of the costumes were, sensibly, sport wear, the more fancy, I think cling in our memory. There was a two-piece frock worn by Leslie Adams. We all recall no doubt the bow in front and the beautiful color which is *the* shade of the season.

The climax of the show occurred when Gertrude Doyle stepped onto the stage in a white tulle creation. To describe it were impossible; but there is no need, for not a girl who saw it *could* forget it.

The models looked charming in whatever costumes they wore; and we have no doubt but that they derived a great deal of pleasure from their participation in the fashion show. C. B.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

On the twenty-first of February, a George Washington Program was presented to the Junior Class and to as many Seniors as could be crowded into the Assembly Hall. Sailor Ryan addressed us with such a speech as perhaps we had never heard before. His eloquence was sincere and true. He held his listeners spell bound through a talk that could not be called short. But when he had finished, I doubt if there was one who did not regret that there was no more. He aroused sentiments of patriotism that we did not know we possessed. He held us by the force of his personality, his clever phrasing, his passion for his country. May we often again listen to such speakers who come with a purpose, who speak with a purpose, and not merely to entertain or to perform.

C. B.

A GLIMPSE OF ANY BUSINESS OFFICE

OUR last assembly was interesting and unique in that the program was presented by pupils of the secretarial course. It was a scene in a business office, very entertaining, very cleverly done. Indeed, the smoothness of its presentation denoted much care in its preparation.

The following is a list of the characters:

Office Boy Tommy Ryan
Employees Dorothea Butcher, Agnes McLardie, Dorothy Bradshaw, Marjorie Vaughan, Estelle McCormick, Virginia Garabedian, and Katherine Leahy.
Office Manager Edward Grace
Office Assistant Gertrude Wolf
First Applicant Iris White
Second Applicant Mary Kiley
Third Applicant Louise Taylor

It was well that the little sketch was given, for it initiated some of us, for the first time, into the mysteries of business, and of the contrivances used in a modern office, which, may I add, appalled us somewhat. C. B.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

THAT a system has been established at Geneva which guarantees a greater protection than ever before to the peoples of this earth—this was the message of Mrs. Lewis Jerome Johnson brought to the Seniors on March 29. The system in which fifty-five nations, seven-eighths of the world's total population, have placed their faith for future world peace is the *League of Nations*. Isn't it wonderful to realize that all these nations, many of them enemies but eight years ago, have gathered together under one roof with the determination that misunderstanding, ignorance and useless bloodshed shall be no more? Mrs. Johnson gave us a vivid picture of the harmonious, brotherly atmosphere at Geneva on the eve of Germany's entrance into the League in 1926. Would that we students could hear more often about this important subject! Why not forget strife? We have surely had enough of it. Our speakers should, as in this case, guide us to look forward, not backward.

H. H. F.

ARCHITECTURE

The echoing symphony hall and the silent art gallery bear evidence of man's yearning for music and for art. But we need not seek so far for such pleasure. There is the enjoyment of our own surroundings. There is an infinite source of pleasure so closely interwoven with our daily lives that we very often are influenced by it unconsciously, — the art of architecture. This noble art has given us a home, a place of worship, a community, and a city. It causes us to go about our duties and work with vague gladness. A building may arouse certain emotional tones by its massive solemnity or slender gaiety. Just as there is an atmosphere of rest and sacredness among the slender, heaven-seeking arches of Notre Dame, so there is a peacefulness, a feeling of learning in the vaulted chambers of the Boston Public Library. On the other hand we are awed by the power suggested in the ever narrowing pile that forms our skyscraper. Architecture includes all of humanity. For it is a double art, an art of service and of beauty. Thus, these two seemingly opposed elements are brought together. This was recognized as early as the first century by a Roman Architect who defined the three necessary qualities of good architecture as stability, utility, and beauty. It is a science as well as an art. An architect must be an engineer as well as a dreamer. His masterpieces must be both practical and attractive, both scientific and artistic.

Architecture is distinctly an expression of the time's religion, and of its political and economic theories. The massive pagan temples of Greece and Rome gave way to the slender Gothic cathedrals of the Christian era. The towering feudal castles of yesterday have been replaced by the all dwarfing skyscrapers of today. Building methods and materials have also brought about great changes. The massive angularity of the structures of Egypt and Greece was partly due to the fact that they were hewn out of stone. The buildings of Rome and of the middle ages gained much of their flexibility by the use of masonry which was unknown to the earlier civilizations. Wood gave another type of building. It introduced frame construction. This lead to the Colonial type of house. From that point, the transition to steel has brought about the significant architectural development in America. This brings us back again to the skyscraper of today, the greatest monument of Democracy and industrialism. In watching the development of this emerging phase of architecture, let us remember that buildings need not follow set "styles" in order to be great, noble examples of architecture. We do not need to borrow the robes of the past, but are seeking to cut new ones to our own measure.

Look at the buildings you pass every day. Do they appeal to you, satisfy you? Look at your own home. Is it comfortable, homelike, beautiful?

From such observations, the study of architecture may become one of your most enjoyable daily hobbies.

Our frontispiece represents the Lincoln Memorial at Washington, designed and built by Henry Bacon. It took ten years to build this massive structure with its Doric columns on the outside and its Ionic columns on the inside. It contains one great memorial hall in which the almost living statue of Lincoln by D. C. French (the sculptor of the monument reproduced in the February issue) forms a fitting shrine for this beloved American.

Chief Justice Taft, in his address on the occasion of the dedication of the memorial said in part:

. . . "And now the ideal of these great American artists has found expression in the memorial as you see it. It is a magnificent gem set in a lovely valley between the hills, commanding them by its isolation and its entrancing beauty, an emblem of the purity of the best period of the Greek art in the simple Doric, the culmination of the highest art of which America is capable, and therefore fit to commemorate a people's love for the Nation's savior and its great leader.

"Here, on the banks of the Potomac, the boundary between the two sections whose conflict made the burden, passion, and triumph of his life, it is peculiarly appropriate that it should stand."

H. H. F.



FROM A DIARY

RECENTLY, one of our C. H. L. S. girls, a graduate of the class of 1925, had the exceptional experience of traveling through the interior of China where there are very few white women. During her visit she wrote an interesting diary in which are many unusual facts concerning this land of the Orient. In stories one reads of its mysticisms, its beauty, its vile dens even, but one never reads of the dirt of the place. My chief impression after reading the diary was one of filth, horrid, disgusting, unbelievable filth!

We quote:

"I am beginning to feel that I really am in China now. There is nothing more typical of Chinese life than what we saw from our rikshas, when riding through the extremely narrow, badly kept streets on our way out to the Presbyterian Mission and to the Yale Hospital. Changsha is a native city without any foreign concessions, and so it most typical of *real* China, of Chinese city and street life. Jogging along in my riksha, in danger of being tipped over any minute, I got a good insight into street conditions. The one story houses that press one upon the other on both sides of the street are open in front, giving a free view into the secrets of family life. Mothers squat on the door steps, nursing their babes. Filthy children, with loathsome head diseases, bristling, mangy dogs, squealing pig families, and half plucked geese and hens, some packed in crates or tiny cages, most however, free, grovel in the mud at the road side. One rides down an alley of long, swinging sheets of blue cloth covered with large gold, white, or black characters and strung from the houses on one side to those on the other. Food, swarming with flies, is sold in the open. Meat and fish are hung from rods, just low enough for dogs to get a lick at. Dodging in and out of a stream of people, limp the water carriers and coolies, bearing heavy tree trunks or tremendous loads of stone and sand hung from bamboo rods which are balanced on the naked flesh of their shoulders. They groan, cough, spit, and mingle their hoarse cry with the shouts of the chairbearers and the incessant, almost maddening squeal of the laden wheel-barrows. I don't know what is worst, the smells, the sounds, or the sights. The heat, too, is frightful, and the poignant odor of rotting vegetables and meat, and of the perspiration of workers, mixed with everything else, is enough to make one perfectly sick."

The Chinese manner of living is very primitive. The natives seem to desire nothing better than an existence of laziness and a sufficiency of rice.

"Unappetizing brown and green buns and tea in dirty bowls were handed round. Constantly they seemed engaged, squatting around the common rice pot, in stuffing themselves with rice. They eat rice for every meal, shovel it in by the ton until their stomachs are inflated. If they can have rice three times a day, washed down, perhaps, by a gulp of tea, they consider themselves quite well off."

The wealth and class of any Chinese family is determined, so it seems, by the number of bowls it uses at a feast.

"I believe I just stopped short, in my last letter, at our Chinese feast. This was not perfect, since we did not have the high, carved chairs to sit on, or a stone or mud floor to throw bones or undesired food onto for the chicken, pigs dogs, and cats to fight over. No cloth or doilies were on the table. Each had his own bowl of steaming, white rice, standing in a plate, and a pair of wooden chop sticks, carved at their upper extremities. Down the middle of the table were, in double row, six big bowls with an assortment of all the queer foods the Chinese delight in. Poor families generally do not have more than two, one for fish or something done with meat, the other for some greens. In rich families four and six are common. At big feasts, they have as many as twenty, following one another, just for a taste of each.

"Now comes the fun! Mr. B. is a professional "zong keech fan"—Chinese food eater. He never takes a spoon to serve himself from the bowls in the center, but reaches way across every other dish and grabs between his chop-sticks some delicate bean sprouts, a chicken wing dripping with gravy, an egg roll a kind of omelet ball, rolled around hash, and, en route from dish to his bowl, he never spills a scrap unless it is some drops of juice or gravy. The rice alone is almost taste-

less. One has to fill up one's bowl with a spoonful from each dish, with lots of gravy before one can go ahead and really enjoy what one is eating. It is not easy, I assure you, to handle chop-sticks in the right way. That first meal, I had, finally to resort to a Chinese, ship-shaped-china spoon to scoop up the remainder of my rice and gravy. The right way to do when you get near the end and simply have some rice floating around in gravy, is to hold the bowl up to the mouth, and, from one side of the bowl, shovel the last scraps of rice in and drink the gravy. It is far from refined eating. Mr. B. gave us a demonstration of real Chinese dining, spitting bones and other stuff onto the floor and growling and grunting as the Chinese do."

The author gives us an intimate glimpse of a Sunday morning service in a church set up and supported by the natives.

"We reached the settlement somewhat after eleven; but the service had not yet begun since they had no fixed time for it, beginning whenever the attendance is large enough. Quite a number of people were there already, the men being entertained in a private room on the one side of the front of the church, — there where an altar would be—, women, carrying their babies, and the other children swallowing cups of tea in the bedroom and kitchen on the opposite side. There are four aisles of benches, the men occupying the two aisles to the left as you come in, the women and children those to the right. A low pulpit stands to the left. In front there is nothing excepting a long scroll with Chinese characters and a picture of Christ's crucifixion.

After a good deal of waiting around, the men talking and laughing, the women much interested in the two "moi queh" ladies—American ladies —and jabbering our heads off in Chinese, and we looking very attentive and putting in a "si di" —yes—or a "to se"—thank you—at every pause, the gathering, finally, settled down on the benches. At twelve, about, a dinner bell was madly rung; service began. We prayed standing; we sang sitting. The evangelist preached; we mumbled an "aaam"—Amen—whenever he took breath. Flies swarmed everywhere, settled on the mangy head, covered with excema, of the little fellow in the row in front of me, ran up and down the noses of babes sleeping on mothers' breasts, skated on the shiny bald head of an aged, aged woman. Mothers, anxious to keep their kids asleep, waved towels back and forth over their babies faces, slapped mosquitoes, rocked or hummed their infants to sleep. Children grew restless, tumbled about between the benchs, were fished back by their mothers, whacked till they filled the church with a howl, and then smothered under clothing to stifle the noise. I was just admiring the religious attention of a young woman with a most Madonna-like face, when she turned to a fidgeting little boy at her side, gave him a dreadful whack on the head, and immediately resumed her position of dèepest attention and most saint-like expression. One child fell with an awful crack from the bench on to the stone floor and for a moment the church was all howls. A dog came strolling down the central aisle several times. Luckily, the step at the door is made too high for pigs conveniently to get over, or we would have had whole pig families straying in and nosing and grunting around the priest's slippers. Whenever a child feels thirsty or bored, it trots off to the kitchen and comes back with a cup of tea. No family could be more informal than this congregation listening to the words of God.

The author of the diary laments some of the customs of the Chinese. She seems to have experienced the "squeezing."

"Men and women, both in black or blue pants and the same type of jacket, could not be told apart from the distance, were it not for the women's ungainly, stiff, and jerky way of walking, due to her bound feet. This binding of the feet is one of the most brutal institutions. True, among the more enlightened families, the children's feet are no longer ill-treated in this manner, but the older women's feet have become so deformed that to undo them would cause more agony than it does to remain in their present crippled state.

"The belief is that no man will ever marry a girl whose feet are not bound, —tiny feet in tiddle-toddle, pointed slippers being the greatest charm of Chinese womanhood. But in time this custom will go out of fashion as others have.

"Take for instance, the custom of wearing a cue. Before the Manchu rebellion, it was a sign of distinction, of patriotism, of adherence to the deep-rooted beliefs of their ancestors. After the rebellion, the cue wearer was considered a traitor. But so deeply implanted was the custom that it could not be dropped so suddenly. The cue was cut off, it is true, but kept and, in many cases, sewn on to a cap which the native surreptitiously wore when in his own home. This custom certainly was not as evil as foot-binding, but had its objections and was, no doubt, a dreadful nuisance, for it must have interfered with one's work. Only the coolie was allowed to wind it around his head, as he now does his turban; while those of higher position might, if it was very much in their way, stuff it under their waist belt if they had one. The chief difficulty was with the sick in hospitals. It was almost impossible to persuade a man to part with his cue, even if he had serious wounds on his head and the alternative was bleeding to death.

"There are more pernicious customs than

this, which must ultimately be done away with, if this country is ever to enjoy peace within itself and recognition from without. The worst, I think, is that system of "squeeze" that forms part of the routine existence from the meanest coolie up to the highest government official. The cook takes a liberal squeeze from the money he gets for buying food. The curio man gets his. The official takes what and from where he wishes. Should he take a fancy for a picture or some article in a poor man's house, he comfortably walks off with it, sells it, and brings back, if he is an *honest* man, one third or one fourth of the money he got for it. He will tax what he wants and fine whom he wants. Why shouldn't he? He gets no regular salary, and, besides, there is no one to punish him. The judges are no better. The side from which they can get the best squeeze wins. Not the merit of the evidence but the sum of money the man can pay decides whether or not he is to be hanged. And the soldiers! Where they have passed, the country is ravaged, the people are looted and penniless. In some provinces they compel the poor to grow opium, which they then sell in another province. One trick they are especially fond of playing on the poor and defenceless: they hide a little opium in their sleeve when they go to inspect a family. Then, while the people assure them that they are hiding away no opium, a soldier pulls open a drawer, smuggles the bit into it, and the innocent family is highly fined for keeping opium in the house.

"The entire moral system of the Chinese seems "topsy-turvy" to us, but to them a lie is not wrong if it is said to "save face." A Chinaman's conscience can bear any amount of lying, squeezing, and looting, but not to "lose face." And that is why you can trust a coolie to carry a box of money any distance, because, should anything happen to it, he, being especially responsible for it would "lose face", that is, he would be commiting the greatest crime and lose all self-respect."

While the author must have hated certain things about this land, yet it exerted over her that inexplicable magic known as "the spell of the East." She grew to love it as one can see from the following beautiful bit of description.

"My first solitary hike was to an old pagoda on top of a hill beyond the college. It was after a rainy day; I slithered and slipped around in the red, mushy clay of the tiny, winding paths. The pagoda loomed up black against the sunset sky....On this day, I had made up my mind to reach the pagoda, though the hill it tops is one mass of graves and I could not tell whether I was walking over the resting places of the dead or on solid ground. It is lovely up there by the weather-worn, crumbling pagoda, with trees growing from its cracks and the wind whispering in melancholy low tones around it, like voices of yearning souls. No living creatures were there, only those silent red mounds, covered with brambles, remembered by no one but Nature. And far and wide the hills, crowned with stripped pine trees wearing only a tuft of green on top, like a lion's tail, are covered with these red graves. Tremendous this cemetery is, theatening to strangle and bury the tiny thatched huts hiding under large camphor trees and bamboos that look like overgrown ferns, —so light feathery, and flexible they are."

Edited by C. B.

THE MINISTER'S TALE

THE black clouds rose up with the dawn
And how the winds did blow!
The roaring ocean seemed to warn,
"Look to your seams below!"
The mainsail fell, but on we drove;
Through towering, angered waves we clove.

And when the foaming white sea dragged
Our swinging boats abaft,
And roaring, wailing wind beragged
The sails, we madly laughed.
Dim through the tempest's roar—a bell!
Man's guardian of the gates of Hell!

The wheelsman could not change the course;
We plunged and dove and rolled.
Until — we groaned — 'twas Black Remorse
Whose warning turned us cold!
A great wave raised us to its crest
Then dropped us hard to Blackie's breast.

A cold sun woke me late next day
And found me on the shore.
The sea had dashed its strength away
Had lost its vicious roar
But by the broken hulk I knew
That I was saved of all the crew.

In days that followed on that coast
Of northern Labrador
I wandered — pensive — thinking most
"Why should He *me* restore?"
The answer came — I understood,
And since, I've spread His word of good.

CASIMIR HARRIS, '28.

CHARLES DUANE RICE: ICONOCLAST-DESTRUCTIVE CRITIC

I, BEING but a lowly slave to the College Examination Board, have always regarded the genius of my time with awe, an awe in which unwarranted envy predominates. It seems incredible that so great a savant, a philosopher if you will, maintains his venerable person in our midst, unknown to most of us, and at least not recipient of the veneration of which he is deserving. Perhaps these existing conditions account for the flood of pride and gratification which filled my heart when our debonair editor-in-chief assigned this interview to *me,* a wretched student of third year French. An hour with the great Charles Rice!

When the long anticipated day finally arrived, it was with a great amount of care that I arranged my tie, and smoothed the wrinkles from my much abused 'college' hat. The tie was of an ultra-futuristic design; the hat in a condition which has often been copied but never duplicated. All this was supposed to produce a psychological effect on my idol. After several futile attempts, I succeeded in mounting the steps of Felton Hall, within whose gloomy recesses Mr. Rice maintains a studio. I rapped gingerly on a door embellished with the scholar's name, only to discover that the door was of steel construction, and that my knuckles were skinned. In due course of time I was admitted into the sacred chamber. With characteristic humor and good taste (respectively), Mr. Rice had chosen Harry Dolan as office boy, while Rosie Senders was presiding over the mysteries of a desk littered with censored magazines. Fastened to the wall just above this desk, was a huge 'red' banner on which the following inscription was plainly visible: "Audentes Fortuna Iuvat", which translated into colloquial English means: "Even if there are no bones in ice-cream, that is no reason why you should stop for a red traffic signal." Mr. Rice was surely a model zealot of personal freedom. My arrival did not affect Miss Senders even so much as to make her lose one beat of her gum-chewing rhythm.

Evidently the next move was mine; with this thought in mind I boldly opened a likely-looking door, and moved forward only to find myself engulfed within the depths of an immense clothes hangar. There must be some mistake. When I had recovered my equilibrium, I tried the other door, and this time success was mine, for there was Mr. Charles D. Rice, arms bare, hair disheveled, his countenance dripping with perspiration, vigorously ripping the wall-paper from the wall. As it was later explained to me, this was a part of his program of destructive criticism. For a time he did not notice me.

Seeking to break the social ice by the approved method, I said, "Are you quite well?"

He turned and stared; then he spoke. "Yes, I am quite well."

"And your family?" I queried.

During some few minutes a contumelious* snicker was his only response. At length he continued dreamily: "I have no family. I was disillusioned at a tender age. While a Freshman in Latin School, I, using an assumed name, inserted an advertisement in a matrimonial weekly . . . One of the replies was from Hannah, my fiancee. 'Women are all alike . . liars, hags, cheats!' " Here it was with great difficulty that I prevented him from reading various scenes from "Barbara Frietchie".

"That banner in the outer room aroused my curiosity," said I, again taking the initiative.

"That banner," he said, a fiendish glow appearing in his blue eyes, "embodies the fundamental principles of genuine democracy. It was given me by a Bohemian night club proprietor."

This last undoubtedly explained the significance of the steel outer door.

"What campaigns are you carrying on at present?" I asked in my most gushing manner.

This topic apparently pleased him, for his eyes took on new warmth.

"I am engaged in several," he said, "the chief of which is against the calling of Pullman Car porters by such names as George. You have probably read of our efforts in the news-papers; Rupert Hughes is my principal aide. We have succeeded in having the names of attending porters posted in a conspicious part of each car. Such corporations as the Boston, Revere Beach, and Lynn Railroad have greatly facilitated our task. According to figures computed at our last conclave, there are 17,364 porters now possessing individual appellations, whereas at this corresponding time last year 17,364 porters were collectively known as George. I feel that we are doing a tremendous work for posterity in raising the individual from a rut in which he has been struggling for such an extended period."

"Truly a marvelous undertaking," I gurgled. "And as to bell boys and theatre ushers?"

"They will be attended to all in good time; our next objective will be to uplift attendants such as those in the Georgian."

"And your opinion of the Elevated situation—" here I paused, for his face immediately clouded.

"Outrageous!" he roared. "There is absolutely no necessity for transfers; they are a waste of

material, and consequently a waste of money. They serve no purpose other than to litter our streets—another example of Mid-Victorian incompetency. In three months I could revive the five-cent fare, remove all seats and straps from cars, equip underground stations with Roy Lamson's musical units, and thus make the Elevated a paying proposition. A simple matter if intelligently undertaken!"

This topic gave him so much evident displeasure that I attempted to change the subject by hazarding, "There is a good stage presentation at the Metropolitan this week."

This was most assuredly a *faux pas*. His face, becoming first crimson and then a ghastly white, his strangely bulging eyes, his frothing mouth seemed to presage an apoplectic fit.

"You dare to defile the sanctity of my studio with such utter profanations of good breeding?" he raged.

Enough is enough. As he clutched at my throat, I, with unprecedented agility, dodged past him, and into the outer office, stopping only long enough to seize an overcoat. Never again will I trust myself within the confines of an eminent scholar.

As I trudged morbidly along Trowbridge Street, there was one thing which hung heavily upon my shoulders. It was a smart raccoon coat which I had acquired in the outer office.

*—See Macaulay's "Life of Johnson."

1—Model,- -a cheap imitation of the real thing. —*Webster*.

BICKNELL COLESWORTHY, '28.

MY LADY IS GENTLE SO AND SO FAIR

OH! sire, my betrothed *is* worthy of our ancient family name. You frown at the thought that she is but the daughter of a steward, when I am heir to one of the oldest coronets in France. Why, once you see her beauteous form, talk to her, and are the object of her innate graciousness, you will love her even as I.

Love her, sire! I adore the very goblet from which she has sipped. To me, the newel post her skirts brush as she passes is glorified. If I might sacrifice my life to keep her unworried, I would fling it away as freely as a rich man's son flings coppers. Higher than my worshipped mother do I hold my lady in regard. Hold, father, hear me to the end. No less has ever son asked father.

The people in the village are as one in calling her the angel of Roretoux. Every child for leagues can tell many tales about her kindly interest in their pastimes. In great homes and in lowly ones sick people bless her arrival and departure. Heaven itself seems to smile a warm benediction upon her as she passes down the shadowy lane leading to her father's dwelling. As she walks, even the flitting denizens of the skies welcome her presence by unprecedented outbursts of song. Lovely, sire, she is the incarnation of all gentleness.

Then too, her beauty is such as to make her equal to the fairest lady in the land. Oh, her eyes are of heaven's own blue, the very reflectors of her spotless soul. Smoother than cream is her ivory skin; more burnished than copper is her glorious hair. To me, even the infinitesimal tilt of her adorable nose is dearer than this great domain of ours. Our queen's hands are no more aristocratic than those long, slim hands of hers. The family rings would gleam with new fire on her hands.

You smile a tolerant smile, now. Tell me you understand; say you'll meet her, at least. You will! you'll test my word? Oh, praise the merciful heavens! The gods of Love have favored me beyond all hope. Now, farewell, for I must off to tell adored Anne to prepare for your venerable presence.

BARBARA BRINTNALL, '28.

BABY

BLOSSOMS,
Of new rose
At morn — delicate, pink,
Lovely to touch, are the hands of Baby.

Poppies
Scarlet, moist, warm,
Laughing and quivering
In the sunshine, are the lips of Baby.

Twin pools,
From their depths
Reflecting the sunshine,
Glory from heav'n, are the eyes of Baby.

A gift,
Direct from heav'n
Sent to bless us — simple
And yet — wondrous, is the love of Baby.

EVELYN HEFFERMAN, '28.

REVE D'OR

MYSTERY, romance, intrigue! The subtle flavor of past splendors, no longer gaudy but mellowed by the passing of ages: in such thoughts do I lose myself on those rare but happy occasions when light is given to me by a candle only. My "golden lily on a silver stem" shows me by its flickering light the royal court of Louis the fifteenth of France, revealing its facination but concealing its profligacy. Unconscious of vice, I see only a glittering tableau, a cameo suddenly receiving animation, which might be called "Rêve d'or."



The scene is an enormous apartment richly adorned with tapestries and heavy hangings and gilt pillars. Tiny pin-points of gold from myriad candles dance here and there, in wild abandonment on innumerable gaming tables arranged on the mirror-like, uncarpeted floor. In imperial regality, beautiful women, white shouldered, silver-haired, robed in rich colorful brocades, move from table to table with a grace and stateliness beyond compare. Jewels worth a king's ransom encircle their necks and arms, and gleam in their hair.

Gallant courtiers in silks and satins, arrogant of bearing, sue for the favor of some belle rivaling each other in the finesse of their courtesy, as highly polished as the sparkling diamonds on their well-manicured hands. An occasional low threat or a sudden blue gleam of steel tells us that these are men and not effeminate beings.

The flaming candle light casts a hazy golden veil over the whole scintillating picture, subduing it, making it an ethereal dream. Is there not beauty in it, and innocent joy? My desire is to say, "Yes". Oh! Why does not history leave us a few illusions? But here, alone with my candle-friend, who blinks knowingly at me like Mr. Dick, I defy history and exult in my fancy!

CATHERINE L. BOUCHER, '28.

PHILOSOPHY AS I SEE IT

LIFE is like the staunch old ocean,
High, then low.
Surging, throbbing, ebbing, motion —
Life is so.
Climbing as the fishing gull soars —
Slowly, then
Plunging to the depths, the voice roars,
"Up again!"

CASIMIR HARRIS, '28.

DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP

By Willa Cather

A Book Review

THE title is stupid, would indeed be unforgiveable were it not a quotation. The story is certainly the life rather than the death of the archbishop. Jean Marie Latour, a young French priest, is sent as a missionary to the vast and still rather uncivilized New Mexico of the time of Kit Carson. He quietly rids the country of a corrupt and lazy priesthood, gains the respect and love of the people, and dies after being made archbishop. There is nothing spectacular about the story. Why is it then that the book has had such extraordinary success? Because there is nothing more thrilling than any man's life well told.

Jean Marie Latour, however, is by no means any man. Sensitive, self-controlled, deeply thinking, withal quietly magnetic, one feels a certain power in him akin to genius. His aide de camp, Father Vaillant, is a born missionary. He is always busy, always wanting to be off on a new and harder piece of work, always fighting a weak body. The lives of these two men and their reactions to their surroundings are bound to be interesting—if well told.

Willa Cather is a master hand at that. Against a vivid background of carnelian coloured hills, dark cedars, deep sky, she has drawn these two figures with admirable lucidity and restraint. The descriptions of the country are well worth reading alone. The book as a whole is vitally warm and alive. If not great, it is certainly one of the most distinguished novels of the year.

MAY SARTON, '29.

TOM'S TRIP IN AN AEROPLANE

THE subject of conversation around the supper table, that evening, was the wonderful flight of Col. Lindbergh across the Atlantic. Daddy was telling the story, as he had read it on his way home from the office, of the splendid young American who had won such renown for his country, and Tom and Albert, mother and Clare, were listening eagerly.

"Gee," said the twelve-year old Tom with shining eyes, "that's what I'm going to do — be an aviator and fly over the land and sea."

"Bla, bla," scoffed Albert with the superiority of his sixteen years, "listen what's talking, will you? You're only a kid. What do you know about aeroplanes! I suppose you intend to soar away perched on top of a Zeppelin or swinging in a trapeze below an aeroplane as comfortably as you're sitting in your chair now."

"You keep still," answered the younger brother, a red flush rising to his face.

"Boys, boys," called mother, "can't you stop tormenting each other?"

And then father added,

"Let your brother alone, Albert. Greater dreams than this have come true. And now, listen to something I have to say. How would you like to see an aeroplane at close quarters?"

"Fine! How? When? Where? Tell us, Dad," they all shouted at once. Both parents smiled at the eagerness which all of the children showed. "You shall know all about it tomorrow," answered father. "And now let us finish supper."

But Tom sat still with radiant face. The food on his plate, that had a few moments ago appealed to his healthy appetite, remained untouched. His half emptied glass of milk stood before him. Finally, while the talk still went on, he pushed back his chair and rose, stopping long enough to say in answer to his mother's reproving look,

"Please excuse me."

Later, when he went to bed, long after his brother was sleeping by his side, imagination painted in vivid form that he was to see at close range on the morrow; and wide-eyed, he lay staring into the darkness, wondering, imagining.

To Tom it seemed that scarcely had he closed his eyes when mother's hand shook him gently, and mother's voice called gaily that it was time to rise for boys who wished to see aeroplanes. Yawning and rubbing his eyes, the lad sat up in bed.

"Hey, Al," he called to his brother. But the older boy had already finished dressing, and shouted over his shoulder as he ran down the stairs,

"You'd better hurry, lazybones."

Breakfast was ready when he came into the dining-room, and it was a merry meal, with everyone laughing and talking in a really jolly mood. Then the long, low automobile drew up in front of the door, and, pellmell, they all crowded into the seats.

At last they were off. They drove through the

city streets, the pretty suburbs, and then the wide country road in its setting of spring beauty. Tom loved the green woods, the shining river, the sloping hills, and the blue sky; but today he scarcely saw them. His active mind went flying ahead in anticipation of what awaited him at the journey's end. Then all at once, they were there! A number of people were in the field, all gathered about the great plane, viewing with interest its huge mechanism. After having explained a great deal about the various parts of the machine, the pilot, turning to the group of people, asked,

"Would anyone like to take a ten-minutes' trip with me?"

But they all drew back. They were afraid to trust themselves to the mercy of the air — all save one. Tom laid his hand on his mother's arm.

"May I go, mother?"

"No, no."

But the aviator had noted the boy's pleading eyes, and added his appeal.

"You may trust the lad to me, madam. I'll guarantee his safe return."

Tom looked eagerly from one to the other.

"You will be gone only a few minutes?" asked father.

"A very few minutes," replied the aviator.

"Well, then —" daddy hesitated, "I think the child is so anxious — I guess it will be all right."

At the first consenting word, the boy was running along and climbing into the plane, and the next moment was strapped to the seat.

Whirr! The power was on. There was a slow gliding motion over the ground.

"We're going to run into the fence," cried the lad. But when he looked again they were over it.

Then they were over the trees, and away, away, Over the town, higher than the church steeples, up, up, up! Higher and higher they climbed, straight into a great cloud, higher, higher, until the earth, the town, the woods, were hidden beneath a misty veil. Then with a sickening lurch the great ship pointed nose downward. Tom was frightened, but in a moment it had righted itself again, and the pilot smiled and spoke. His voice could not be heard but from the motion of his lips, the boy knew his words were "Air pocket."

In a few seconds the same perilous thing happened again. Scarcely had the right position been once more recovered when the frightful performance was repeated; and then it became evident, even to the ignorant boy, that the huge machine was beyond the control of the white-faced aviator.

The ducking, diving, crazy antics were repeated. Tom, one moment clung desperately to his seat, and the next tried to loosen the straps that held him fast. At last the terrible nose-dive lasted so long that he realized they were falling, — falling to the earth.

"O! Mercy," he cried, "save me from an awful death."

Then suddenly came a frightful explosion. The whole aeroplane was blown to pieces in mid-air, and frantically, clutching a bit of the seat, the boy was hurled down, down — — —

Then a familiar voice spoke, "Hey, what do you think I am! Take your hands off my neck. You're choking me. Do you hear!"

There was a terrible flash of lightning followed by a deep rolling crash of thunder, and mother's voice, the sweetest sound son ever heard: "You needn't get up yet, boys. It is storming so badly, I don't think we can go to the aviation field as early as we had planned. So take another nap."

Tom looked around. Yes, he was in bed, and Albert was still sputtering and choking from the desperate life-saving clutch.

"Thank goodness, it was only a dream."

Then he closed his eyes again for another nap.

P. Dobrowolski, '29.

PEP

"HEY, Eddie, I have a fine guide. I'm going up the mountain tomorrow. Want to come?" asked William Ryan of his friend, Edward Tierney. They were both at the foot of Mont Blanc, that wonderful peak in the Alps.

"Sure, I'll go," called back Eddie. "Have you a dog?"

"Yes, I'm bringing Pep," said Willy. "Well, I know you object to him," he added, as a scowl of displeasure darkened the other's face, "but he's so fond of me," and thus the matter was settled.

When the morrow dawned, the boys were up early in anticipation of the day before them. The guide was familiar with the place, and showed them all the sights. He soon looked serious, however, as a grey mist appeared off in the distance. After watching it for a while, he caught up his ice-axe and motioned to the boys to follow him.

"Bad storm," he grunted. "Might last for a couple of days. We better hurry up and reach the next cabin." But they were too late! The storm was upon them, and they had to take refuge under a low overhanging ledge of rock which sheltered them from the full fury of the wind and the stinging bite of the snow. But the worst was yet to come. With a thundering roar, an

avalanche swept down the mountainside, leaving destruction in its path. One thing was now uppermost in the boys' minds. Would the rock hold? It did! But the snow left by the avalanche had piled all around the rock and had closed up the entrance to their cave-like refuge till at last they were completely hemmed in by the snow with no chance of rescue, and escape impossible.

There they were all inside. No! Not all, for Pep, the despised mongrel, was outside. By what miracle he had escaped the avalanche, was not known. After giving himself a shake or two, he started off on the back trail to the village.

Snow had in places drifted across the path, and through these he floundered with difficulty. In other places, the wind had swept the trail bare, and here he went at top speed. Thus, he went on for hours, till at last he reached the village, where he was greeted by a howl from the other dogs. To some of the men coming up at this moment, Pep ran joyfully, faced the mountains and uttered a long howl of distress. The men were puzzled. Pep then ran across the clearing toward the mountain, and back again towards the men, and so on and zigzagging back and forth.

"Say! I'll bet something's happened to those boys that went up there. This here's their pup."

At this Pep wagged his tail frantically, and started up the mountainside, this time followed by the men.

Forty-eight hours later, as the boys were at last recovering from the effects of their harrowing experience, they heard the complete story of Pep's heroic action.

"Well, isn't Pep a good old scout after all," said Ed, and Pep wagged his tail in joyous approval.

CARL ALPERT, '30.

THE SOUNDING OF TAPS

HARK! I hear the beautiful, mournful cadences of Taps, recalling old memories, arousing poignantly sweet thoughts tinged with melancholy.

There comes stealing over me the recollection of my first night in camp eight years ago. Homesick, fearing I knew not what, I lay in my bunk picturing a friendless, joyless, bleak summer. With all my might and main I wished for my familiar bed in my own room. Even more I missed my mother's goodnight kiss. My eyes were filled with unshed tears. Then, for the first time, I heard the liquid, comforting notes of Taps as they floated through the still air from the point, a quarter of a mile away. They seemed to bring to me peace and solace and understanding. They seemed to bear a message from God on high, soothing me and quieting my fears. When I fell asleep, the last notes of the tune were still lingering in my ears.

Today I stand here with my classmates in the assembly hall, honoring those who died "that the world might be safe for Democracy". But a moment ago I wondered if they died to no purpose. I wondered if there could be any compensation for their suffering, any solace to their mothers and wives. I became bitter that such things could happen in the world. I thought that God could not be just and merciful.

Now I hear the bugler playing Taps, playing in honor of those killed in battle. He brings to me a message of peace, of rest, of understanding. Those men did not die for nothing. Their tragic deaths gave to the world an example of the futility of war. Somehow, I feel sure that they are not parted forever from their mothers and sweethearts, but will meet them again in some other existence.

Is there a merciful God who cares what happens to us who are on earth? There come to me the words we used to sing at camp when Taps was played:

"Day is done;
Darkness falls,
On the hills,
On the dales,
On the streams.
Go to sleep;
Safely rest;
God is nigh."

GEORGE FOLEY, '28

CATILINE

SAY, did you ever hear about this guy Catiline? No? Well, I'll tell you. It's this way.

You see, in school we're reading this swell detective story. It's in Latin, but that don't make no neverminds. Well, you see, there used to be a burg named Rome. It's a red-hot town and wide open, but a nice enough place if you had the spondulix.

Well, there's a bad egg named Catiline who thought he'd like a shot at being mayor for a spell. Anyhow, he runs twice and gets beat something fierce both times. You 'member I told you he was a hard bozo. So he gets all het up and says as how he's going to get a bird named Cicero who beat him on the last deal, see.

Then he goes and calls in his gang. Say, they was the hardest bunch you ever did see. Why, they was so tough they ate needles every morning instead of Shredded Wheat. Well, anyway, this guy Catiline spills the dirt to his bunch. They jumps at the chance. Their biz was going along the cats, then some gypper hands them the double X by peaching to the Mayor, Cicero.

Well, this Cicero wasn't born yesterday, and he sits tight to see which way the horse is going to jump, see. And then he gets wise that things is gonna bust. So he calls a meeting of the aldermen. Catiline comes, too, 'cause he's one. And when he gets there, maybe Cicero don't light into him, and how. He tells him what a bum he is and that he ought to get bumped off then and there, see. Well, Catiline tries to talk back but the bunch gives him the raspberry so that he beats it.

Then, that night, he gets cold feet and heads for the tall timber back up in the sticks where he's got a regular young army. When Cicero gets wise, he tells the papers to announce a speech. Well, he gets the whole town into Central Square and begins his spiel. He says that Catiline has hopped the rattler for Hicksville among the Sticks. He says that his gang hasn't beat it but that they're a bunch of hams anyhow and don't get cold feet 'cause of them. Then he tells about his buddies. Gosh, what a gang they musta been. You could hunt the dictionary for a week and not find all the names he calls them. Then the bunch gets sore and decides to stage a riot.

Cicero tumbles again and grabs a bunch a letters and pinches some of the guys. Well, it's "Good morning, Judge" for them, then.

Well, the dope is spilled in court and they truth he out, but no can do. The D. A. is too good, and he can't be greased so it looks like up the river for them. The jury says "Guilty," and then they're dumped in the jug to wait for sentence.

Somebody says they ought to get life but Cicero is in favor of bumping off. Well, Cicero comes under the wire first, and four of the yeggs went to the chair. So, when Catiline gets wise to this maybe he don't get the willies, and how. So he calls his army and starts for Rome but Cicero is on and sends up a couple of Marines to can him. Well, the army gets dished and Catiline hands in his checks, and the Marines have won another fight.

Say, ain't that a swell story? Sounds just like Chicago, don't it? Wonder how Cicero and Mayor Thompson would mix?

PETE HAYES, '28.

TO A MOUSE

TREMBLING lurker in the gloom,
Stealthy creeping 'cross the room,
Why don't you come boldly out?
You would put us all to rout,
If you did but show yourself,
Oh you cautious little elf.
Screams would rise from everyone,
Then you'd know what you had done.
If you only knew your might.
How you would enjoy the night.

BARBARA GUSTAFSON, '30.





GOOD day members of the radio audience. We are about to open our third broadcast of spasms from the little "blue room" situated on the third floor of the Latin building. We hope you enjoyed our last broadcast. I guess you wish it was the *last* one. But whether you did or not here is another outburst of static.

It occurred to me, as things are wont to do occasionally, that my characters in the various broadcasts have all been taken from the upper classes—mostly the Seniors. However, that's only natural. This is "supposedly" the seniors' last year at the beloved institution of sorrows and of joys, and of girls and of boys. After that, the class is gone, and the next year's class steps ruthlessly in. Then, they have a chance to boost themselves, to talk about glorious seniors.

So

Never mind little Freshies and Sophies,
Don't you cry,
You'll be exalted Seniors
By and By.

So that's that, and now we will start in with the usual specialties.

Our first feature is a book review.

Here is the list of Unpopular Fictions—(a few books that no one is reading):

"The Dreamer" (by Ida Nitemare)—the citizens of Somerville-on-the-Nile poke fun and sneer at Bigan Small. They call him a dreamer because he devotes his time working around fool inventions. Finally, after hard labor, the aid of a large business concern is obtained to back him in his enterprise. He demonstrates his invention and it turns out to be a flat failure. So the residents of Somerville-on-the-Nile snicker at Bigan Small more than ever.

"The Lost Reform" (by Izzy Sober)—This is the tale of four robbers who visit a hick town to rob the post-office. After doing the evil deed, they are taken under the roof of a gentle, sweet, old woman who points out their sinful errors. After listening to her, they go and rob the bank also.

"Lorna's Doom" (by Hehas Nomoni)—Lorna Doom is a very poor girl, but very beautiful. She has to choose between a crusty, crabby old man who is exceedingly wealthy, and a young, debonaire, nice looking fellow. In the end she marries the old gent with the sheckles, and soon after, is darned glad she did.

Ye fortunates who tramp through the assembly hall six periods, have ye—but of course ye have, ye couldn't help hearing new strains issuing from the orchestra, strains of popular music—"Charmaine," "Just a Memory," and a few others. Yes, less fortunate brothers who reside in the underworld, and in the other building, it is so. The Cambridge High and Latin School Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Whorisky, actually burst forth into such music. Good, a little bit of their music certainly is not injurious to any pupil or teacher, and it certainly adds more prestige to the orchestra.

The next attraction is the presentation of a few maxims on every day life to help all ye students in ye daily path of learning.

1. Always forgive your enemies, especially the ones stronger than you.
2. A little learning is a dangerous thing—look out, Seniors!
3. A man is known by the company he keeps, and some men are known by the company they can't get into.
4. A stitch in time saves nine, and frequently saves the whole garment.
5. Dead men tell no tales, but what about dead women?
6. Every dog has his day, but the night belongs to the cat.
7. Hear both sides of every question; there are always two sides to every question, the wrong side and our side.
8. History repeats itself; how we wish it would when we get up to recite certain topics in Miss D.'s class.
9. What's in a name? In some names there seems to be about the whole alphabet.
10. Talk is cheap; but not the talk of some certain pretty girls; that's dear.

Now friends of the radio audience I will give you some advice on how to attain fame and success, and how to rise to great heights. Always prepare your homework thoroughly, and never stay out after ten o'clock,—but hold—, here comes an S.O.S. (fortunately for you and me) And according to law all stations must get off the air, so for the time being we up here say

Au revoir, but not good by.

J. H., '28.



NOTES

WE SOPHS

"Get your man"—Clara Flanders
"Billy the Boy Artist"—Bill Stokes
"Silk Stockings"—Louise Riely
"The Student Prince"—John O'Neil
"Girl of My Dreams"—Helen Noyes
"The Stude Cartoonist"—Carl Swanson
"Smiles"—Mary Reta Phelan
"Collegiate?"—Tom Nelligan
"Carol's Better Half"—Kathleen Lyon
"My Hero! !"—Phil Littlefield
"Fascinating Vamp"—Betty Manker
"Oh! Shiekie!"—Ken Daly

A schoolmaster wrote the following criticism on the edge of a boy's report card: "A good worker, but talks too much."

When the card was returned to the teacher it bore, in addition to the father's signature, this report: "You should hear his mother!"

Teacher:—"Name a by-product of the coal industry."

Pupil:—"Smoke."

HEARD IN GEOGRAPHY

Miss C:—"What is grown in bogs?"

Chisholm:—"Frogs."

Grandmother says that one reason why girls are naughty is because they get the shingle in the wrong place.

Him—"You look like a sensible girl. Let's get married."

Her—"Nothing doing. I'm just as sensible as I look."

Teacher:—"Where was Caesar killed?"

Pupil:—"On page fifteen."

BUGHOUSE FABLES

Teacher:—"We'll now have an intermission of five minutes so that the powder puff devotees may powder their noses,—a very much approved practice, you know. (Taken from Feb. 1924 Review).

THE SONG OF THE SENIOR

Life is real; life is earnest;
We must strive to do our best,
And departing leave behind us,
Note books that will help the rest.

Student (from Mr. Bramhall's office)—"Is Helen Willing here?"

Mr. D.—"She's probably willing but I don't know where Helen is."

HAPPY DAYS GONE BY

In the "happy days gone by" "Charmaine" was "just a stay-at-home, sleepy time gal," "always" "all alone" dreaming of "just a cottage small" in "her blue heaven." No mothers were "watching and waiting" until "three o'clock in the morning" "whispering" to each other, "I wonder what's become of Sally."

Now a days it's either "kiss me again" "baby face", or "Bye, bye, pretty baby." When "Charlie my boy" says "I love you," "Charmaine" doesn't say "Did you mean it," but "say it again" until she gets "too tired" of his words and "tomorrow" wants a "new kind of man." Then it's "Oh, Harold," and "Charlie my boy" is just a "memory."

"Oui, oui, Marie" "Happy days gone by."

Teacher—"What is 'Rasselas'?"

Pupil—"A correspondence book about the art of wrestling."

Irate parent:—"Why is it that you're always at the bottom of the class, son?"

Son:—"It doesn't matter, Dad, they teach the same the things at both ends."

A PACIFIST

Muggsy:—"Now I gotcha. Whatcha goin' to do to me?"

Clarence:—"If you please, I'm merely going to replace that chip that I accidentally knocked from your shoulder."

Mr. Whoriskey (in the hall):—"All fond of music please come here."

(Instantly several boys with visions of playing in the orchestra came forward.)

"Now," he said, "you boys bring that large piano in the gym up to the hall."

Don't Use Big Words

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, or articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable, philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compact comprehensibleness, coalescent consistency and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and asinine affectations. Let our extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without rodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Seduously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, ventriloqual verbosity and grandiloquent vapidity. Shun double enterdres, prurient jocosity and pestiferous profanity, obscurant or apparent.

In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, truthfully, purely.

HEARD IN LATIN II

Pupil (translating): "Scouts were sent to see if the enemy marched in parts."

HEARD IN LATIN II

Teacher: "What is an enclitic?"

Pupil: "An enclitic stands before the word it is joined to."

Dot:—"Why do they always call a ship 'she'?"

Ken:—"Why, because the riggin' costs so much."

WHY STUDY?

The more you study, the more you know.
The more you know, the more you forget.
The more you forget, the less you know.
So, why study?
The less you study, the less you know.
The less you know, the less you forget.
The less you forget, the more you know.
So, why study?

Miss Hardy—"How dare you laugh at me?"

John—"I wasn't laughing at you."

Miss H.—"Well, what else was there for you to laugh at?"

Teacher—"Why don't you answer me?"

Frosh—"I did. I shook my head."

Teacher—"Well, do you expect me to hear it rattle way up here?"

On his first sea-trip (nervously):—"Do big boats like this sink often?"

Captain:—"No, only once!"

HEARD IN GEOMETRY I

Pupil:—"Place the triangle L' A' P' on the triangle LAP."

Mr. F.:—"What is the reason for that action?"

Pupil:—"Any figure may be moved from one place to another without altering its size or shape."

What would happen if:

"Red" McGirr's hair were black
Charlie Dale forgot to comb his hair
Flanagan got to school at 8:30 two mornings in succession
Miss Hardy were absent
Miss Butler gave an "E"
"Al" Cooper came prepared in his home lessons
Tommy Ryan were tall
Goldenberg lost the power of speech
The orchestra played a new march
There were no seventh periods.

"The Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," but how about the poor little exposed calves?

Stage hand (anxiously to manager): "Shall I lower the curtain, sir?"

Manager (surprised): "Why?"

Stage hand: "One of the living statues has got hiccups!"

Teacher—"Johnny, why does an engine smoke?"

Johnny—"Because it can't chew!"

TELLING HIS CLASS BY HIS SIGNATURE

Bill Smith—Freshman
William Smith—Sophomore
W. Algernon Smythe—Junior
W. A. Smith—Senior

AT HANLEY'S

Ken—"I want to complain of that order you sent to us."

Waiter—"What was the matter?"

Ken—"There was a little ice cream in the salt."

"I stay up all night; that's why I'm as smart as an owl."

"Yeh, but owls have no sense in the daytime."


THE BETTER HALF OF THE SWIMMING TEAM.
BILL SQUIRES
"E. PERRY"
DASHES FOR HOME ROOM
Bell Rings As He Begins To EAT
TRYS to get Chowder Off his Blue SUIT
Gets up set
Just a Bump
Sees Ned
SINNA WARY
Looks for Ned
IAMIN. Trying To Get Chowder
Slips on Buttered Roll
Loses Ned
Jam for Tickets
Looks at menu (Cornchowder)
Conference on Taste of Chowder
Bea Evers 1929
Lunch Bell Rings
STARVED Johnny Dashes Out
MENU
Jeers Ned
WOTTA LIFE
Apt Showers Bring Soaked Flowers
B. Evers
9654823 [illegible]829734
Bea Evers
"The Great Divide"
ONE OF THE MANY Struggling Artists
RUTH LANDRY
ONE OF THE CHLS ART STUDIOS
TIME
4 YEARS
FRESHMAN
SENIOR
JEAN TOBIN
THE THRILL THAT COMES ONCE IN 99 YRS.
THANKS FOR THE HOME WORK KID
GEE!
"FROSH"
THE OFFICIAL "FROSH" HANDSHAKE (LEFT HAND)
GREAT ATHLETE
P. WASSERMAN '29
Picking Up A Little French.
DICK
LIBERTY CAP OF CHL.S
JEAN TOBIN
WHY WILLIE OF CAMBRIDGE IS SENT TO THE UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA
Franklin F.
DANGER
IDA NICHOLS '31
"HOOPS DEAR!" QUOTH WE
WHERE A COUPLE OF SQUIRREL FEED GATHER



FOR the past year it has been the custom at Harvard and many other colleges to hold an open forum at the conclusion of each debate. That is, the members of the audience are allowed to question the speakers and to present their own views concerning the points in discussion.

This informal debate is of great value in stimulating interest in debating, for each person who attends the debate comes with the idea that he may take part in it if he wishes. He knows that he can tell the audience what *he* thinks about this, that, or the other thing; he knows he can air his pet opinions and pet prejudices, as well as listen to those of other people.

This knowledge brings to the debate many people who otherwise would never have thought of going, for people jump at the chance to tell the world just how things should be run, and how things would be run if they were in charge.

Then again, the open forum forces the debaters to be more on the alert, better-grounded on their subject, for they must be prepared to cope with as many different angles of the subject as there are people in the audience.

This idea has been tried out at Harvard and has stood the test of usage. Since it has been successful elsewhere, why not try it in Cambridge Latin? Any device which promises to arouse interest in anything in this school is well worth a trial.

Think this over, you people who are interested in debating. If you think the idea a good one, recommend it to Mr. Olson, if not, forget it.

Just before the last issue of the Review was published, a debate was held between the Freshmen and Sophomores in the assembly hall.

The subject was "Resolved: That the Monroe Doctrine should not be abolished."

The Freshmen upheld the affirmative side.

George McGinnes, Joseph Moran, and Harold Rubin, veterans of last year's Freshmen team, debated for the Sophomores against Ed Crane, Evelyn G. Cummings, and George Curtin.

After quite a long session, the judges reported two to one in favor of the Sophomores. McInnes and Moran were the best speakers of the debate.

Debating for this year seems to have gotten started at last. There will be a debate this week between Cambridge Latin and Arlington High School at the Arlington High Auditorium at 12 o'clock, Friday. The subject is: "Resolved: That world peace can be secured only through total international disarmament." Our orators are to support the affirmative side of the question. From the wording of the subject, it seems that our team has at least an even chance to carry off the laurels of victory.

In order to give Arlington High a chance, Seniors and Post Graduates were not allowed to try for our team. However, our team is far from weak, for our speakers, Bill Hogan and Harold Rubin, are powerful and experienced debaters.

Each man will be allowed ten minutes to present his arguments to the audience and judges. In addition to this, one speaker from each side will have a ten-minute rebuttal in which to refute the arguments of his opponents.

Good luck to the team!



CHESS



Back Row, Left to Right — Solomon Isenstein, Schyler Benedict, Morris Wantman, Harry Berman.
Front Row, Left to Right — Morris Goldman, *Manager;* Carl Laine, *Captain;* Mr. Sullivan, *Coach.*

THIS year's chess team has in its ranks three veterans: Morris Goldman, Carl Laine, this year's captain; and "Sky" Benedict, who was last year's captain. To most persons in the school "Sky" needs no introduction, his "Old Ironsides" (his flivver's appellation) accounting for his popularity. The other veteran, Morris Goldman, is the manager. The remaining players on this year's team are Solomon Isenstein, Edward MacKechnie and Morey Wantman. This is their first year on the team and thus far they have played very creditably.

Nevertheless, the team regrets very much that Ordway Southard who is a champion player was not able to join up.

Boston —— 2	4 - Cambridge
Clark 1	0.... Benedict
Model 0	1 Goldman
Domus 0	1..... Laine
Burroughs 1	0..... Isenstein
Halpern 0	1 MacKechnie
Rodman 0	1..... Wantman

Cambridge won its match with the Boston Latin chess team on February 16. From beginning to end, the match was a severe tussle. Clark scored first for Boston. Then Wantman, by winning his game, tied the score. After Burroughs had given Boston a 2-1 lead, the score was tied again when MacKechnie won his game. And finally Goldman and Laine won their games, giving Cambridge a 4-2 victory.

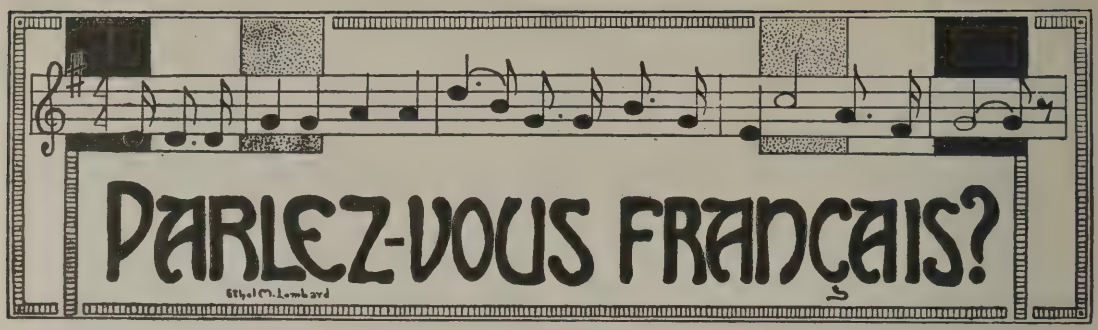
Somerville - 1	5 - Cambridge
Whittemore ..0	1..... Benedict
Edelstein 0	1..... Goldman
Catanzano 0	1..... Laine
Fishlin 0	1..... Isenstein
Larkin 1	0 MacKechnie
Bruce 0	1 .. Wantman

Cambridge won its second match on February 24. Benedict, by playing exceptionally brilliant chess in masterly style, won his game in short order. Soon after him Isenstein, Wantman, Goldman, and Laine scored for Cambridge. Larkin played well for Somerville.

Rindge ——0	6 - Cambridge
MacDonald ..0	1..... Benedict
Skinner 0	1..... Goldman
Gaspar 0	1..... Laine
Edgecombe ..0	1..... Isenstein
Carter 0	1 MacKechnie
Iantosca 0	1..... Wantman

March 9, Cambridge defeated the Rindge Chess Team 6-0. Benedict again won first. Shortly afterwards, Isenstein, Laine, and Goldman won their games. MacKechnie and Wantman won their games by forfeit on the non-appearance of their opponents.

C. Laine.



LA VILLE OU JE DEMEURE

CAMBRIDGE ou New Towne, comme la ville était d'abord appelée, fut fondé en 1630 par ces émigrants qui vinrent d'Angleterre pour trouver une nouvelle habitation. Ils débarquèrent à Salem mais parce que cet endroit ne leur plut pas, ils vinrent à Cambridge. Parmi les colons étaient Thomas Dudley, le gouverneur Winthrop et Symon Bradstreet. Aussitôt que les émigrants y furent établis, ils se bâtirent une maison de réunion à la rue Dunster. L'établissement devint très grand parce que l'Université d'Harvard fut fondée en 1636 et naturellement tous les colons bâtirent leurs maisons autour du collège.

Cette ville a aujourd hui environ 120,000 habitants et il y a ici beaucoup de belles maisons et de grandes fabriques. Elle est fameuse pour les grands collèges et pour les écoles qui se trouvent dans cette ville d' éducation et pour beaucoup de points d'intérêt, parmi lesquels il y a le musée Agassiz la maison du poète Longfellow, celle du poète Lowell, et le collège Harvard. La maison de Longfellow est visitée par beaucoup de touristes qui viennent de tous côtés des Etats-Unis. Cette maison est située à la rue Brattle. C'est une maison très grande, entourée de jardins et de beaux arbres. Sans doute, c'est un beau point d'intérêst de Cambridge.

Cambridge est une des meilleures villes de notre pays; elle est salutaire, elle a de bonnes maisons, de grandes fabriques, de bonnes écoles, et elle est aussi une ville très active. N'est-il pas just qu'un habitant de Cambridge soit fier de sa ville? Qui n'en serait pas fier?

GILBERT MOTTLA, '28.

MON SPORT FAVORI

IL n'y a rien que j'aime mieux que de monter à cheval. Je l'aime surtout le matin en plein hiver quand la terre est couverte de neige et au moment ou le soleil commence son voyage à travers les cieux. Puis, on peut voir les traces des animaux sauvages, et de tempts en tempts, un lapin effrayé qui court dans les buissons. Nous montons au sommet d'une colline et nous sommes bien fatigués, mais il vaut la peine, car la vue est superbe. Le soleil se met à se montrer au dessus de l'horizon et les nuages deviennent écarlates. Je me demande si le lapin s'arrête jamais pour admirer la beauté de la naturé. Nous arrivons chez nous bien fatigués, mais nous espérons qu'il fera beau demain.

JUNE YALE.

EN L'AIR

IL'est d'abord une chose effrayante be survoler les villes et les champs dans un aëroplan. La terre paraît au loin et quelques fois on ne la voit pas à cause des nuages. Il fait très froid et le vent siffle fort. Le moteur fait un grand bruit. On file en l'air comme une balle d'un fusil et on se sent très petit et perdu quand on regarde la terre au dessous. La bousole est très nécessaire pour trouver le sens, surtout parmi les nuages. On se figure ce qui arriverait si l'on tombait de l'aëroplan. Les ailes paraissent être un refuge, et en filant audessus des montagnes et des forêts on est bien qu'ils y soient. La télégraphie sans fil aide beaucoup en tenant de la communication avec la terre. La carlingue ne tient que deux personnes en général celui qui conduint et un passager, tout fait penser à dire vrai.



Girl Dance

THE Girl Dance was certainly a wonderful success. Although the Gym was not decorated, owing to a shortage of funds in the Treasury, the girls' dresses lent a charming touch of color to the prosaic room. We must say that their escorts were quite to perfection and looked after their needs surprisingly well. Past G. A. A. officers were invited to attend, but unfortunately none were able to accept the invitation. The matrons were Miss McLaughlin and Miss Brown. A committee of ushers, a very efficient committee too, ushered the girls and "boys" up to the matrons. The music was furnished by Kenneth Daly and his orchestra, a group of boys from the Sophomore class in this school. They proved very good and furnished an entertaining repertoire of music. As "Variety is the spice of life," there was judicially mixed in with the other dances, slipper, and figure dances. During an intermission, refreshments were sold in the lunch room. The officers' invitation was extended to several girls of the Junior class among whom were Sally Roche, Antoinette Mockler, Louise Hodder, and to Harriet Johnson of the Senior class. After the return to the Gym, favours consisting of whistles, horns, et cetera, were given to the girls and the dancing continued amid much hilarity to the grand finale, the Grand March. Good nights were said and the gentlemen escorted their fair damsels home. We trust that the lost hat was returned to its owner quite unharmed after the efforts we made to secure it.

Basketball

The basketball season is fast drawing to a close, and the Varsity is starting the last of the games. We have experienced a rather successful season. We have had a great deal of fun, and have developed a sense of sportsmanship which is much more important. Not, of course, that this sense of sportsmanship has not been undercurrent always, but that it is apparent to us now in many ways.

The Varsity squad has been picked from the following girls who were eligible: in the forward position, Marjorie Lynch, Bunny O'Hearn, Anna Wettergreen, Alice Adams; in the center from Darrell Brown, Margaret Sheridan, Winifred Shaffer, and Eleanor Shaffer; in the guards from Alice Terry, Marjorie Parker, Florence Williams, Sally Roche.

The first Varsity game was at Needham on March 9th. The Varsity was defeated with a score of 32-6. The game was hard fought all through, but more especially so in the second half when it seemed that the fighting blood was up for the first time. Unaccustomed to the height of the baskets, it was difficult for the forwards to gauge the distance correctly. It cannot be denied, however, that Needham had the superior team as the result shows. The team went up in a truck or "covered wagon" as it is more familiarly known. It was a long nice ride and everybody enjoyed it; for affirmation of this ask anybody who went on it. They will also tell how amusing was the return trip!

The second of the varsity games is to be played with Waltham at Waltham on the thirteenth of March. As this is not a great distance from home, we expect to have many supporters. We hope our expectations may be fulfilled. The two remaining games are Belmont, and the Alumnae of this school.

Swimming

Swimming practice has started. It is held Saturday mornings in the Y. M. tank. Marjorie Lynch is coaching the girls on many points, and it is truly very instructive. It is hoped that at least two good teams can be turned out this year.

Entertainment and Food Sale

Owing to the shortage of funds, the officers have decided to raise money by means of a Food Sale which is to be held on May tenth. What we need is the co-operation of members with the officers to put it across. We are going to ask members to contribute and to bring their parents and friends to buy. There is to be an entertainment immediately before the sale for which the small sum of ten cents is to be asked. The entertainment, we are assured, is to be well worth ten times the amount. All pupils in the school, of course, are invited to come,—and buy. The money is needed to carry on a Boy Dance which is dated for the eighteenth of April. This is to be held in the gym and an excellent orchestra has been engaged for the occasion. The matter of the food sale is one in which you members can show your interest to the large associations to which you belong. Any donations will be gratefully received.



THE crack Cantab basketball team added another victory to its string when the Cambridge Latin School quintet handed the Salem High five a 27 to 26 defeat at the Saltonstall School Gymnasium in Salem. Reddy Hilliard, our own daring halfback from Coach Macdonald's football team, saved the day for Cambridge when he tossed in a one hand shot in the last minute of play to put his team in the lead.

The game was one of the closest played by either team this year. Cambridge was in the lead by one or two baskets all the way until the last period when Cezelski, Salem left forward, went on a spree of his own, and scored three baskets from the floor to put his team in the lead. The Salem players played defensively for the remaining minutes, but Hilliard broke through to score, on a pass from Capt. Davis.

The summary:

Cambridge Latin	G	F	P	Salem High	G	F	P
Clancy r. f.	2	1	5	Graezyk l.g.	0	1	1
Green	0	0	0				
Coady l.f.	2	0	4	Milner r.g.	2	0	4
Hilliard	4	0	8	Demerle	0	0	0
Davis c.	1	3	5	Foote c.	3	1	7
Hilliard	0	0	0				
Mater'ch r.g.	0	0	0	Cezelski l.f.	5	2	12
Katz l. g.	2	1	5	Moulton r.f.	0	0	0
Davis	0	0	0	Demerle	1	0	2
Totals	11	5	27	Totals	11	4	26

Referee F. W. Lewis.

Newton—2 0—Cambridge

The Cambridge High and Latin School hockey forces went down to defeat at the hands of the Newton High sextet in the first game of the round-robin series at the Arena, 2 to 0. The Newtonites showed their superiority over the Cambridge players, by their brilliant stick handling and teamwork. Frank Spain, as was expected, was the outstanding player on the ice, and made the assists in both his team's goals.

In the first period, Newton did most of the forcing, and the Cambridge players were content with taking an occasional shot at the Newton net. Dan Foley had a busy time throughout the whole first period, and he made some beautiful stops. The Newton score came with but ten seconds to play, when Bennet, playing right defense for Newton, obtained the puck near his own goal and weaved through the whole Cantab team to score when the puck rebounded off Foley's pad.

In the second period the game slowed up considerably, and the puck see-sawed up and down the ice. Late in this period Foley made a wonderful stop, after Bennet raced down the ice and passed Spain, who slammed the puck with all his might right for Foley's head, but failed to score.

The third period was the best part of the contest, because Newton tallied its second score of the game 20 seconds after the first face-off. The Cambridge skaters tried in vain to score, but Harrington, the Newton goalie, was impregnable.

The summary:

Newton		Cambridge
Powers (Gardener) (Wilkie)	rw. lw.	Duggan (White)
Spain (Wilkie)	c.	c. Kerr
Brown (Powers) (Bell)	lw.	rw. Hogan
Bennet	rd	ld. Curry
Gilligan	ld	rd. Brigham
Harrington	g.	g. Foley

Score—Newton 2. Goals made by Bennett, Brown.

Referee—Stewart.

Time—Three 12-minute periods.

The Cambridge High and Latin School basketball team annexed the championship of Cambridge, when it defeated the strong Rindge Tech. quintet in the rubber game of the series at St. Mary's Gymnasium, 39 to 21.

The Latin school outfit held the fore throughout the entire contest, the score at the end of the first half standing with Rindge on the short end, 22 to 11.

Young Browning, otherwise known as Harold, was the hero of the game. He accounted for 12 points of the Latin school total, and at the same time, he did all in his power to make it an unpleasant evening for the Rindge guards.

Clancy, the other forward on the championship five, was right behind Browning in the run for individual scoring honors, accounting for 10 points.

Cambridge Latin	G	F	P	Rindge	G	F	P
Clancy r.f.	4	4	10	Foster l.g.	0	0	0
				Nichols	0	0	0
Browning l.f.	5	2	12	Meechan	0	0	0
				Siders r.g.	0	0	0
Hilliard c.	4	1	9	Hall	0	0	0
				Nichols c.	0	0	0
Davis r.g	2	3	7	Lynch	2	3	7
Matersevich..	0	1	1	Moores l.f.	4	2	10
Katz l.g.	0	0	0	Westcott r.f.	1	2	4
Totals	14	11	39	Totals	7	7	21

Referee Featherstone.

This game brought to a close a very successful season in which the Cambridge team has won 12 out of the 17 games played this year.

The most notable victory of the year was over the strong Everett High outfit. The Cambridge Latin school was the only team to defeat the Everettites, the score being 28 to 21.

In the second game of the three game series with the Rindge basketball forces, the Cambridge High and Latin School team defeated the Rindge team, 33 to 23. The game was nip and tuck all the way, and the first half ended with Rindge leading, 15 to 12.

Harold Browning was the individual high scorer, accounting for 15 points of his team's total. Hilliard, playing against Lynch the Rindge ace at the center position, played one of his best games of the season, at the same time scoring four baskets from the floor, and one goal from foul for 9 points.

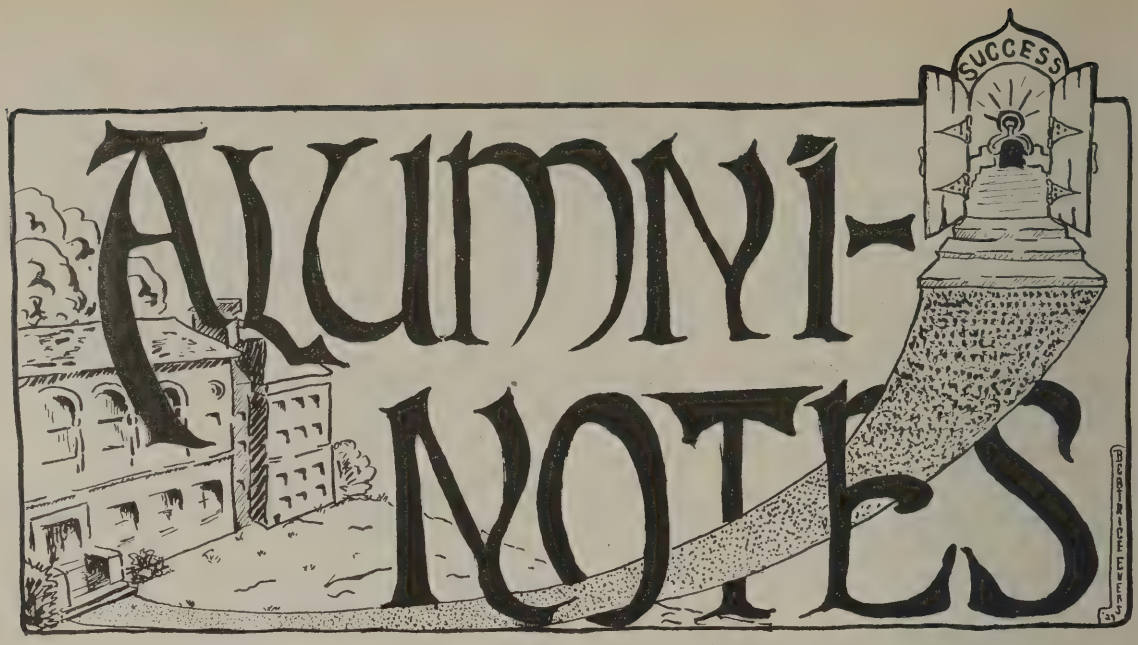
Dean Moores, the Rindge captain, and Westcott were the stars on the Brown team, and if a few of their unsuccessful trys had sunk, the final score would have been in favor of their team.

Cambridge Latin	G	F	P	Rindge	G	F	P
Clancy r.f.	1	1	3	Foster l.g.	0	2	2
Coady	0	1	1	Hall	0	1	4
Browning l.f.	6	3	15	Siders r.g.	0	0	0
Green	0	0	0				
Hilliard c.	4	1	9	Lynch c.	1	3	5
Mater'ch r.g.	1	0	2	Moores l.f.	3	2	8
Katz	0	0	0				
Davis l.g.	1	1	3	Westcott r.f.	3	1	7
				Nicklos	0	0	0
Totals	13	7	33	Totals	7	9	23

Four 8-minute periods.
Referee Featherstone.



Back Row, Left to Right — D. Foley, Coach MacDonald, K. White, J. Duggan, F. Harlow, C. McSweeney, Mgr. Murphy, T. Walsh.
Front Row, Left to Right — J. Drohne, A. Brigham, Capt. E. Kerr, W. Hogan, H. Curry.



THE following people now in Northeastern School of Law are graduates of this school: 1931—George Arthur, Charles Casson, David Coleman, Americo E. Gidio, Edward Gous, Max Katz, John Shea, Coleman Wexler; 1930—William Dengeleski, Salvatore De Vellio, Francis Hunt, James Petrolia, Jack Louis, Samuel Sternberg; 1929—Thomas Rush; 1928—Herman Cohen, Joseph Gannon, Charles Wyman.

Margaret McElroy graduated from Burdett College on December 9, having completed with merit the Combined Course.

Naemi Westborn also graduated December 9 from Burdett College where she had taken the Secrtarial Course. She came through her course with honor.

Rudolf Osgood, a graduate of this school, married Margaret Kent of East Orange, N. J., on December 31, 1927.

L. Franklin Kennedy, graduate of Cambridge Latin, was married in Springfield, Massachusetts on January 2, 1928, to Evelyn Davis of Springfield.

Miss Doris Gerry, former member of the school is now engaged to Edson P. Lichty of Chicago.

Doris Farmer, graduate of C. H. L. S., is engaged to Victor Borman of Arlington.

Hazel Crawford, a graduate of this school, is engaged to John H. H. Turner of Auburndale.

Dorothy Small of Wayland is engaged to Edwin Damon, a graduate of C. H. L. S.

1919

Edward Bloomberg graduated from Harvard in '23, Harvard Law School '27 and later passed the Massachusetts Bar. At present he is conducting the only officially recognized travel bureau in Cambridge with headquarters in the College House Office Building at 1430 Mass. Ave., Harvard Square.

1922

Dorothy Rand was married last August to William Greenough, Jr.

1925

Elsie Field and Allison Marks are among the first fifteen of highest rank in the Sophomore class at Radcliffe. The Phi Beta Kappa Club gave a dinner to these fifteen sophomores.

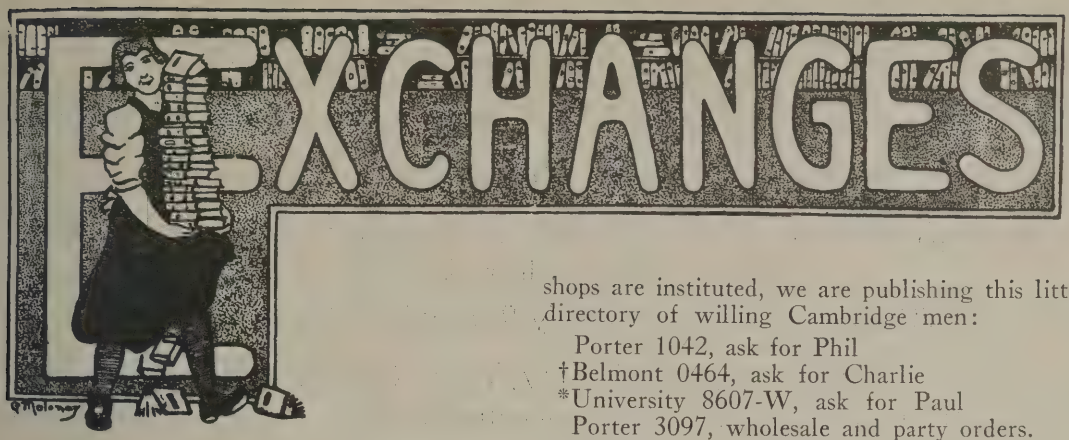
1926

Dorothy Conant is engaged to Arthur Underwood, an instructor at M. I. T.

1927

David Banks is a freshman at Northeastern University where he is doing well in all his studies.

Mary Carr is employed by the Oriental Rug Company.



CAME the *Gryphon*—clothed in a dingy green, reminiscent of Allen-Greenough latin grammars. Shamrock No., so it said, but happily enough the announcement was deceitful. Three times we religated this magazine to the bottom of the pile, and hoped against hope that the school year would expire without our having to unveil the horrors in store for us. But the green fascinates and to save ourselves from certain madness we threw back the front cover with a magnificent gesture.

It really wasn't so bad after all: there was one page of Irish cartoons and an Irish story, but the other thirty-six pages were quite 100 percent. Miss Israel's "Storm" was very ordinary and "The Coward's Prayer" by Jeanne Roisin was scarcely better. Both subjects are terribly overworked, and it requires more genius than is shown by either of the above peots to put them across.

"A Visit to the Arcadia Gym" is the best thing in the magazine. For straight-to-the-point descriptive work it is better than anything we've seen this year. If this type of writing were encouraged in preparatory school papers instead of the inane rot which is passed off as stories, the papers would not only be more interesting to the reader, but would provide a valuable field of experience for high and preparatory school authors.

"The Tower - Room" is a series of back-slaps and the Comedy department is hoary.

Pad and Pencil is the magazine published by the Chandler Secretarial School, Boston.

Listlessly we looked through five pages of words and then the sixth—and we awoke. Your class president, oh, my! my!

We noticed in the Personals, the following: "It would be a good idea if men as well as tuxedos were rented out for a dance. Some of us girls are badly in need of the former." For the convenience of the students of the Chandler Secretarial School, until the above mentioned shops are instituted, we are publishing this little directory of willing Cambridge men:

Porter 1042, ask for Phil
†Belmont 0464, ask for Charlie
*University 8607-W, ask for Paul
Porter 3097, wholesale and party orders.
*—Sundays and Holidays
†—Stops on signal only

Naturally enough, two of the four editorials had to do with leap year; but they were really informative and rather well written. The magazine, as a whole, is a very neat bit. And then, of course, there was always page six . . .

The Academy Scholium, from Merion Station, Pa., is so ultra-conservative that it is uncomfortable. Everything is partitioned off into little departments headed by cuts quite as formidable as picket fences and the whole magazine has the cold impersonality of a college catalogue. Once the ice is broken, however, there is found a wealth of fine material. The stories are so far above average that it is actually entertaining to read them. Either the literary board is a great deal more particular about what goes into its periodical or the school is blessed with an extraordinary group of able writers.

The magazine, for the most part, is of local interest only, but after all, that is the essential purpose in publishing a school paper.

The Maze is issued by the girls of the May School, Boston. The December-January number contains an article, "Shall I Be Pacifist or Patriot," which should be read by every High and Preparatory school pupil in the United States. Marjorie Estabrook, the author, is evidently all worked up over the idiotic propoganda shoveled out by this and other governments concerning "patriotism" and its relation to these slaughters called wars; and being a young lady with initiative she has put her ideas into an article which debunks a subject badly in need of debunking. Of all the irritating inanities with which this country is cursed, the hokum which is constantly being spread before us by paid patriots is the most unbearable. To get the woman's viewpoint on war is a novel and interesting experience; by all means, get hold of a December-January issue of *The Maze* and read "Shall I Be Pacifist or Patriot," on page 2.

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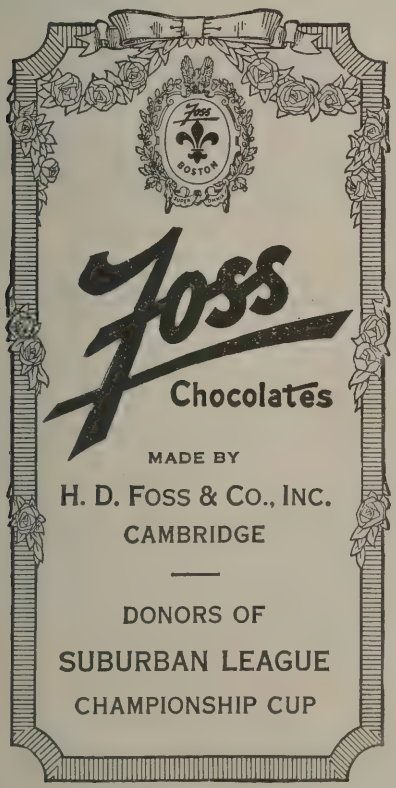
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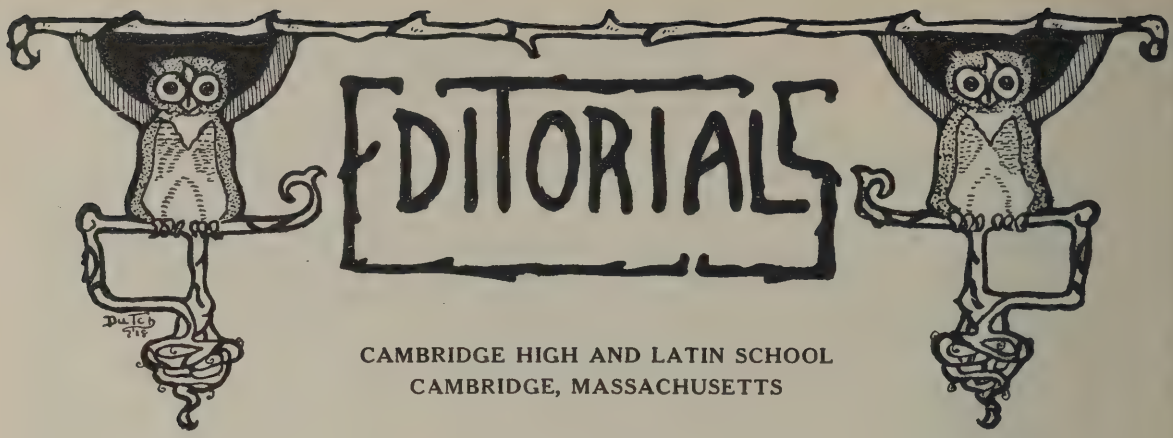
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Vita sine litteris mors est.

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CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

LIBERTY PRIZE SPEAKING CONTEST

ON the evening of April twenty-fourth, the Liberty Prize Speaking Contest took place in the Latin School hall. The presentations were remarkably well given. Competition was keen; the enthusiasm of the audience rapidly rose as the evening progressed. The suspense which each person experienced while waiting for the decisions to be announced was almost as nerve-racking as that of the contestants.

Ruth Campbell presented "Mansions" by Hildegarde Flanner, a particularly difficult selection in that it demanded the portrayal of three distinct characters. Her interpretation was exceedingly fine. We shall never forget stern Aunt Harriet, sweet Lydia, and pitiful little Joe. The audience voted her first prize long before the judges appeared to pronounce her the winner.

Plato's "Socrates," translated by Benjamin Jowett, was convincingly rendered by George Foley. With magnetic power he held his listeners, or rather, transported them to that prison where Socrates was dying so stoically. His voice sympathetically depicted for us the calm, collected Socrates, master of men because he was first master of himself. For his undoubted display of skill, he received the gold medal for the boys.

Mention must also be made of the other participants whose splendid work deserves commendation. They were Ruth Macdonald, Beatrice Evers, Eleanor Shaffer, Francis Anderson, William Hogan, and Fred Hoffman. Each did just about all that was possible with his selection, uniting individuality of theme with personality in delivery.

The programme was varied by the presentations of the Orchestra under Mr. Whoriskey. Herman Field played an intricate violin selection. Then he and Francis Overlock played "Andante" and "Ecassaise" with Evelyn Macleod at the piano. Altogether, it was a very diverting evening, due to the able tutelage of Miss Hartigan aided by Miss Ford.

The programme is as follows:

MUSICAL SELECTIONS
C. H. L. S. ORCHESTRA

AUX ITALIENS *Owen Meredith*
RUTH MACDONALD

SOCRATES *Plato*
Translated by Benjamin Jowett
GEORGE FOLEY

THE LAST LESSON *Alphonse Daudet*
ELEANOR SHAFFER

THE VALIANT *Holworthy Hall*
FRANCIS ANDERSON

MUSICAL SELECTIONS
C. H. L. S. ORCHESTRA

MANSIONS *Hildegarde Flanner*
RUTH CAMPBELL

MR. ANTONIO—ACT I *Booth Tarkington*
FRED HOFFMAN

SINTRAM OF SCAGARAC *Sada Cowan*
BEATRICE EVERS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN *Henry T. Watterson*
WILLIAM HOGAN

VIOLIN SOLO
"The Old Refrain" *Fritz Kreisler*
HERMAN FIELD

TRIO
(a) "Andante" *Julius Eichberg*
(b) "Ecossaise" *Schubert*

VIOLINS
FRANCES OVERLOCK HERMAN FIELD

PIANO
EVELYN MACLEOD

C. B.

PHOTOGRAPHY

A great thing it is that science, so often pronounced an enemy of the beautiful, has brought art within the reach of all humanity, and all the world within the reach of man. It has done this in a most profuse and generous way. For photography is not only a tool for the skilled artist, not only a means for expressing the conceptions of master craftsmen, but an art in which the layman can take an active role, in which everyone can be a painter with the whole world to paint, — unbounded, unrestricted. In photography there is no "Dauber" who says:

"I see it all, I cannot put it down.
It's hard not to be able. There, look there!
I cannot get the movement or the light;
Sometimes it almost makes a man despair
To try and try and never get it right."

Formerly very few indeed could ever hope to be artists in an active sense. Men who had labored hard, doggedly seeking to perfect themselves for their task, put on durable canvas all the beautiful, worthwhile things of life, things which perhaps many others, less skilled, had seen but, like the Dauber, had not been able to put into definite shape. A painting by an artist is the thing expressed through him. But what he sees is not necessarily what another, in his place, would see. A photograph, however, portrays the true thing just as it is, both at its best and worst.

In every corner of the earth, the camera is busy recording the beauties and customs of this land and that people. Peace, understanding, and enlightenment are brought about by its medium. Racial barriers, hatred, and ignorance are broken down because we can see the habits, environments, and needs of those of whom we formerly knew only by hearsay, whom perhaps in our ignorance we termed barbarians.

Probably, the greatest phase of photography, so significant that it could be called one of the arts in itself, is the cinema. The motion picture does not fetter life for our gaze, or give us just one lovely glimpse. No, it moves along with all that is moving, and gives us a perfect whole. Formerly we marveled at the power suggested in a picture of the king of beasts; now, in such films as "Chang" and "Simba," the whole of nature's mighty drama enfolds itself before our eyes. In the photoplay, the almost limitless possibilities of photography joined with those of the stage have combined to make a great interpretive medium for man's history, his legends, his literature, and his emotions. But we must beware of misusing a thing that speaks so vitally.

To approach this subject from a rather prosaic angle, photography is a very inexpensive hobby. All that is necessary is a Brownie camera, a pack of films, and an observant eye. An expensive camera is not necessary. With the regular $2.00 Box camera many photographic masterpieces have been made. Amateur motion picture photography is as yet still rather a luxury. Yet with the standardized equipment of today, even this field may be open to many of us.

In many schools, camera clubs have been organized among the students with very pleasing results. The members of these "guilds" make their own photographic finds, seek to develop the artistry of their photography, and publish their best results.

The editor sincerely hopes that in future years a camera club page will be a feature in the Review.

The fact that our frontispiece was taken by one of our own C. H. L. S. pupils, goes to show that we have photographic talent in the school.

H. H. F.

Our cover in this issue was designed and drawn by one of our Freshmen art students.

"SOME MORE OF PETE'S ARRANT NONSENSE"

Not very long ago we received a contribution which modestly apologized for its existence in the following words by its author: "Some more of Pete's Arrant Nonsense." Well, we were certainly glad of this comforting endorsement of our own opinion after reading it. For it certainly was nonsense, even if it was slightly more than arrant. Needless to say that it did not pass our conscientious censorship. Just to show you that Pete also has his good days, we are publishing in this issue "Old Ironsides," a poem of his which we believe to be rather good. Apparently this was also the opinion of the Boston City Club where Pete Hayes recited it before Governor Fuller. Annually the Boston City Club offers a prize for the best poem or essay on a given subject (this year on "Old Ironsides"), written by the son of a member. In Pete's own words: "I got first prize, a large chunk of wood from the ship."

H. H. F.

CAROLINE CLOSE PRIZE ESSAY CONTEST

On April 23, the literary talent of the school was put to a severe test. On this date, the annual Caroline Close prize essay contest, open to all honor students in English, took place. This contest for the best essays written on prescribed subjects, was established in memory of Caroline Close, a former head of the English Department.

The results, announced recently, are as follows:

ENGLISH 1

Prize

Dorothy Henderson

Honorable Mention

Theodora Hubbard
Israel Berkman
Alma Rosenberg
Catherine McCarthy
Thelma M. Arthur
Catherine Griffin
Florence M. Jones

ENGLISH 2

Prize

Betty Sullivan

Honorable Mention

Grace McGlinchey
Rachel Kincaid
Eleanor Litter
Margot Clark
Constance Fowke
Robert Creel
Ruth Simpson
Carl Alpert
Hilda Matthews

ENGLISH 3

Prize

Jean Clark

Honorable Mention

Elizabeth Tracy
Adrea Grant

ENGLISH 4

Prize

George Foley

Honorable Mention

Marjorie Bain
Eleanore Eisenhauer

"The Old Barn" by Dorothy Henderson, with its ingenious plot, will surely delight all who read it.

Betty K. Sullivan in "Ruins" dwells on the glory that haunts the relics of past peoples and ages. The note of realism in the last paragraph gives a pleasing touch to this fantasy.

"Pools and Puddles" would at first thought seem a rather colorless and unpoetic subject, but after reading Jean Clark's exquisite essay, one is convinced that even puddles are intensely colorful, beautiful and poetic. As one reads of the "delicious squidginess" of the "succulent mud," of the "deep banks of damp verdant ferns," of the endless vivid pictures of the golden sunset that lives for but a moment in the street puddles, one becomes vaguely aware that these are all sometime experiences of our own, but lost because we search too far for beauty.

George Foley in his "Romance of the Road," beckons us forth into the open where we may feel the "dank moist mold" and taste the "scent of the woods and meadows." George, who less than twelve hours later convinced us of his oratorical ability, showed that he is also master of the written word.

H. H. F.

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY: THORNTON WILDER

A Book Review

I APPROACHED "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" with the idea that it was to be the most beautiful book of the year. Its name excited a quick, enthusiastic response everywhere. I had heard that it was being required at both Harvard and Yale, an honor unusual to so new a book, and the greatest recommendation of course, was the fact that it has just received the Pulitzer prize. I was not disappointed.

The theme of the book is the search for the elemental truth of the universe through the eyes of a Franciscan monk. One day in Peru the famous bridge of San Luis Rey snapped, killing five people. By a strange coincidence Brother Juniper witnessed the accident. He saw a little further than the fact of a terrible accident; he saw a little further than that in ten minutes he would have been one of the five, and asked himself, " 'Why did this happen to those five?' If there were any plan in the universe at all, if there were any pattern in human life, surely it could be discovered mysteriously latent in those lives so suddenly cut off." He determined to follow this up "and to surprise the reason of their taking off."

This is done in three stories. Of these it is "The Marquesa" which seems the most beautiful to me, although I hate to leave out the strange, shy darkness of Esteban which haunts me even as I write. The passion of the hideous old Marquesa writing to her cold daughter in Spain, is full of deep humanism with enough irony to give it leaven. Those feverish letters to the beloved Dona Clara in hopes of catching one slight word of praise became classics in Peruvian literature.

The Marquesa lived through a long, drunken, lethargic week, attended by her little servant girl Pepita, only to rouse herself for a flash of brilliance to catch the boat for Spain on Saturday. "She loved her daughter not for her daughter's sake, but for her own." She wanted to possess her. So life went on until one day she found a despairing letter from Pepita to her adored nun teacher. Pepita did not send the letter, because, as she said "It wasn't—it wasn't—brave." Then the Marquesa realized that she had never brought courage either to life or love. The next day the bridge fell with her and the child.

(*Continued on Page 9*)



ROMANCE OF THE ROAD

AWAY with care and sorrow, dull routine and burdening responsibility! Spring is in the air. Tulips are peeping forth from their blankets of dank moist mold. Robin red-breast is caroling as he busily hops about upon the dewy grass. The enervating and caressing breeze wafts to me the scent of the woods and meadows. It skips about me, pulls at my hair and clothes, teases me, taunts me to follow the romance of the road.

Quick as a flash I am away, running freely down the dusty road. The budding bushes on either side nod cheery greetings as I fly by. The tall trees sigh a melancholy welcome as I pass under their leafy arches. I exult in my freedom and cry out in laughing joy. The surrounding hills smile at my exuberance and return glad shouts. All nature rejoices with me.

I wish to pause and course the rolling fields in search of budding wild-flowers, but I may not stop, for the haunting magic of the yellow rutted road calls me on, holding out promise of new beauties such as I have never known. I go on and on, through many lands and many climes. I know the mystery of the Orient, the tropic lure of the jungles of the south, the burning intensity of great deserts, and the chill cold of snow-capped mountains. I follow the winding roads traversed by the roving Romany bands as they wandered over Europe and Asia. I find the new lands and new beauties which the road has promised to me, but these do not bring surcease from care and responsibility.

But hold! there are regions to which the road has not yet led my footsteps. The yellow gray ribbon still lies invitingly before my feet. The restless urge of spring is again in the air. This time I shall surely find the peace and rest which I seek. The breeze tugs at my hair and clothes, taunting me on. Quick as a flash I am away, following once more the compelling romance of the road.

George Foley, '28.

RUINS

TALL, imposing, and emitting a decayed air of grandeur were the old gray, ivy-covered ruins of an empire long passed away. Cold, haughty and disdainful of the pity a mortal would offer when roaming through their immortal halls, they stand as monuments to a mighty people centuries gone. By an imagination that has been trained and educated, they can be gayly decked with flowers and tapestries, returned once more to something of their former pomp and glory. Only, this splendor fades and grows dim as reality stares the imaginator in the face. Still he loves his dreams and clings to the fancies, idle fancies of memories of feasting, bloodshed, rejoicing, political strife, and beautiful women, and noble men, that were half confirmed by the dark brooding appearance of these mysterious spectres of the past. Gay were the nights of debauchery; terrible, the days of massacre; beautiful, the weeks of rejoicing and gladness; bitter, the weeks of campaigns; many, the proud women and handsome men.

All these passions had left their mark upon the only substantial thing that survived them. The rambler saw sadness in the droop of the proud walls, haughtiness in the tall columns, cruelty in the dungeons, and all combined in a barbaric beauty.

The traveler returns to his commonplace hotel feeling as if he had lived in the times of the Caesars, so much do the rambling ruins tell. So does every person return after having glimpsed a little of what the ruins relate to every one.

Betty K. Sullivan, '30.

POOLS AND PUDDLES

THERE is a world of difference between a pool and a puddle. A pool suggests romantic thoughts; perhaps a little open space in a forest, surrounded by deep banks of damp, verdant ferns. It is difficult to reach this spot. When you have pierced the briers and thickets of the higher ground, you must leave your shoes and stockings behind. The swampy ground is thrilling. You tread ankle-deep in the succulent mud which forces itself between your toes with delicious "squidginess." There may be a treacherous hole at any minute. The ferns which hide the ground are waist-high and unbelievably green. Finally you make a daring leap to the twisted root of a swamp tree, and, pushing aside the tangled jewel-weed, gaze on a peaceful, untouched pool, never disturbed by the feet of aught save long-eared hare or timid deer.

A puddle is a prosaic thing, a mere hollow in the road, filled by the rain which turned the dry dust to cakes of mud. "What is there in a puddle?" say you. Ah, there is a great deal!

A Pool reflects the same scene all day and every day. It is beautiful, but you may tire of it. Would you not rather have a new portrait every day, than even the most beautiful landscape by Claude Monet forever? Think of the faces a puddle in a city street reflects! Within a few minutes you can see a great deal. Look now! There is the face of an old working-man, dreaming, dreaming, always dreaming of the Italy he left behind him. He is a tragic figure, moving in dreams more vivid than ever opium could give him. He has passed; look where comes a motley crowd of shoppers! First is a bold, self-possessed girl, with her mother. The mother's kind blue eyes, with a sweet, tired, patient look in them, tell her story only too well. Her hands are constantly nervously fidgeting; she is longing to use them to help someone else. She and her daughter pass, and all is still.

The last rays of the sun throw a golden haze over the dreary street, and make it heaven for one fleeting moment. But now the night has thrown its mantle over the sleeping city, and all is still. The puddle has a last reflection. Sole monarch of the night, a great black cat passes with arched back, his eyes glittering like bits of burnished gold.

JEAN CLARK, '29.

THE OLD BARN

IT was a rainy, muggy day. Four faces could be seen through the windows and four noses were flattened against the panes of glass. Suddenly, one of the faces disappeared, and then the others did likewise.

"Let's go over and play in the barn," shouted Bobby Page, the owner of one of the "disappearing faces."

"Yes, let's," assented the others.

A few minutes later found the four children in the old barn, divesting themselves of their raincoats and rubbers.

"Look at the dandy places to hide in," said Mary. "Suppose we play hide-go-seek."

Everyone ran to hide while Mary counted. Soon there were shouts of "ready," but Mary did not come.

"I guess we'd better go and find her," said Bobby, finally.

Accordingly, the children hunted over the barn, high and low. Suddenly, Bobby heard a voice behind him say, "Here I am."

"Where?" asked Bobby, puzzled, for he could see nothing but the blank wall.

"Lean against the wall," commanded the voice, apparently that of Mary.

Bobby did so, and fell backwards. The other children came to the rescue, and soon had Mary and Bobby out of the secret closet, for such it was. Mary explained how she had fallen in, and then held up a small wooden chest, saying,

"See what I found. It's full of knives and forks."

"Let's bring it over and show mother," suggested Bobby.

They ran out into the rain, and over to the house, where they explained, all in one breathe, what had happened. When Mrs. Page saw the box, her face turned white.

"Children," she said, "That box has been missing ever since the Civil War. You see, the date is right on here, 1860. Every member of the family has searched for it. Your great-grandfather hid it from the soldiers when they were about to search the house. Then he was killed in battle before he had a chance to tell where it was."

"Bobby, tum on an' p'ay some more," urged the youngest member of the family.

"All right, Fred, I'll be right with you, and say, mother, I'm glad we were able to find it for you."

With that the "quartet" ran out of the house, and back to the barn to "p'ay some more," as little Fred had suggested.

DOROTHY HENDERSON, '31.

GERAINT'S GIFT

AND 'boy' said he, 'I have eaten all, but take
A horse and arms for guerdon; choose the best.'
He, reddening in extremity of delight,
'My lord, you overpay me fifty-fold.'
'Ye will be all the wealthier,' cried the prince.
'Yea, my kind lord,' said the glad youth, and went,
Held his head high, and thought himself a knight,
And up the rocky pathway disappear'd,
Leading the horse———" A. TENNYSON.



He climbed until he reached a favorite spot,
A place of silence and of purest air,
Where sometimes clouds their heavy masses piled
In forms of noblest castles and of halls.
He left his horse to nibble of the herbs
Which were so pungent that he snorted oft,
And breathed a gusty fragrance in the air.
Then Renan cast himself upon the turf
Which scented was with bursting seeds below,
And cupping both his hands beneath his chin,
He gazed into a city of his mind
And dreamed———
The city took the form of Camelot
As in his thoughts he had imagined it.
Each turret with a slender banner stream'd,
And all the folk were in their gay attire.
Great Arthur on his carven dais sat
Among his noble knights: but noblest of all
Was one who knelt before him on the step.
'Sir Renan of Revold, I dub you knight,
For doughty deeds and service bravely done
To keep the name of Table Round from stain."
He turn'd, uplifted, from his knightly thoughts,
To look upon his armour on the grass.
A ray of sunlight caught the burnished face,
And seemed to wash it free from caitiff stain,
To make it mirror all his high desires.
And as he looked upon it lying there,
He formed a purpose with the strength of life;
To keep the shield as free from stain as now;
To work with knightly zeal on homely things,
And then when help was needed there no more,
To go to Arthur, and uphold the right.

BARBARA RUNKLE, '29.

WHEN THE CONQUEROR MEETS HIS MASTER

CRACK! Slish! The heavy yet pliant bull lash in the hands of Hasdrulshen, chief of Pharoah's outside overseers, curled mercilessly over the bare, perspiring backs of the toiling slaves. Far off here, in the broiling desert, where even the ground seemed to swell with heat, Hasdrulshen was supreme. He knew it, and heartily he defied even the gods to shake him from his lofty pedestal. Nothing as yet had marred his happiness. Quick of temper, and strong of arm, he had his slaves groveling in the very dirt before his feet. His duty, one far from the Holy Cemetery of Gizeh, was to transport the huge two ton marble blocks from one station to another nearer to the Immortal Pyramids.

This day he was trying out a new brand of men. After a withering summer, in which fully half his slaves had succumbed to his lash, he had been forced to go himself to Gizeh, there to fill up on his quota of men. Having received his commission, he had awaited their arrival with nonchalance. But the minute his experienced, practised eye caught the troup as it swung neatly into formation before him for inspection, he growled deep down in his huge throat, and knew that with these he would have trouble. Hittites —once the scourge of the East, the first mounted cavalry ever seen in Egypt, but whose power had since been broken—those were to be his future subjectable slaves! For a moment he felt like refusing them, but the blood rushed to his temples as he thought of the shame, and with an angry snarl, he raised his whip in surly command, and the pack leaped on ahead.

Even that night, camping by the roadside enroute, something happened which made the incomparable Hasdrulshen feel more and more apprehensive. A fight started, while he was dozing, a fight merely over some bread, but like two wolves fighting for the leadership of their pack, its perpetrators had sprung at each other's throat. With hands, feet, and teeth they struggled till they were but pulpy shreds of torn flesh, and before Hasdrulshen could separate them with his whizzing lash, one of them, far the heavier of the two, had fallen under the savage, animal-like attack of the other. All night long the fierce camp buzzed, and was not at all like the sullen, docile, and aenemic band of slaves Hasdrulshen had heretofore been accustomed to lashing into submission.

But as yet the real crisis had not been reached. The next day in camp, Hasdrulshen was in a quandary fearing some new upheaval, and thankfully he let them sleep late that day. But although he noticed with growing perturbation the stir caused among his veterans by the arrival and intermingling of his new men, the work must go on, and this day had found all the men at dawn quietly submitting to the traces. On their first few trips, the wary Egyptians spared the lash, but when half the day had elapsed with as yet no visible sign of disobedience, Hasdrulshen subconsciously regained his old confidence. His lip went up in its accustomed corner to sneer at one and all; his ready, and powerful brown arm was uplifted to speed up any laggard, and in his heart again reigned the old spirit of superior power. He had conquered them, fierce as they were! He had shown them their master before whom they must prostrate themselves or die by his lash! No wonder that with uplifted heart, he should strike harder, oftener; and also no wonder that the new slaves, as yet unused to the brutal whip, should curse, and swear vengeance in their black hearts.

Among the new men stood the surviver of the night-fight, Cleoric, a fine, brawny specimen of all that helped make the Hittites the dreaded masters of the East. Most of all did he resent this cruel abuse of his already tormented body, and with madness in his heart, he longed to place his powerful fingers about his master's throat. Tall, powerfully built, yet stepping with the easy grace of a gazelle, he was indeed a godlike figure, and he did not at all appease the seamy eyes of Hasdrulshen.

Striding now along as well as ever before, Hasdrulshen noticed the countenance of Cleoric twisted into a savage grimace. With an oath the Egyptian swung his weapon up, and with unerring accuracy the lead globule at the end of the whip hit exactly on Cleoric's shoulder, tearing out meat and blood and—produced a catastrophe.

Caught in the midst of his brooding, the Hittite saw straight no longer. With a bellow of a wounded bull, and with hellish fires gleaming in his eyes, he launched himself, like a huge cat, upon the unsuspecting Egyptian. Before the latter could draw his blade to defend himself, he was stunned by a terrific blow dealt with the closed fist of the maddened Cleoric. From the prostrate and inert, bloody form of the fallen overseer, Cleoric drew his sword, and stood above him—a frenzied, triumphant figure. Hurling aside the whimpering slaves, he tickled the Egyptian with the tip of the whip back to consciousness. With a flutter of eyelids, and a shiver of

his huge frame, Hasdrulshen, now awake, leaped eagerly to his feet and clapped his hand to his empty girdle.

Then Cleoric spoke, "Egyptian dog! Here, with sword bared I could taste of thy foul heart's blood, but I come from a nobler race, a finer race than yours, and now I, Cleoric of the Hittites, challenge you to mortal combat under the guidance of immortal Re! Refuse, and you shall spit out your filthy life upon these sands! At the next moon, with bull-lashes, I will cut a pattern on your shoulders, and teach you to lord over a Hittite!"

Hasdrulshen, his massive chest heaving, with fixed eyes, stared at his furious opponent, and with twitching hands, replied bitterly:

"Thou slave of an accursed nation, but that thou holdest my worthy life upon the point of my blade, I would spit upon thee, and gladly give thee to the desert dogs! Be it as thou wishest, and alone, mark you, I will strip thee to pieces, and show how a conquerer of Pharoah smites his enemies!"

Thus unmolested parted the Hittite, and alone, in a distant oasis, he prepared for his dreadful ordeal. Meanwhile, the haughty Egyptian vented his consuming rages on his miserable slaves, and eagerly looked forward for the first day of the next moon.

The fatal day had at last arrived. Heralded by a copper-red sun that cast lurid shades on the tiny glade, selected as the place of combat, the day wore on, hot and sultry. Toward midday two shadows emerged from the palms, and met at a whip's length to speak a few, brief and bitter words. Then with fearsome oaths, they both sprang to opposite ends, waiting there like champing, frenzied chariot horses expecting the start of the race. The long deadly lashes unkinked; the figures sprang toward each other, and a wild, fantastic struggle ensued between master and slave.

The whole affair was gruesome and horrible to the last detail. With a feinting crack the Hittite began, but his return stroke was cleverly caught in mid air by the Egyptian, and the latter's own lash cut a red welt against the brown of Cleoric's thigh. Two strokes and blood already! Hasdrulshen smiled. The slave would soon learn his master. But at the next stroke the Egyptian felt the burning end of his enemy's lash. At this point they both threw themselves, heart and soul, into the evening combat.

Like two possessed demons of the other world, they fought to and fro! The Egyptian now would leave his mark; now, the Hittite would stagger his oponent with a terrific side-sweep. At this rate they both would fall soon for they were going at an almost inhuman pace. Swearing, gasping, slashing, grunting horribly when hurt, grinning frightfully when scoring a decisive blow! It was a desperate struggle, and one which must end, at any cost, soon. Both felt their lungs straining, and their tortured muscles cramped, but still they savagely fought though jaded beyond human endurance, and with their bodies slashed into shreds. Oh, how they raged and fought!

But now, like a flash of Jupiter's greased thunderbolts, it was all over, and one, his sweat mingling with his blood, stood triumphant over his fallen enemy, his head reared high in blessed air.

Thus, the Hittite, fearing collapse because of total exhaustion, planned one last, brief trick; that failing—he would quietly resign himself to his gods! Dropping his head, and also his gun as if totally spent, from out of the corner of his eye he saw the enemy Hasdrulshen stare at him, and then raise himself with a malevolent gleam in his eyes, to deal the fatal, finishing stroke. High above his head went his arms and lash and then—changed suddenly into a tearing beast, the Hittite, with a last effort, struck sidewise at the unprotected flank of his enemy! The result was indeed inevitable. With a ghastly shriek, Hasdrulshen dropped limply to the sand, and from his lifeless hands fell his faithful yet cruel, and blood-stained lash.

Fully a moment stood Cleoric thus; then, the savage lust dying out of his eyes too, with a groan, he fell to the sands! Side by side they found them, the Egyptian never again to raise his lash; the Hittite on the very brink of that dread abyss. And then, months afterwards found Cleoric head, not master, of an independent band of brave Hittites, working faithfully as seers over those to whom they had before submitted their backs.

JOHN TUCCI, '28.

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY — *Continued*

The three stories are so made as to come together in a perfect whole. This is the essential greatness of the book to me, that Thornton Wilder should have been able to mould so original, so difficult an idea, into a beautiful and well-balanced image, to handle it with no touch of the maudlin, or philosophically ponderous. I shall quote the last words of the book: "But the love will have been enough; all those impulses of love return to the love that made them. Even memory is not necessary for love. There is a land of the living and a land of the dead and the bridge is love, the only survival, the only meaning."

MAY SARTON, '29.

MODERN POETRY

I AM intensely interested in modern poetry; I prefer modern to conservative poetry because it is closer to my point of view. Naturally I look at life more as Edna Millay does than as Tennyson did. I love the adventure, the experimenting that is going on in modern poetry. There are more different types in this century than there have ever been. When I think of Adelaide Crapsey's 'Cinquains' (those clear-cut snatches at life), of Amy Lowell's polyphonic prose, of the broad windy words that Carl Sandburg throws at us, I find it impossible to say which poet I prefer. They are too different to be compared; but there are several I love more than others.

Edna St. Vincent Millay rings true for me in all her poetry. Some of her lyrics—'Autumn Chant,' for instance—are wonderfully wrought as music, and are saturated with personality. Her sonnets are perhaps her greatest poetry, except 'Renascence,' which seems to express a sort of ecstasy impossible to say in words. A few of those flippancies called "Figs from Thistles" delight me. Here is one:

"Safe upon the solid rock the ugly houses stand,
Come and see my shining palace built upon the sand!"

Passionately in love with life is Sara Teasdale. She writes with a sure, light touch. The sheer singing in her lyrics comes back to me over and over again. She answers the great problems of life with ringing pride:

"Let me go down as waves sweep to the shore
In pride; and let me sing with my last breath;
In these few hours of light I lift my head;
Life is my lover—I shall leave the dead
If there is any way to baffle death."

Robert Frost is a direct contrast. Where Sara Teasdale sings her very heart, Frost draws the essence of the souls of other people, the soul of New England. He spins a subtle mixture of keen observation and deep insight into spiritual values. His poems have a strange flavor, a little bit like the cider of his New England. 'Mending Wall' is an excellent example of his poetry. It brings one the difference between the thoughtful seeker after causes, who insists, 'Something there is that doesn't love a wall,' and the literal-minded, who looks only backward into tradition, and says what he has heard from his father, 'Good fences make good neighbors.'

To enjoy E. A. Robinson one has to be in rather a bitter mood. His poems are cold, terribly ironic, and full of deep knowledge of people. For the actual form he is a master of words. In his immensely popular "Tristram" he has stripped off two or three coats of reserve and brings us the flame of pure poetry. Louis Untermeyer says, "The conclusion of his sonnet to Crabbe might well be applied to him."

"Whether or not we read him, we can feel
From time to time the vigor of his name
Against us like a finger for the shame
And emptiness of what our souls reveal
In books that are as altars where we kneel
To consecrate the flicker, not the flame."

Carl Sandburg alternately squirts bad prose and softly talks exquisite poetry. 'To a Contemporary Bunkshooter' is one of the squirting kind. 'Smoke of Autumn' almost whispers, it is so quiet.

"Better the blue silence and the grey west,
The autumn mist on the river;
And not any hate and not any love,
And not anything at all of the keen and the deep."

.

Here a dog-head dreams;
Not any hate, not any love,
Not anything but dreams,
Brothers of dusk and umber."

'Chicago,' one of his greatest poems, is between the two. He is like a great wind sweeping all petty conventions before him and blowing democracy into the world. 'Fish Crier' is a good example of the tremendous exultation in many of his poems:

"He dangles herring before prospective customers evincing a joy identical with that of Pavlowa dancing.
His face is that of a man terribly glad to be selling fish, terribly glad that God made fish, and customers to whom he may call his wares from a pushcart."

Modern poetry is great because it expresses reality. It is written and read by people intensely alive, in the most complex age, spiritually and materially, that has existed. Therefore it is worth while.

MAY SARTON, '29.

"OLD IRONSIDES"

SHOT, smoke, fire and steel,
Barbary pirates, British tars and "harpies of the shore."
Preble, Hull, and Bainbridge;
A noble frigate under full sail—a fair breeze—a brilliant sky.
Heroes who died for the starry flag snapping at the peak—
Cannon balls rebounding from her live-oak planks—
That *was* "Old Ironsides."

A drydock:—
Workmen in overalls with the tools of their trades—
Great steel cranes with giant arms snatching the masts out of her—
Her very heart ripped out to be replaced tomorrow.
New ribs, new planks, new masts, new sails; all spick and span as on that day long gone when first she slid down the ways into this same old Boston Harbor;
And with the same old cannon too that battered the palace of the Dey
And shattered the Java and the Guerriere:—
This *is* "Old Ironsides."

North, East, South and West
Chicago, New Orleans, the Portlands, Maine and Oregon—
Men, women, children shouting, bells clanging, whistles shrieking
A new crew—but like the ancient breed
A noble frigate under full sail— a fair breeze—a brilliant sky—
Alive again—forevermore—
This *shall be* "Old Ironsides."

PETE HAYES, '28.

"SLAVE OF THE WHEEL OF LABOR"

The Toiler of Mankind

HE is not the portly gentleman of the white, gloved hands,
Of the smiling, god-fearing face,
Of the clear, blue, generous eyes,
Eyes that reflect the living surface of the sea,
Eyes that follow every worldly mood, be it the sun, the storm, or neither:
—ever changing—
But very well we know that there is more than waves to the sea.
There is something beneath; there is depth, a misty unfathomable depth:
—ever brooding—
It is for those other eyes to reflect that!

No, he is the man with the fisted, toiling hands,
The man of the dark, horny steeled hands,
He of the brutish, ungodly face, of the prophetic eyes,
He of the slanted brow,—the toiler of mankind—
Striking iron on iron with bending arms of steel,
Arms that are ever striving to break—
The nothingness of a foggy, life-long night,
With muscles bulging like mighty chained serpents,
With a chest heaving like the mechanical inward swell of the sea on a windless evening.
He sees the stars and wonders not;
He is a martyr and he knows it not.
He is but a tool though forged from the rare metal that bore the cross,
A tool that, knowing not of its excellent descent,
Strikes and then is done.

HERMAN FIELD, '28.

MY FIRST LOVE AFFAIR

WHEN I was four years old, I first met her, and I immediately fell in love with her. I was walking down Main Street when I heard a sharp cry. I dashed toward the spot from where the cry had come and I saw her, crying helplessly, while a huge tom-cat menaced her. I sent him flying up the alley and then noticed whom I had rescued. She was hardly three years old, had deep brown eyes, fluffy hair, and the most winning ways you could imagine. There is not a person in the world that would not have loved her had he seen her.

When I started home, I took her with me, deciding to keep her. In spite of my brother's objections to dogs, I was finally allowed to keep my little pet, whom I had rescued, and who was the first dog I had ever owned.

JOHN DRONEY, '28.

COURSE IN JOURNALISM AROUSES INTEREST

Unique Innovation In English Department Successfully Introduced

Cambridge, March 22, 1928.

The English pupils of Room 91A are very enthusiastic about the new course in journalism which was opened today under the direction of Miss McCaffrey.

A brief and penetrating insight into the fundamental principles of news writing was first demonstrated to the pupils by the use of practical news clippings from periodicals of high standard. This was followed by an original "write-up" of any interesting item the pupil wished to choose.

E. Grace.

SCHOOLS CLOSE

Cambridge Students Refuse to Work

May 30, 1928. The Cambridge schools were forced to a closure today when the students flatly refused to work, because of the spring fever that has enveloped Cambridge this week. The students rebelled against the home work assignments and the ridiculous subjects taken up in recitation hours.

The insurrection, led by the "Let's Not Work" Club has steadily grown worse. Today with the continuance of the warm weather, the students walked out of their class room. Having donned their garments, they paraded the streets. A special commission has been sent out to reason with the students.

Tena Edison, '28.

UNKNOWN KNIGHT WINS TOURNAMENT

Victor, Mortally Wounded, Disappears

Camelot, May 8, 537. After successfully opposing all the Knights of the Round Table, the winner of the great tournament held at Camelot yesterday left the field in great distress, refusing to take the diamond he so well earned or to reveal his identity.

Unofficial rumors suggest that the successful knight resembled Lancelot. This was generally disbelieved, as the injured hero wore the favor of a lady.

No definite clew has been found that will lead to the identity of the wounded stranger. As he left the field, he was heard to say, "Death is my prize."

When interviewed, King Arthur expressed a deep interest in the knight and promised to begin a search for him at once.

This tournament was the greatest that has ever taken place. Everyone in Camelot attended the joust with the exception of Lancelot and the Queen. Their absence was the cause of much regret in the social circle of King Arthur's Court.

E. Grace, '28.

NOTED WOMAN FLEES

Convent Doors Open to Queen Guinevere

Amesbury, Eng., Jan. 15, 538. The scandal concerning Queen Guinevere and her husband's trusted friend, Sir Lancelot, has finally come to a close. Guinevere, accompanied by Lancelot, came yesterday to the convent here where she will live in seclusion for the rest of her days.

It is a well-known fact that the affair between these two has been going on for some time, but owing to King Arthur's far-famed reputation, the facts have been kept from publication. Now, however, Arthur, that ideal of perfection in all that is spiritual, has finally been compelled to face the facts of this trying ordeal.

Guinevere has spared many the trouble of settling her fate by taking this step herself. May she repent of her past deeds in the years which she may yet live!

Louise Taylor, '28.

CAMBRIDGE HAS NEW AIRPORT

To Be Used Exclusively By C. H. L. S. Students

Special Dispatch to the Review

April 1, 1989. The Cambridge High and Latin School has established a precedent in modern school equipment by converting its roof into a fashionable airport of the latest design. It was formally opened yesterday by the arrival of the transatlantic airplane called the "JACQUES," which carried in its cargo several hundred copies of "As You Like It" direct from England.

Pupils landing their planes will find swift elevators waiting for them in every corner of the airport, ready to carry them as near as possible to their home rooms. This additional service is expected to decrease the number of pupils coming late.

E. Grace, '28.

HENRY SEEKS REVENGE

THE man in room ten made the transition from deep sleep to complete wakefulness in four seconds; then he sat up in bed and said harsh things under his breath for four seconds more. This was a ritual; he repeated the same thing every morning, and usually concluded by swinging out of bed and enlarging upon the stingy four second recitation.

This morning, though, he remained in bed and stared sleepily at the cheerful morning pattern made on the walls by the sun. Henry was tempted to lie down again, and snatch a few minutes more of sleep, but no sooner did he become conscious of this insidious desire than he threw back the covers and placed one valiant, explorative foot on the icy floor. By main force of will he kept it there and sent its mate to join it. He stood shivering, dreading the moment when he must take a step in his bare feet. He had no slippers; he always claimed they were effeminite; and his entire everyday wardrobe was resting tantalizingly on a chair across the room. He reached it finally, stepping in a gingerly little cat-walk.

He dressed slowly, because his shoe-lacings knotted under his freezing fingers, and he was forced to spend the better part of ten minutes in searching for his vest—to find it, at length, hanging before his very eyes. Just as he finished his hectic dressing operations, the alarm clock rang to tell him it was half past six. It took the worst possible time to ring; when Henry left the room the alarm clock had been silenced forever.

As he walked to work, his thoughts ran in the fashion of an elegy. He mourned the death of his respect for a custom which he had hitherto considered normal. In Henry's social circle, it was considered just and natural to administer a beating as punishment or in settlement of debts. Until now, Henry had found this infallible. It had always sufficed. Now, however, he had struck a cog. This unwritten law had never said that it was not the thing to do to strike a small man; this Henry had decided for himself. It was the result of his innate refinement. This refinement was an uncomfortable asset in his make-up; it interfered with him greatly in his walk of life; and yet, he could no more silence it or do away with it than he could dig his ditches without the use of his right arm.

He swung his pick with a will. He always swung with a will in the morning, because his rage was still with him, and this was the way he worked it off. By noon, he was almost reasonable. He had made up his mind by that time (day in and day out, he made up his mind) that Mr. McClintock was too small to be licked except by the time honored method employed by fathers the world over. That way, Henry passed over impatiently for the same reason that he refused to wear bed-slippers. And certainly (he always groaned inwardly at this point) if anyone merited a licking, it was Mr. McClintock.

Invariably the noon whistle interrupted him at this point, and he forgot Mr. McClintock in the serious business of eating his lunch and listening to Sam. Sam (he admitted this himself) moved in the highest strata of society. This very day he unburdened himself of interesting gossip concerning the ball to be given by the city's social leader. He dwelt at length upon the heavily laden table, until Henry's rude lunch lost its taste, and very skillfully teased him along until the ball held unheard of temptations for him. Then Sam disclosed his secret. "I got two tickets—never min' how—one for you, one for me." He gloated for a moment over Henry's astonishment, and then continued "Ain't you happy?"

Henry bethought himself for a moment. "No," he answered, "I ain't."

Sam was disgusted, and said so, adding, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," Henry said, returning to his lunch. "Guess I'll never be happy no more."

"Say," Sam suggested soothingly, "you tell it to me, and we'll both finish him up, whoever he is."

Henry was touched at this sympathy, and decided to make a clean breast of the whole affair. "Where I live, in the next room to me, there's a little feller named Mr. McClintock. He works on Haley's construction gang." He paused long enough to catch Sam's look of contempt. Anyone who worked on Haley's gang! "And you know, they got to be at work at ha' pas' six."

"Sure, I know," Sam broke in eagerly. Henry headed him off judiciously.

"Well, he leaves every mornin' at quarter pas' six, see? And what does he do but bang the door like it was a fire alarm (every mornin'!) and wake me up. Fifteen minutes early! He knows he's doin' it, too, 'cause I ast him like a gentleman to stop."

"Well," Sam asked blankly. "You ought to be able to fix that."

"Yes, what would you do?"

"Me ? What would I do? Well, *he* wouldn't be able to tell, that's all."

"Nope. Can't hit him. He's a little feller."

"What of it? Ought to be easier, that's all. Tell you what," Sam added generously. "I'll do it for you."

"Nope," Henry said hopelessly. "He's a little feller."

"Gosh!" Sam cried excitedly. *"You* don' want to hit 'im, don't want *me* to hit 'im, what do you want done? What you makin' all that fuss over a little thing like bein' waked up fifteen minutes earlier, anyway?"

"It's the—the principle of the thing," Henry said lamely.

Sam had always associated principle with loans, and did not intend to change his views now. He said: "Well, I don' know about you, but I'd use him for an alarm clock, and wouldn't think about it again."

Henry brightened immediately. "That's it!" he said, and chuckled. "Use him for an alarm clock! Mine's busted anyway."

"Sure," Sam said importantly.

"Talk about revenge! Mr. McClintock'll wake me up every mornin', and won't know nothin' about it!"

Sam saw that he had inadvertantly given Henry the clue, so he took the praise, and gave his friend directions for the evening. Henry was willing to forfeit his ticket upon learning that he must wear a tuxedo, but Sam had excellent powers of persuasion. Henry finally agreed to come, and once decided, even his struggles in getting into the suit did not deter him. About ten o'clock, his usual bed-time, he joined his friend. Sam said: "Don't say a word! We look the part, all right, if we jes' keep still."

They were not evicted, as Henry several times feared would be the case, and the supper pleased even his discriminating palate. It was three o'clock before he returned, and he groaned as he thought of the scant three hour sleep before him. "An' a full day diggin' ditches after that!" he told himself. His last conscious action, however, was a chuckle. Mr. McClintock would heap revenge on himself.

Henry thought it was the sun that woke him, but a brief survey of the room showed him that this was not the case. A red-eyed house-maid stood at the open door, and Sam was leaning over the foot of the bed.

"Wake up, Hen," he was imploring in frightened tones.

"Matter?" Henry asked.

"It's noon!" Sam said, obviously relieved to hear him speak. "Boss said I could come and get you. Whyn't you get up?"

"Noon? Where's McClintock? Why didn't he bang the door?"

Sam cleared his throat. The red-eyed girl interrupted in a raspy whisper, "Died last night o' heart-failure."

Henry's first emotion was satisfaction. At least there would be no more door-banging. But then he considered: Mr. McClintock bothered me while he was alive. He done it las' night, too, and died to do it.

Aloud he said, to the complete mystification of Sam and the house-maid, "He done it on purpose."

RUTH GREENE, '28.

SPECIMENS OF HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

AMONG the various types of High School students which pour in and out of classes during the day, it is well to mark those admirable individuals, the "studious." With rapt expressions on their faces, with a clear conscience, and a kindly regard toward teachers, these specimens are easily separated from the other lowly mortals who attend the school. The less conscientious pupils of more common clay refuse to be crushed by the withering contempt in which they are held by these. Instead, they observe with annoyance, the frantic gesticulations made by the brilliant ones to attract the teacher's notice, abhor the smug complacency so obvious after each recitation, yet strive secretly for the very laurels with which this self-consciously superior person is graced.

We note a tall, weary person moving heavily through the hall. He politely suppresses a yawn, manages to drag himself across the threshold of his classroom, and sinks wearily into his seat. He regards the efforts of his classmates with amused disdain, emerges from his semi-consciousness long enough to watch a green and yellow roadster skim past the window, and relapses again into his own thoughts. He honors his class with his physical presence, but he does not condescend to bring his mental resources to its level. In fact, we recognize him as belonging to that exclusive type known as the "bored" or the "sophisticated."

Our attention is attracted by a group of fluttering, screaming, giggling creatures comprised of unbelievable lengths of silk limb, high heels,

short skirts, shingled heads and powdered noses, who belong to that type, plainly in the majority, known as the "frivolous." The male of this species is adorned mostly by very ample trousers, extending nearly to the chin. The small space between the trousers and the Adam's apple is reserved for a knitted garment of patchwork or Indian blanket design. Above this is the usual order of eyes, nose, mouth, and hair; the last emits a most remarkable aroma and appears to have received a finish of patent-leather. The habits and appearances of this type are worth close observation, both being quite as remarkable as the language which it speaks. We observe that a singular occurrence is designated as "a scream." A "hot one" refers not to an object of excessive heat, but to a peculiar expression or a notable example of either sex. In moments of serious reflexion or uncertainty, it is interesting to note that it is in the habit of calling upon its animate possessions or even upon its apparel for guidance. For example, "My hat!" "My eye!" Then it even fervently appeals in behalf of its cats.

However, we turn from our observation of this original group to mark the habits of the "nervous" student. With a wild, uncertain expression he rushes from class to class, always in a hurry, always painfully flustered, always palpitating, vainly striving to recollect some elusive thing he is certain he has forgotten. He is called upon to recite. An uncomfortable moment elapses, during which he struggles awkwardly to his feet, passes a cold palm over a burning brow, wildly shuffles the papers on his desk, glances helplessly about the room, and plunges recklessly into a bewildering sea of stammered, broken phrases. A tragic result is inevitable. At examination time, he besieges the unlucky few who are seated in his immediate vicinity, prevailing upon them to furnish him with pen, paper, eraser, notes, or any other necessary article which he has inconveniently forgotten. He never has all his materials or all his knowledge at one time, but moves in a state of nervous tumult, depending on the compassion and memories of his neighbors.

We envy the studious, tolerate the bored, regard with interest the frivolous, and sympathize compassionately with the nervous, inwardly remarking that if "variety be the spice of life," high school is not lacking in flavor.

RACHEL KINCAID, '30.

LEGS

IN this age of knee-length skirts and sheer, silk stockings, legs cannot help but be noticed. In the days of the crinoline and the hoop skirt, legs were practically unknown. They were just a necessary part of the body used for locomotion and referred to only as limbs. Now they are the most prominent feature of the human body. They have taken the spotlight, as it were; not content with merely disclosing them, women have gone to the extreme of featuring them. Where our grandmothers wore drab, wool or cotton stockings, we now wear thin silk stockings of every color.

How fortunate were our grandmothers! They did not have to worry about their legs. Pity the modern woman who has unsightly legs! She can never be a social success unless she takes to wearing the "robe de style," but this can only be worn in the evening!

The male of the species are, of course, fortunate in their long trousers. But heaven help the great majority of them when they decide to take up golf!

Have you ever noticed that, in most cases, the unattractive women have the most becoming legs? Rarely do you see a pretty face combined with finely shaped legs. This must be what is meant by the law of compensation.

I hope you don't think that I am unaware of the fact that there are legs which aren't oddities! What could be more beautiful than the graceful curve of a dancer's leg tapering to a slim delicate ankle. But they are so rare!

I shall not attempt, with my poor knowledge, to generalize about whether a person's character is shown in his legs, though there are a few things I have noticed about legs in my short, uneventful life. I have noticed that a person who has a muscle at the back of the leg is athletic, that one who has slim, curved legs is artistic, and that one who has thick set legs is sympathetic.

All in all, I think legs aren't all they could be. Nature must have fashioned them after she had finished all our other parts. She must have been very tired and been thinking of an enchanted sleep in her fairy bower. It is evident that her mind was not on her work.

CATHERINE HILLIARD, '28.

POLITICAL SURVEY

By the *Review's* own correspondent

AT the inauguration of this new *Review* feature, it might be well to give a true definition of politics, stated in the venacular, and proposedly comprehensible to all. Politics, contrary to the popular belief, does not constitute the basis of modern criminal indulgence; political life is that sterling magician which transforms the beggar into the city solicitor, the optimist into the collector of taxes, and the unemployed element into policemen. Politics is not a study of the Western oil situation, nor should it involve difficulty over the reception to the Bremen Flyers. Politics develops the hidden virtuous characteristics of a conscientious citizen.*

*(Editor's Note: For the integrity of our correspondent we cannot vouch.)

From an extensive examination of the political field in regard to the coming presidential election, the following facts were found to stand out pre-eminently.

1. De Mar will run.
2. There will be at least one dark horse.*

*(N. B. The political 'dark horse' must be carefully distinguished from the agricultural 'dark horse.' This latter animal is a swarthy creature, formerly common in all parts of the country, but now found only in localities similar to the Fenway. He has beautiful dark eyes, usually of hazel brown, sharp small ears, and a long flowing tail of silken, ebony-black strands. His body is carefully balanced on four thin, sleek legs, which are remarkably flexible. One of these animals will be on exhibition in the Latin School Hall every Wednesday afternoon during the seventh and eighth periods, under the supervision of Joseph Dugan. Let it be clearly understood that this horse is in no way related to the 'pony,' a source of erudition frequently resorted to by students of Latin.

The political 'dark horse' is of somewhat different proportions; ordinarily his person is merely a huge, bulging mass. His eyes are neither sharp and very prominent, or sunken and blood-shot. Ears large, circular, and fully capable of waving in the breeze, are infallible means of recognition. His only tail is a tale of woe, very useful on such occasions as Senatorial inquests concerning campaign expenditures, and other apparently necessary evils. In other respects he is identical to the animal described in the preceding paragraph. If any of our readers are interested in further enlightenment, exhibits of similar 'dark horses' may be found in the City Halls and other seats of administration throughout the country.

3. The winning candidate will strenuously favor a drastic tax reduction.
4. No such reduction will be forthcoming.
5. Students of Rindge are heartily supporting Abraham Lincoln.
6. E. C. Holding, President of the American Glue Co. will be the sticker candidate.
7. Somerville High students believe Al Smith to be the Presidnet of the Anti-Saloon League.

Many are the presidential requisites. Even to qualify in the preliminary character-defaming caucus, that is the National Party Convention, the candidate must have occupied headlines in the scandal sheets (so-called yellow dailies) of the country on at least seventeen occasions. Headlines include all type not smaller than two inches in height. All candidates must have successfully passed a screen test—imagine a president who failed to rival the manly charm of John Gilbert in divers news reel close-ups! They must appear to advantage in cow-boy outfits, or at all events seem perfectly at ease when precariously balanced on the vertex of a vivacious western bronco. In regard to summer-time recreation, any aspirant to the presidential weeds must necessarily be a worthy disciple of Isaac Walton; the American people demand it. Since time immemorial our president has whiled away his brief vacation in the meditation of one Supreme question—the expediency of flies as against the expediency of worms for bait. This established custom cannot be treated in any trivial manner, for thus a great democratic principle would be banished, and the forth-coming campaign devoid of all 'angling.' Although only those born in Ohio or New England are eligible to the presidency, a deeply founded public belief has been irreverently shattered by the announcement that such persons must not necessarily be born in a log cabin. Shortly after this startling disclosure, 713 men announced their intention of competing in the election next year. Probably they will not all be successful but the increased numbers will make the contest a more interesting one. All students interested will please give their names and home room numbers to Miss Mary Hardy on or before July 1st, in order that they may continue their studies at summer school.

It is rumored that at the next National election, a new system of referendum will be introduced as the result of a controversy regarding the shrubbery adorning the grounds of the White

House at Washington. During the Congressional sessions, many of the Senators bring their families to the capitol city; consequently they frequent the White House grounds more or less, and here the trouble lies. The roses of the Executive Mansion are exceedingly beautiful, so beautiful in fact, that these guests have attempted to pick them under the shade of night. Now queerly enough the roses are extremely healthy, and possess very sharp thorns which evidently delight in pricking the Senatorial fingers, the innocent little thorns never dreaming themselves the centre of National legislation. Therefore a referendum is considered imperative. The exponents of roses, led by Fall, Sinclair, and Doheny will furnish each voter a rose-red sticker, with which to signify his choice, while the senators will likewise furnish an orange sticker symbolical of the sunflower. This improvision in the National referendum system is the topic of much political discussion, for all manufacturers of insect exterminator are sure to support the sunflower campaign as a stimulus to nation-wide business.

After interviewing several of the Latin School political leaders including Bob Dunn, Fred Hamilton and Madeline Navien, we were able to formulate only one demand upon which they were insistent—the abolishment of all seventh and eighth periods from henceforth even to evermore.

(In our next: Cambridge after mid-night, or 'Big Business' in a big way.)

BICKNELL COLESWORTHY, '28.

IT REALLY HAPPENED

THE neighbors of the Wales family, if they were prone to gossiping, generally were occupied. They invariably had many things to talk over, dissect and put together again. "Mrs." was so charming, so clever, so capable, and so tolerant of her husband. "Mr." was crazy, wanting to be an actor, and spending all her money on his ambition. Not one of the much-concerned well wishers could understand why she put up with such a state of affairs. Even the Wales children considered their mother to be a sort of machine that doled out sums of money. Yes, her friends and acquaintances sympathised with her and keenly enjoyed it.

One day the blind goddess restlessly twitched her scales, causing one woman's life to change.

The bewitching Mrs. Wales, self-confident, radiant in the possession of an adoring family and an excellent position, fell from the heights. Mr. Milflen, her employer, was going abroad, was breaking up his business, and no longer needed her. He was very sorry, but—. Not quite realizing that she had lost the position she had held for fourteen years, Mrs. Wales left the office for home. She hurried, for it seemed that if she got home to the sympathy and love of her family it would seem less terrible. Such a heavy handed blow as that which had fallen on her shoulders snatched away her capacity of thinking clearly.

When she reached the house, the dramatic tones of her husband reached her.

"To be or not to be, that is the question."

Then as she came to the study, tired and yearning for consolation, the would-be actor hastened to her. His face was flushed, triumphant. If he had the promise of reliable backing, a certain producer was willing to star him. So would she please give him a check. At last she interposed. Incoherently she explained with faltering speech. A torrent of abuse rose upon her weary head. Mrs. Wales by getting herself fired had ruined his chances of a great success. Very injudicious of her! He was grieved, but it was expedient that he leave. Never could he stand the trial of being near the person who had shattered all his dreams. Slamming down the book in his hand, Mr. Wales made a magnificent exit.

The children, Polly and Jack, were called home. Sad to say, their very expensively, but imperfectly trained brains could not grasp the fact that their mother had abandoned her support. Why, Polly had to go to the Rockies on that trip on which the Whitneys had invited her. Jack merely laughed and drove a new roadster home the following day.

Changes soon began to appear. One day, Mr. Wales sailed off, promising passes to his "first night"—which he sanguinely saw in a rosy mist. The mother began to go from one big firm to another, only to be told she was much too old to learn a new business. Small places were offered and in pressing need she accepted one. The great home was abandoned. Soon she told her supercilious youngsters that unless they wished to loaf around the streets in rags, they'd have to find employment. They didn't. Surely, their mother would support her own children. They were mere infants. Polly was twenty, Jack seventeen. Something had snapped in their mother's brain, something that had to do with charity. She was only a thing now, working for herself. What did she care for those who had failed her in her need.

She keeps books now in a contractor's office. Polly and Jack have joined their father, who has become a success. But they've forgotten their mother who once supported them. Now, she, who loved life with a great passion—exists.

BARBARA BRINTNALL, '28.

PORTRAIT OF A SYBARITE

THE house looked prim and unyielding even at a cursory glance. The boy regarded it with disfavor, his eyes moving hastily about seeking ways of escape from the inevitable act of knocking on the door. A worn, bursting bag was clutched tightly in both hands. Finally, with a reluctant sigh, he relinquished his grip on the satchel and fearfully lifted the huge, iron knocker, which resounded with a loud clangour through the still house.

"Humph! So you're here at last! Come in. And don't forget to wipe your feet on the mat or you'll muddy up my clean floors." His worst expectations were fulfilled. The large, raw-boned woman who stood before him was, in a word, hard. She had a hard face, hard blue eyes, hard bony hands, and hard iron 'skewers' fastening the hard yellow ball of her hair.

The boy was hustled into the kitchen and divested of his dripping outer apparel. He stood in the middle of the room, lifting first one foot and then the other in a vain attempt to preserve the floor's spotless virginity.

"As soon as you're dried off, you can go in the parlor," said his Aunt Miranda ungraciously, "but be sure not to handle anything. Them things've been in this house for years, an' I don't count on havin' 'em broke now." She bustled out of the kitchen, her stiffly starched skirts crackling with little explosive sounds.

The boy shivered a little and drew nearer the stove, which was radiating cheery rays of heat. His wide, thoughtful brow was clustered over by dark curls, beaded with moisture from the rain. His full, sensuous lips curled back in an involuntary mark of disdain. The fingers of his red, chapped hands were long and delicately shaped. One could see at a glance that this boy was a dreamer, who hated contact with actualities, and lived in a world of his own.

Finally, his clothes being quite dry, he ventured out of the kitchen, impelled by fear of his aunt's reappearance. He stole down the draughty hall and carefully turned the shiny glass knob of the parlor door. He stepped over the threshold with much trepidation, and immediately he regretted it.

The room was exactly like Aunt Miranda—hard. Bristly black horsehair furniture, with starched white antimacassars, held out uninviting arms. Lumpy, unyielding rag rugs were placed with geometrical precision before each chair. From one corner a bulbous, pink china lamp shade, slightly askew, leered knowingly at him. Opposite the door beneath the decorous marble mantel stood a grotesque pot-bellied stove with poised, chubby, gold cherubs, on the point of flight to unknown realms. On the wall over the mantel hung two, framed, wax wreaths, commemorating some deceased members of the family.

Was this to be his home? Was he who so loved the beautiful obliged to spend years in this prosy, commonplace house with its atrocious furniture and humdrum, monotonous existence? With a shudder of distaste the boy turned to the window. Suddenly his black eyes lighted up and were flecked with gold. His lips parted and curved into a trembling, happy smile. Framed by an ethereal blue ribbon which had broken through the grey, lowering clouds, the ocean stretched sullen—moody. The towering waves fringed with white-caps beat upon the wet packed sands. At last he knew that despite his unlovely environment he possessed one beautiful thing. Softly he began to chant the opening lines of Byron's immortal poem:

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture in the lonely shore;
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in it's roar."

GRACE MCGLINCHY, '30.

MELODY

I

A melody played in the wind one day
And hummed in the budding trees
While everyone spoke, as it danced along,
Of the joy in that tuneful breeze.

II

The little breeze laughed in its tuneful way
A gurgle of elfish glee,
"Oh, world!" it sang ere it lilted on,
"It's spring in the voice of me!"

MAXINE ALLEN, '30.

SUCCESSFUL PEOPLE

THESE succesful people! Doctors, lawyers, teachers, and even movie stars! One tires of their everlasting boasts about their success. Most of those people who succeed say the same things in the same way. They believe that they are shining stars in the world of men giving forth splendid examples to plodding manhood. To gain fame some of these celebrities have sacrificed love and honor; but what satisfaction can result from their fame and riches? As one picks up the daily newspaper one sees a large picture of a very successful movie star shown in her beautiful garden tending the rare Japanese poppy. This glittering queen of the make-believe world may not be able to distinguish a daisy from a dahlia, but, since she is successful, is it not right that she be photographed in this becoming pose and shown to all her humble followers who pay hard-earned money to see her do the things that they hope and dream they shall do one day?

Successful people hide behind a veneer of bluff. They show a polished front toward their fellowmen, and they continually preach about youth. Here is an example—you have just been introduced to Mr. Bigpay, a prominent lawyer who has raised himself from the position of office boy to one of the country's most successful members of the bar. He is very stout; his red face shines below a round flat head, innocent of any hair. Mr. Bigpay with a cool, calculating eye looks you over from the top of your head to your shiny patent leather pumps, and then that gentleman after a few preliminary questions and answers starts, "You are seventeen, and you don't know which college you intend to enter? Why, at your age I was diligently working days, and studying law nights. In the old days young people had definite aims but the youth of today is hopeless. All it thinks of is dancing, cigarettes, movies, cocktails, and other vile amusements, if they can be called such." At this point you might modestly mention Charles Lindbergh, the one hero of today's youth, and if you are quite daring you might say that the young people of today behind all their savage-like dances, war paint, and silly actions, do and say things more openly than their friends of years ago.

Mr. Bigpay, however, like all successful people, does not heed you, but he goes on to tell of his hard work toward the great goal, SUCCESS. If you are fortunate enough to end this very one-sided (all Mr. Bigpay's side) conversation, you try to find a young person who is ignorant about even the meaning of the word, "success." The eager host captures you before you are able to make a graceful retreat. With a very flowery preface he introduces you to a prominent school teacher who is in the midst of a sea of praise for his latest book, "Phrenitis, Phycography, Philoctery, and other Fizzes." This brilliant individual glances at you with a lofty expression, and he then begins, "The youth of today has too much time and money. Now when I was a lad I walked seven miles to school. I never was absent a single day; neither snow, rain nor hail ever phased me. I studied most diligently. I gained my well-earned success by plodding sturdily along. If you take life as one long, sweet song you will certainly lose out in the battle for success, etc., etc., etc., etc! ! !"

When this fine example of "what becomes of those who work hard," finally ends his eulogy on his success you at last leave and walk disgustedly toward home. Successful people! Bah! When you reach home you are met by no lawyer, doctor, teacher, or movie star, but by a person much more successful than any of these—your Mother! She gives love and tender care to those about her. She is always ready to hear your tale of woe and comfort you. Her eyes ever watch you and reproach you when you do wrong. Her hands are ever ready to nurse you in time of sickness. She is most successful in her work, but does she boast of it? No, Mothers, in the opinion of most people, are not supposed to be considered as successes.

AILEEN BARRETT, '28.



ON Friday, May 11, the Cambridge Latin Debating Team went down to a fighting defeat before a much older and more experienced trio from Phillips Andover Academy. The debate was held in the school hall before an attentive and responsive audience of four to five hundred. The subject was: "Resolved: that capital punishment be abolished in Massachusetts." Our speakers upheld the affirmative side of this question.

Mr. Cleveland presided. Music was furnished during the intermissions by the school band conducted by Mr. Whorrisky.

Francis Anderson, of Cambridge Latin, opened the debate welcoming Andover. He then went on to explain the meaning of the question and to sketch the history of capital punishment. He claimed that the passing of the years had brought about the gradual reduction of the use of the death penalty as a punishment for crime, and proved his point by citing the abolition of England's old penal system under which men were sentenced to death for petty crimes such as breaking into a store.

Arnold Berns, the first speaker on the negative, centered his speech on the point that capital punishment was a deterrent to crime. He dwelt on the fear of death as a factor in holding back potential murderers and emphasized the fact that a dead murderer could no longer be a menace to the state.

John Hughes, our second speaker, argued that capital puishment did not act as a deterrent to murder. He produced statistics showing that only three or four murderers in every hundred suffer capital punishment and that the criminal's fear of the death penalty was consequently not very great. He also quoted figures placing the murder rate in states without capital punishment as lower than that in states with it.

Henry A. Fenn, second speaker for Andover, spent much of his time proving the state's right to kill, and then proceeded to refute some of the arguments of the affirmative.

William Hogan, our third speaker, proposed life imprisonment without the possibility of pardon as a substitute for the death penalty. He then outlined the main advantages of his proposal stating that life imprisonment fulfilled the two fold aim punishment, that is, retribution and reformation, while capital punishment did not. He then summarized the arguments of the affirmative.

Paul Reardon, the third speaker for Andover, then presented his arguments—convincing arguments. Reardon was without doubt the star of the evening, a polished and matured debater, experienced in all the tricks of the trade. He stated that life imprisonment was not satisfactory because the average term of the lifer is but seven years. He named four states in or near New England which had discarded capital punishment and then adopted it again when they found their murder rates increasing. He challenged the affirmative to produce figures showing a greater percentage of convictions in murder cases in states with life imprisonment alone. This challenge was in answer to the affirmative's argument that judges and juries in states with capital punishment failed to convict because they did not wish to sentence men to death, whereas they would not hesitate if the punishment were capital punishment. This closed the case for the negative.

After a five minute rebuttal, Fenn rose for his rebuttal. The main thing he did was to reiterate Reardon's challenge.

Bill Hogan's main point in rebuttal was that under the affirmative's plan lifers could not be pardoned and that therefore Reardon's argument concerning the average term of lifers under the existing state of affairs was beside the point.

These rebuttals concluded the debate. The affirmative lost probably because they failed to produce the statistics demanded by the negative.

John W. Norcross, of Andover, and George McGinnes, of Cambridge Latin, were the alternates.

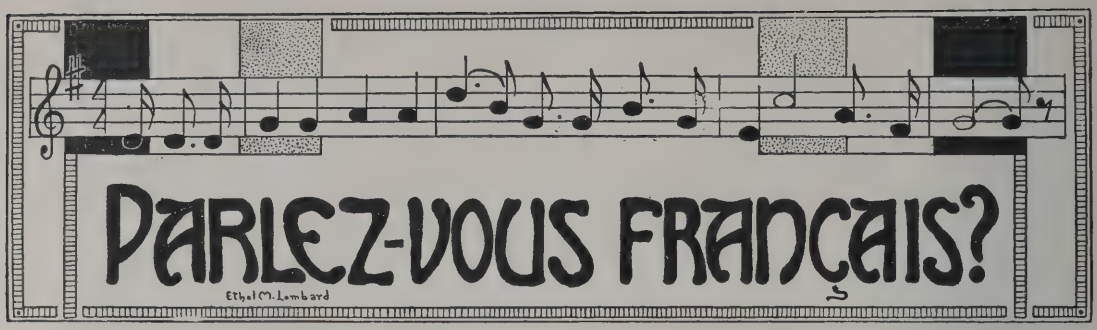
The judges were Mr. Edward A. Counihan, Jr., Associate Judge of the Third District Court, Eastern Middlesex, Mr. Leo R. Etzkorn, Librarian of the Cambridge Public Library, and Mr. Charles Swain Thomas, Professor of English at Harvard University.



DEBATING TEAM
Standing, left to right; Edward Crane, John Hughes
Seated; George Foley, Mr. Olsen, *Coach*, William Hogan



REVIEW STAFF
Top row, left to right; Barry DeKnight, Edward Dillon, Charles Dale, George Foley, Earl Perry, Gilbert Mottla, John Hughes
Middle row; Israel Berkman, Barbara Heath, Isabel Brooks, Beatrice Evers, Agnes Frost, Eleanor Shaffer, Peter Dobrowolski
Front row; Sophie Fremerman, Herman Field, (Ed. C.) Catherine Boucher, Miss Mary Hardy, (F. A.), May Sarton, Milton Talent, (B. M.), Frances Shain



AU CINEMA

QUOIQUE je n'aime pas aller souvent au théâtre il me plaît beaucoup d'y aller, de temps en temps, quand on joue "Ben Hur," "Monsieur Beaucaire" ou "Le Bossu de Notre Dame."

Je ne crois avoir jamais vu ni acteur ni actrice mieux tenir à son idée particulière que celui qui a joué le Bossu. J'ai tout-a-fait oublié son nom, mais je n'oublierai jamais l'expression dont il s'est servi en jouant ce rôle difficile.

On dit que, pendant que l'on faisait une des scènes où il devrait paraître, il ne pouvait supporter plus de cinq minutes le costume ou le masque qu'il lui fallait mettre, si lourds étaient-ils et si gênants!

Quiconque ait vu ce film se souviendra, sans doute, des souffrances et des sentiments variés qu'il a exprimés en dessinant le portrait de cet homme malheureux. Une fois il y avait de la joie infinie, l'autre le désespoir absolu. Vraiment c'était un artiste sans égal.

G. M.

LE RADIO

LE radio est à mon avis sune des inventions les plus merveilleuses du siècle. Pensez-y donc! Tout ce que vous avez à faire, c'est de vous asseoir comfortablement dans un fauteuil, de tourner un cadran, et vous aurez pour votre amusement des artistes les plus habiles dans le terrain des sciences, de la musique, de la litérature, et de l'art.

Aussi pensez au courage qu'il apporte aux malades dans nos Rôtels-dieu et aux gens de la campagne. Vraiment c'est "La voix criant dans la solitude." Un bonheur à tout le monde riche et pauvre, triste et gai.

Chaque maison doit en avoir un.

R. D.

QUE FAIRE?

QUE faire? Que faire? J'ai invité une de mes meilleures amies à souper, et tout à coup j'ai trouvé que j'ai perdu ma bourse. Elle est à côté de moi, ici, au théâtre. Peutêtre que elle a de l'argent. Mais non, non! Ce serait impossible. Je ne pourrais lui en demander. Donc, qu'est-ce que je ferai?

La pièce finie, nous sortons du théatre; je rencontre un ami de l'école, et sans qu'elle le sache, je lui prie de me prêter quelque chose. Il répondit, "Malheureusement je viens de dépenser mon dernier sou. Je le regrette beaucoup. . . . "

Nous marchons toujours jusqu'à ce que nous soyons arrivés au restaurant choisi. Je n'ose dire la vérité. Nous y entrons, nous nous asseyons à table. Je regarde la salle. Personne que je connaisse n'est la. Encore une fois, que faire?

A ce moment, qu'est-ce que je vois? Quelque chose de jaune, près de mon pied, sous la table! C'est un billet de dix dollars! D'où vient-il? N'importe! Je suis sauvé!

J. K.

LES AILES

LA semaine dernière, j'allai au théâtre voir un film qu'on appelle "Wings." C'est un très bon film et j'ai bien joui de le voir.

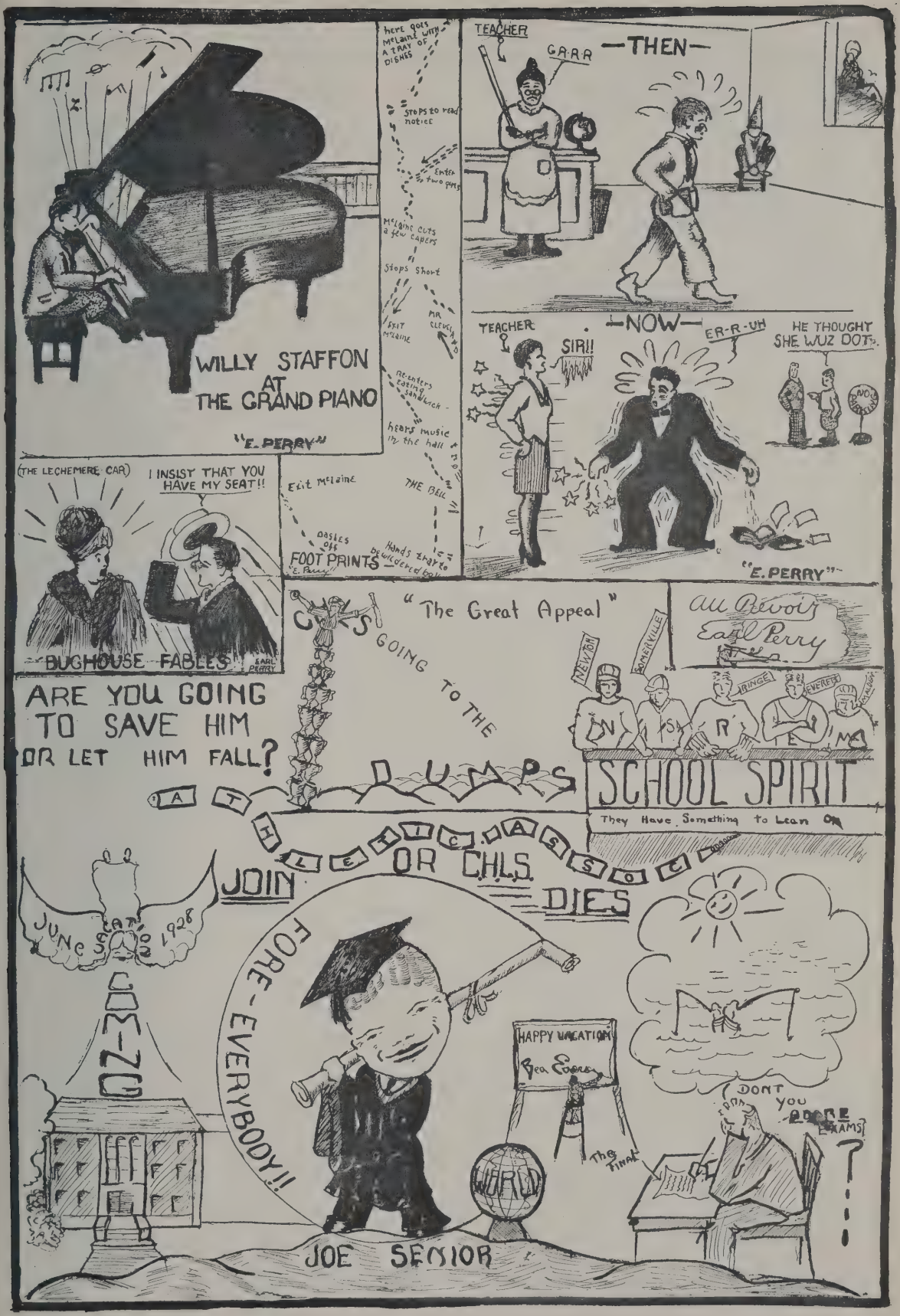
Les acteurs ont joué admirablement leurs rôles et un d'eux était mon artiste favori.

L'histoire est de l'aviation au temps de la Grande Guerre. Elle montre les aventures, les désastres, les fatigues, les actes de bravoure des aviateurs. On livre des batailles dans les nuages, on met feu aux ballons, et on tue beaucoup de soldats de chaque armée.

Quand le film se finît, tout le monde él-ait triste parce qu'il en aurait voulu voir davantage.

Je sortis du théâtre, et je retournai à la maison, tout en pensant à ce bon film émouvant.

A. C.


WILLY STAFFON AT THE GRAND PIANO
"E. PERRY"
here goes McLaine with a tray of dishes
stops to read notice
enters two pps
McLaine cuts a few capers
stops short
exit McLaine
Mr Clewley
Mr Clewley enters eats sandwich
hears music in the hall
exit McLaine
THE BELL
Hands thanks to
FOOT PRINTS
E. Perry
TEACHER
GA-R-R
—THEN—
—NOW—
TEACHER
SIR!!
ER-R-UH
HE THOUGHT SHE WUZ DOT.
"E. PERRY"
(THE LECHEMERE CAR)
I INSIST THAT YOU HAVE MY SEAT!!
BUGHOUSE FABLES
EARL PERRY
ARE YOU GOING TO SAVE HIM OR LET HIM FALL?
"The Great Appeal"
C.H.S. GOING TO THE DUMPS
All Revoir
Earl Perry
NEWTON
SOMERVILLE
FRINGE
REVERE
SCHOOL SPIRIT
They Have Something to Lean On
ATHLETICS
JOIN OR C.H.L.S. DIES
JUNE 5th A.D. 1928
FORE-EVERYBODY!!
HAPPY VACATION
Bea Esore
DONT YOU FORE EXAMS
?!!
WORLD
The Final
CLASS
JOE SENIOR



Such was the dignity of It,
At times, It seemed imposs-
Its pose was such, there was never a fuss
And never was It at loss.
Its knowledge was unfathomable
As the murky depths of the sea,
And Its spirit at times *seemed* unruly
But somehow that could not *be!*
The serious look on Its face
Was from wondering as to Its "Fate."
And I guess you know,
Who this "It" must be—
Why, the "Seniors of '28."

A teacher, conducting her pupils through an art museum, stopped in front of Rodin's famous statue "The Thinker." She asked them what they thought he was thinking of.

"Oh, I know," replied one little boy, "He's been swimming and can't remember where he put his clothes."

THE ONLY REASON

Mother—"When I was young, girls never thought of doing the things they do today."

Daughter—"Well, that's why they didn't do them."

TAKEN INTO THE FAMILY

Irate parent (from head of stairs)—"Edith, hasn't that young man any home?"

Edith—"He has *now,* papa. I've just accepted him."

HEARD IN ENGLISH

Teacher—"That all depends on whether you think Lady Macbeth wicked or otherwise."

Pupil—"Oh, she wasn't a lady, or else she wouldn't have taken part in the murder!"

HEARD IN BOOK-KEEPING

Teacher—"What is the A. D. T. System?"

Pupil—"Western Union Messenger Boys because they are "All Day Trotters."

WELL READ BOOKS

Monsieur Beaucaire Jack Hughes
The Three Musketeers Bob, Bill and Charlie Morris
Jane Eyre Madeline Navien
Beau Brummel Dana Packard
The Three Graces Aileen Barrett, Kay Boucher and Fran Dennis
My Lady Caprice Gertrude Doyle
Beau Geste Charlie Dale

HEARD IN LATIN

Teacher—"Decline a gerund."
Bright Pupil—"Gerundi"
"Gerundo"
etc.
etc.

THIS SMART SET!

Speedy—Jack O'Neil.
The Play's the Thing—Gorgeous Foley.
Patent Leather Kid—Joe Dugan.
Gents Prefer Blondes—Louise Reilly.
Day Dreams and Fancies—Barry De Knight.
Stepping Out—Ed. Dillon.
Handsome Harry—"Gib" Mottla.
Ye Fiend—Sexaphor Sykes.
Showoff—Barbara Brintnall.

A Scotchman's son was getting married, so he (the Scotch gent) sent them as a wedding gift a pair of homing pigeons.

"I don't know which girl to take to the game."
"Why don't you flip a coin?"
"I did, but it didn't come out right."

"Is Jack an athlete?"
"No, I don't think so; I saw him in class today."

HEARD IN ENGLISH

Teacher—"How is it that your essay on "The Dog" is exactly the same as your brother's?"

Tom—"We've only one dog."

Oh you Undergrads! Pity us proud Seniors, for next year we'll have to suffer the ignominy of being just "Freshies" again!

CAN IT BE SO?

School will close the day before examinations.

No more home lessons will be assigned for the remainder of the year.

An elevator has been installed in the school building.

Report cards have been distributed without a space marked "Deportment."

A prize has been awarded to the pupil having the greatest number of tardy marks.

HEARD IN LATIN II

Miss Bradbury—"What two languages could the interpreter speak?"

Dumb Soph—"Latin and garlic (Gaelic)."

Isenstein (translating)—"He (Caesar) restored him to his old place."

Miss Bradbury—"What do you mean by 'old place'?"

Hershon—"The cellar."

Hershon (translating)—"He embraced Caesar with many tears."

Cliff Reilly has been seen feeding raw meat to animal crackers so that they'd bite the children.

Improves After He Is Struck By Truck
(treat 'em rough)

We Kill Our Poultry 3 Times a Day
(Magic)

Tourists Served Steamheated
(An Alarming Diet)

AND HOW!

De Knight—"What's the end of a maiden's prayer?"

O'Neil—"Ah men!"

IN LATIN V

Mr. Derry sneezes while scanning line in Virgil.

"Excuse me, I didn't intend to make a cesura there."

Miss Bradbury (discussing a Rel. Clause of Purpose)—"And why?"

Hershon—"And how."

TRUTH

(Headlines in a newspaper)
Four Girls to Exhibit Calves at State Fair.
(Why so few?)
Man Murdered in Nice Murder
(Toujours la finesse)

In Baseball can he field 'em?
Can he hit 'em? Well, you bet!
Can you guess this fellow's name?
It's a boy I know you've met.

In hockey, he's a flash,
As most of you have seen.
In debating he is noted
For using the old "bean."

"Hit 'em hard" is this boy's slogan,
Now you've guessed it. It's Bill Hogan.

SONG OF A FRESHMAN

All the seniors have big feet;
When they walk they own the street.

ATHLETICS



BASEBALL

Front row, left to right; Browning, Nolen, Concannon, Matursevitch, Hyde
Second row; Hagan, Harlan, Captain Davis, Katz, Gray, Hilliard, White
Back row; Manager Kelleher, Staffon, Brackett, Kerr, Droney, Finstein, Coach MacDonald

Cambridge 5 Boston Latin 4

IN a 10 inning game at Russell Field with Boston Latin the Cambridge High and Latin School baseball team showed what it is capable of doing by handing a 5 to 4 defeat to the Bostonians. Kenneth White was the big hero of the game, for it was his line drive in the tenth which tallied Abe Katz, with the winning run. Sharing hitting honors, for three hits out of five times at bat, with Ken White are Harlow and Katz.

Fred Harlow started things right for the Cambridge team by banging out the first pitched ball for a home run. In the fifth inning the Cantabs scored when Abe Katz singled, Gray sacrificed and White singled to left field, sending in Katz. In the sixth frame the Boston team scored when, with two outs, MacEachern tripled to left field and scored on Lawlor's single to left field. Cambridge also scored in this inning when Davis worked his way to third base and Ken White singled again to bring him in.

In the eighth inning Harold Browning was sent to the showers and was replaced by McFadgen, because he passed a batter with his bases loaded. McFadgen also passed the first player he pitched to, but he fanned the next, to end the inning.

In the first of the tenth Lawlor singled and came in on Flynn's Texas leaguer. In the last half Reddy Hilliard singled to left field and moved to second Davis' sacrifice. Brackett flied out to left field and Katz slammed the first ball pitched to left field for a double scoring Hilliard. Ed Kerr walked and Ken White pounded out his third hit scoring Katz.

The game was a fine exhibition of baseball for such an early date, and had it not been for a few slight slips by Hilliard and Dolan the game might have resulted errorless.
The summary:

CAMBRIDGE

	AB	BH	PO	A
Harlow, c	5	3	8	0
McFadgen, 2, p	4	1	2	0
Hilliard, s s	5	1	2	4
Davis, c f	3	0	3	0
Brackett	4	1	8	1
Katz, 3	4	3	4	2
Gray, l f	4	0	3	0
Kerr, l f	0	0	0	0
White, r f	5	3	0	0
Browning, p	3	0	0	2
Totals	37	12	30	9

BOSTON LATIN

	AB	BH	PO	A
Dolan, l f	4	0	2	1
Hall, l f	1	0	0	1
Tracy, r f	4	0	2	0
Moore, 1	5	1	11	0
Vokel, c f	5	0	2	0
Talbot, c	5	0	5	1
McEachern, s s	5	2	2	5
Lawlor, 2	5	2	3	1
Campana, 3	4	1	2	0
Flynn, 3	1	1	0	0
Tobie, p	3	1	0	4
Totals	42	8	29	13

Two out when inning our way scored.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Cam.	1	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	2
Bos. Latin	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	2	0	1

Runs made by Katz 2, Harlow, Hubbard, Davis, MacEachern 2, Lawlor, Campana. Errors made by—Hilliard 3, Brackett, Dolan. Two base hits—McFadgen, Brackett, Katz. Three base hits—MacEachern. Home runs—Harlow. Stolen bases—MacEachern, Campana, Flynn. Sacrifice hits—Davis, Gray. Base on balls—by Browning 3, by MacFadgen 1, by Tobie 4. Struck out by Browning 2, McFadgen 4, by Tobie 2. Time 2 hours, 15 minutes. Umpire J. W. Mooney.

Newton 5 Cambridge 0

The Cambridge High and Latin School baseball team was defeated in its initial encounter of the season when the Newton High nine handed the Cantabs a 5 to 0 walloping at Russell Field. William Reilly, crack Newton pitcher, was the main cog in stopping the Cambridge team, allowing only four scattered hits throughout the entire contest, he also connected twice for long drives.

In the first inning, Frank Spain, Newton short stop was hit by a pitched ball, and Powers walked. Spencer De Mille, the Newton captain sacrificed, Fletcher then hit a low grounder to second base, but Hogan's throw to home was a trifle high and wide, and Spain scored. Newton bunched hits in the second frame for a total of three runs, and in the fifth inning Gatchel scored on Reilly's double.

The Newton team had an advantage over the Cantab players because it was the third contest of the season for them, while it was the first scheduled game for the Cambridge nine. The Cambridge team threatened but once during the game, and that was in the third inning when hits by Browning and Harlow the Cambridge battery landed them on third and second respectively, but they got no further. Reddy Hilliard was robbed of a double when Spain made a beautiful stop of a hard drive between first and second. The summary:

NEWTON

	AB	BH	PO	A
Spain s	4	1	2	1
Powers, r	3	1	0	0
Sutcliffe, r	0	0	0	0
De Mille 1	4	1	13	0
Fletcher, 2	5	2	1	3
Andres, c	5	0	7	0
Wilson, l f	4	1	1	0
Warren, 3	3	0	3	3
Gatchell, c f	2	1	0	0
Mullen c f	1	0	0	0
Reilly, p	4	2	0	6
Totals	35	9	27	13

CAMBRIDGE

	AB	BH	PO	A
Harlow, c	4	1	3	2
Hilliard, s	4	1	1	3
Katz, 3	4	1	3	1
Davis, c f	4	1	4	0
Brackett, 1	3	0	10	0
Kerr, r	3	0	1	0
Staffan, r	1	0	0	0
Droney, l f	3	0	3	0
Gray, 2	2	0	2	0
Hogan, 2	1	0	0	1
Browning, p	2	1	0	3
Totals	31	5	27	10

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Newton	1	3	0	0	1	0	0	0	0
Cambridge	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

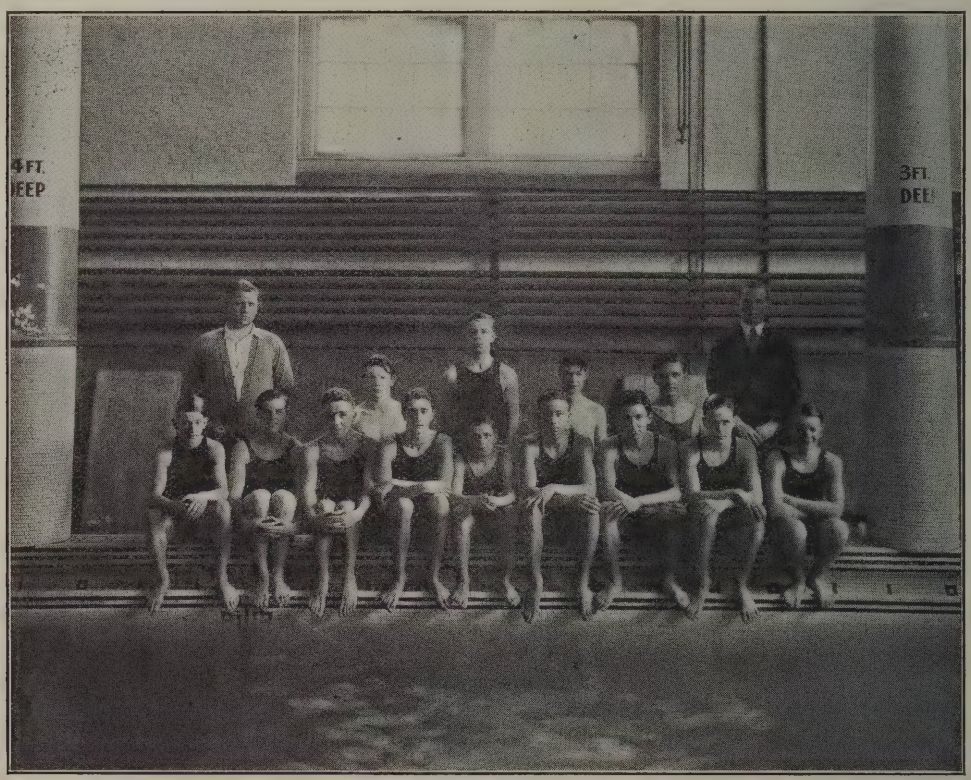
Runs made by—Spain 2, Warren, Gatchel, Reilly. Errors made by—De Mille. Two base hits—Reilly. Stolen bases—Spain. Sacrifice hits—Katz, De Mille, Gatchell. Base on balls—by

Reilly, by Browning 5. Struck out—by Reilly, 6, by Browning 2. Double plays—Harlow and Gray. Hit by pitched ball—by Browning, Spain. Umpire-in-chief—J. G. Macdonald. Umpire on bases—Woodlock.

On Monday afternoon March 19th, the Cambridge High and Latin School crew candidates reported to Coach Manning at the M. I. T. boathouse for the first practise session of the year. At this time there was no trouble over the rowing sport in the School Committee so the boys who reported commenced stiff training for the first race of the season with the Harvard third freshman crew on the river May 4th.

When the call for candidates was issued 35 boys reported for work on the machines, and under the leadership of Captain Bill Mowll two crews were organized. The letter men who reported and formed the nucleus of the first crew besides Captain Mowll were Ranny Ross, Dan Foley, Charlie Stephenson, and Coxswain Russell Sweeney. The other members of the first crew were Cliff Reilly, Ed Cashin, Myles Coates, and Bob Stone.

The discontinuance of rowing came as a great shock to all the crew candidates, because while some of the boys figured they might lose the Springfield trip this year, others thought they would at least be allowed to finish this season.



SWIMMING

Front row, left to right; Robbins, Squires, Fitzmaurice, Captain Foley, Lee, O'Connor, M. Cohen, MacKillop, Totten

Back row; Coach Henshaw, E. Cohen, Poltarak, Chisholm, Harris, Manager Anderson

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DRAMA CAST

Back row, left to right; John Burns, Bicknell Colesworthy, Robert Stone, Timothy Crane, Truman Hayes, Paul O'Leary, Wm. Morris
Middle row; Charles Morris, Fred Hoffman, Barbara Brintnall, Rozella Senders, Miss Hartigan *Coach,* Aileen Barrett, John Hughes, Charles Dale



GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Standing, left to right; Marjorie Leighton, Darrell Brown, Anna Wettergreen
Sitting, left to right; Eleanor Shaffer, *President,* Winifred Shaffer, *Vice-Pres. and Treas.,* Miss Brown, Gertrude Burns, Marjorie Lynch, *Sec'y*



Boy Dance

Last month has seen the revival of an old custom, that of having a Boy Dance as one of the regular functions of the Association's year. It was entered upon with much trepidation, which however was soon lost as the full support of both members and past members was apparent. Unfortunately, the Freshmen, were not allowed to come but they can look forward to this pleasure next year.

The gym was skillfully decorated by an able committee comprised of Barbara Houghton, Betty Sullivan, Hilda Mathews, Annette Kohan. The patrons and patronesses were Mr. and Dr. Shaffer, Mr. Sheehan and Miss Brown.

Basketball

The second varsity game was with Waltham. We were defeated with a score of 32-24. The team played valiantly and the score crept up rapidly, but the time was too short and Waltham overcame us. The next game was with Belmont whom we defeated quite easily. Theirs is not a strong team, so there is not as much credit due as otherwise. The playing was characterized by nice clean shots and splendid team work on both sides. In the Alumnae game we were the victors also. The Alumnae came confidently hoping to beat us but were disappointed. However, the team, which is the one that won four years' championship while in this school, suffered the absence of Lorraine Langley, their best forward, and Henrietta Hayes, one of their best guards.

Thus ended the basketball season with a score of 44-6.

The Exhibition

On Thursday, April 26th, the Annual Exihibitioin was held in St. Mary's Gym. Freshman and Sophomore boys and girls participated and the girls of the Junior and Senior Basketball teams were ushers. This exhibition affords the parents a chance to see and understand for themselves what their children are learning in the gym classes. Exercises were given by pupil leaders under the supervision of the athletic directors. The exhibition closed with an exciting display of the Freshman and Sophomore girls' basketball team.

Baseball

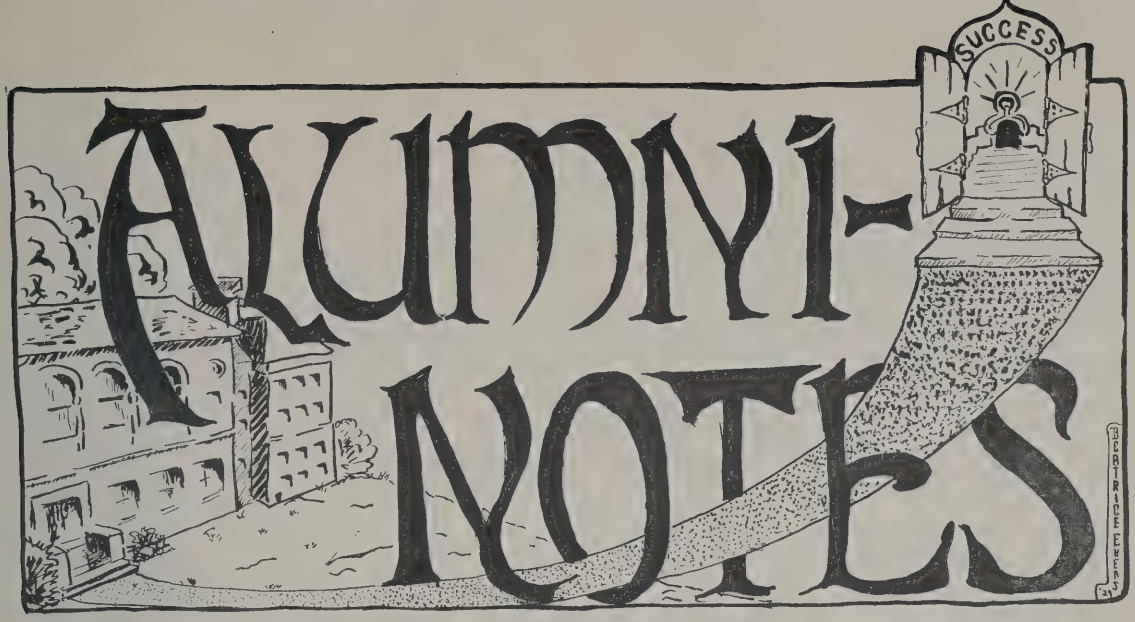
Baseball practice takes place once a week for each class. The teams have been picked from good material, and some thrilling games are expected to be played.

Elections

The nominations and elections for next year's officers are taking place in the next few weeks. Nominations for President, Vice-President, and Secretary resulted in this choice: for President, the nominees are Shirley Trask and Catherine O'Hearn; for Vice-President, Marjorie Leighton and Marjorie Lynch; for Secretary, Gertrude Burns and Barbara Heath. These are all excellent girls and any one of them is fully capable of carrying out her duties.

Picnic

The annual picnic is to be held at Kendall Green, Miss Brown's estate, this year, as previously has been done. Plans for entertainment have been started. The picnic is to be on the second of June.



1921

Frank "Cheese" McCrehan has been appointed coach of the freshmen baseball team at Boston College.

1922

Gardner Cox was awarded the Harvard Lampoon fellowship for excellence in drawing and will study in Europe next year.

George Maloney is advertising counselor and copy writer in the advertising department of the New Haven Journal-Courier, a morning newspaper in New Haven.

1923

George Glasheen is an active member of the Harvard Dramatic Society.

John Carver is a member of the varsity baseball squad at Harvard this Spring.

John Carr was captain of the Harvard soccer team last fall. He is now on the lacrosse squad.

1924

Kingsley Hooker is working for the Harvard Dramatic Club this spring.

Carroll Cain is a freshman at Harvard.

John Morris was elected Secretary of the Harvard Dramatic Club this spring but resigned in favor of Hollis Gerrish, '25, to become treasurer and Production Manager of this spring's production "Hassan."

1925

Roy Lamson is directing the music for spring production of Harvard Dramatic Club.

Leroy Anderson is also working on "Hassan," ararnging the score.

Alice Guertin is taking leading part in Boston University's production of Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta "Patience."

Raymond Pearl is working for the Cadillac Motor Company and attending Pace Institute at night.

Hugo Nelson was a member of the football and hockey teams at B. U. He is now a promising candidate for the track team in the half mile.

Wilma Cannon is a sophomore at Radcliffe.

Kathryn Langton is in the office of Byron E. Bailey's.

"Dan" Toomey is on the "Chronicle" staff.

1926

Sidney Ball is at Harvard.

Louise Schlimpf died March 3rd.

James Jennison is a member of the Harvard Dramatic Club and worked on their spring production "Hassan."

Joseph Curtin, now at Yale, was one of the leads in "Finished" the long play of the Yale School of Dramatics this winter.

Harry Delaney and "Bud" Scannell are sophomores at Boston College.

Leon Fitzgerald, Lawrence Gibson, and John Groden are sophomores at Boston College where they have played on the hockey team this season.

Ann Burack is now a sophomore at Radcliffe.

Marguerite Steinmetz recently graduated from the Secretarial Department of Burdett College.

1927

Lawrence Horan and John Temple were members of the Boston College freshman hockey team this winter and are now candidates for the baseball team.

Lorraine Langley is president of her class at Radcliffe.

Marie Faucon and Mari Sullivan are Bookkeepers at Harvard Trust Company.

Mary Mahoney and Doris Kerr are attending Miss Darling's Secretarial School.

"Herb" McKinnon is check teller at Harvard Trust Company.

Elizabeth Creelman is a freshman at La Salle's Seminary.

"Sid" Rutledge is check teller at Harvard Trust Company.

Peter Pertzoff and Norton Rice are promising candidates for the freshman tennis team this spring at Harvard.

Lawrence Usher is at Andover.

Don Greer was one of six juniors at Harvard to be elected members of the Gamna chapter of the Tan Beta Phi, the honor engineering society which corresponds to the Phi Beta Kappa in Liberal Arts courses.



ON the front lawn of a large estate two children of about eight were gleefully romping.

" 'Let's play we're rabbits,' cried the little girl."

Rather an inauspicious opening for a short story which purports to be grotesque, symbolic! Yet the same criticism might be made of all the stories in the *Criterion's* Chamber of Horrors.

Miss Rosalie Sedunsky, in "The Satyr," the first two paragraphs from which are printed above, has attempted a Poe-like sketch on the influence of a "grinning, mocking satyr" on a dear little girl named Marily. It seems Marily was deathly afraid, while young, of this statue by the fountain; but He was quite horrible, and it was no wonder she was. However, as Marily progressed beyond the rabbit-playing stage, this influence grew more and more baleful. Indeed: "Gaudily dressed women, worldly-wise men were dancing and revelling in Marily's house. The carousals were long and frequent, each time more wild and unrestrained. Once he glimpsed Marily swaying drunkenly in time to the music!" Thus far, Miss Sedunsky has a great start. Nothing startling, good old High School space-filler, but she has a good start. Then she wearies of the whole thing and brings it down with a crash in the following manner: "Straight toward the ill-fated satyr he walked and with one sure blow toppled it into the pool. It was the end of Marily's evil genius."

But what else could one do with a genius like that?

Ghastliness seems to be the *motif* of the issue in hand, for close on the heels of the ill-fated *Satyr* follows Max Shapiro's *Clock,* with all its hackneyed:

"Tick-tock-tick (etc.). He screamed, 'Oh, my God!' and his frail body shook like a dead leaf before the wind!' "

Novel simile, that!

And if you have ever heard anything worse than this, we wish you'd send it in.

" 'Gilbert, I have such wonderful news for you—your brother died yesterday and left his fortune to you . . . Gilbert?' Gilbert Hall smiled faintly and shook his head as a tear rolled down his cheek and fell hissing into the bottle which he still held."

The Blue Pencil, Walnut Hill School, Natick, Massachusetts, is a dainty little magazine. I mean it's a little dainty magazine, and the feminine touch is quite charming.

It leads off with an ode to "The Pencil Sharpener," that is amusing. There follows a breezy editorial called "Roof-tops," that is refreshing. Next there is the very realistic "Fortunate Wound," which is partially founded on the author's personal experiences in the Chinese Uprising of 1927. The rest of this month's material is rather indifferent, with the one exception of Barbara Buchtel's blank verse. Although faintly reminiscent, this is very well done.

The Newman Quarterly won the Preparatory School prize for the best school magazine in 1926-27. With this information before us we certainly looked for something better than what came to us as the last issue. Fair stories, poorly-written editorials, seem to bring down the standards of what might, and should be, one of the best of our contemporaries.

A brief note in closing. A great many Exchange editors seem to feel that this department is entirely responsible for the general wretchedness of *The Cambridge Review.* Very few are the criticisms which do not remark that perhaps it would be best if we applied some of our "caustic comments" to our own magazine. We should like nothing better than to do this; we realize how very, very poor is this magazine. But really, we are quite as helpless as any of the other excited editors who have communicated with us.

The most we can do is to sympathize with their outraged feelings and pray that some day, unless there is a decided improvement, the ground will open up and swallow all high and preparatory school papers, an event which would be greeted by us with raucous laughter and more or less maudlin tears . . .

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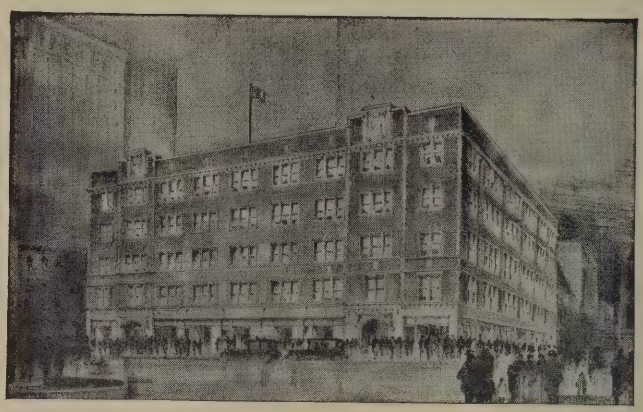
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